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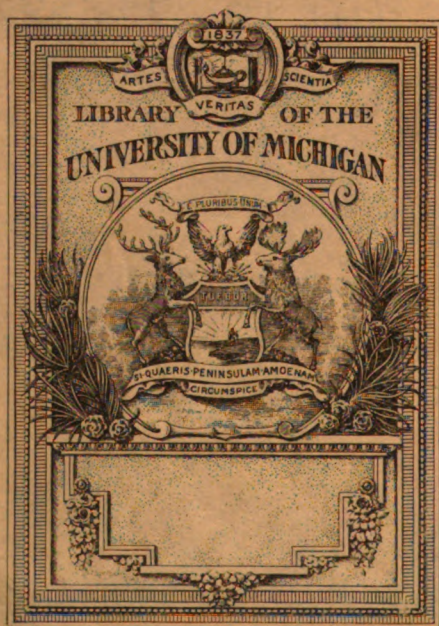
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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OBELISKS.

WHAT is an obelisk? The name is derived from that given by the Greeks to a javelin or dart, *obelos*. It is true that *veru*, "a spit," is also rendered *obelos* in the Latin-Greek appendix to Schrevelius, but in the Greek-Latin *obelos* is simply translated "*telum*." No doubt the word had the two meanings, but a spit was a secondary and depreciative meaning, as much as its application to the Egyptian monolith was an excess in another direction, or that of exalting the sense of the word.* So late as in the edition of the British Cyclopædia for 1817, we find the term obelisk applied to monoliths of quite a different character, as the *peulvans* or *menhirs*, or pillars and long stones at Stonehenge, the Devil's Arrows at Boroghbridge, and the Giant's Grave at Penrith.

The peculiar monument to which the term obelisk was originally given, and to which it ought to be restrained, was of Egyptian origin, was a monolith, and was a truncated, four-sided slender pyramid, the terminal being called the pyramidion. Some, as Müller in his *Manual of Archæology*, do not insist upon the number of sides being four, but say they are generally so, and in all the form is tapering—that is to say, the dimensions decrease from one end to the other.

The upper point, or pyramidion, is, however, never so tapered off as to appear insignificant. This, as well as in their purpose and application, is one of the points in which obelisks differ from spires. A spire is carried up from the base to a point. Hence it is also, that although we see instances of polygonal obelisks, as in the case of the one that stands before the cathedral of Catania, in Sicily, and which is said to be Egyptian, such should be essentially quadrilateral, whereas, spires are polygonal, and consequently, the bases of their sides are much narrower in proportion to their entire diameter, so that the diminution is not so sudden as it would be in a four-sided mass of the same bulk and height. A spire is not intended to look like a solid mass of stone, but requires to have a certain expression of lightness, both in itself and so as to bring it into harmony with the rest of the building. An obelisk, on the con-

* *Obelus*, of which *obeliscus* is a diminutive, when it ought to have been a superlative, is used by Herodotus (II. 41) as a skewer or needle, and is also used (II. 3) to signify an obelisk.

"*Obeliscus*, literally a small spit; whence applied to other things which possess a sharp or pointed extremity, like a spit, and especially to the tall, slender, rectangular columns upon a narrow base, and terminating in a point at the top, which were originally invented by the Egyptians, and retain their ancient name of obelisk with us."—(Plin. H. N., XXXVI. 14; Ammian, XVII. 4, 6.)—Rich's Companion to the Latin Dictionary and Greek Lexicon.

trary, either is, or is intended to appear, not only as a solid mass, but as a single stone, standing upon a massive pedestal, and that pedestal resting on the ground. The obelisks placed on a fountain, or on an elephant's back, as are to be seen in Rome, are objectionable on this account. Hence it is obvious that, so far from being attended with any beauty, the reducing an obelisk to a mere point would greatly impair its character, and in a measure destroy all nobleness of appearance towards its summit, because it could be of inconsiderable bulk for a considerable length downwards. On the other hand, a huge truncated monolith, like the so-called Assyrian obelisk, can have no pretensions to represent such a structure architecturally, although it may do so, like many another monolith, monumentally.

Obelisks were set up by the Egyptians of old, first as solitary or single monuments, and afterwards in pairs before the great temples. The original idea attached to them has been the matter of much needless discussion, as in Zæga's work, "*De Origine et Usa Obeliscorum*;" as they seem to have been originally simply commemorative monuments, like the upright stones that were raised in all countries in memory of a person or event; but in this case first brought to a higher degree of perfection, greater magnitude, and importance, and within certain canons, or rules, of proportion and form. The most poetical idea associated with them has been that they represented a flame of fire, which again was emblematic, like the cypress-tree, of the soul ascending to heaven.

Be this as it may, they were also applied to other purposes, being used to record the dedication of the temples and of the obelisks themselves to various deities, with the names and titles of the kings, with the additions that usually accompanied such a dedication. Mr. Sharpe remarks, in his "*History of Egypt*," p. 8, that the Egyptian buildings were pretty nearly the same in the earliest historical times as those which afterwards rose in such calm and heavy grandeur. Venephres, a King of This, had already built pyramids at Cochoe, and Osirtesen I., a King of Thebes, who reigned over Upper and Lower Egypt, had raised those buildings which are now studied by our travellers for the earliest known style of Egyptian architecture. His lofty obelisk, upwards of sixty feet high, now standing at Heliopolis, in the Delta, with his name and titles carved upon each of its four sides, was perhaps seen by Abraham. Amun-Nitocris, his ambitious wife, first, however, by her marriage with Mesphra Thothmosis, really brought Memphis and Thebes under one sceptre, and she set up in one of the court-yards of Karnak two great obelisks, each ninety-two feet high. Thothmosis III., one of the greatest Egyptian kings, set up the granite obelisk at Heliopolis, which was afterwards removed to Alexandria, and is now called Cleopatra's needle. It would appear from this that obelisks were, from the earliest times, simply monumental as well as religious. The temples, obelisks, and statues of Rameses, Mr. Sharpe says, are found in all parts of Egypt and Ethiopia; and their beauty leads us to call this the Augustan, or, when speaking of Egypt, we ought perhaps to say the Philadelphian age of Egyptian art; it had reached its greatest beauty, and was not yet overloaded with ornament. Herodotus describes Pheron, son of Sesostris (Rameses II.), as dedicating to the Temple of the Sun "works worthy of admiration, two stone obelisks, each consisting of one

stone, and each a hundred cubits in length, and eight cubits in breadth." (Book ii. sect. iii.) Mr. Sharpe makes *Rameses II.* followed by three kings, whose hieroglyphical names he reads with diffidence *Pthahmen-Thmeiothph*, *Oimeneptah II.*, and *Osirita Rameses*. Sir George Cornwall Lewis, who repudiates all cuneiform and hieroglyphic decipherings, would no doubt adhere to the narrative of the historian of *Halicarnassus*.

At the time when Egypt fell into the power of the Romans (B.C. 29), the rest of the world had long been used to see their finest works of art carried away by their conquerors, and the Egyptians soon learned that if the monuments of which they were so justly proud were to be left to them, it would only be because they were too heavy to be moved by the Roman engineers. Beside a statue, called a *Janus*, loaded with gold, which was placed in the temple of that god in Rome, a picture by *Nicias*, of the youth named *Hyacinthus*, of which the execution was so skilful, that it was mentioned among the spoils of a kingdom, and beside many other of the smaller Egyptian works, two of the large obelisks which now ornament Rome were carried away by *Augustus*—that of *Thothmosis IV.*, which stands in the *Piazza del Popolo*, and that of *Psammetichus*, on *Monte Citorio*.* The historian's observation, that the plundered Egyptians might have found some comfort in their fall by remarking that the Romans, in despair of equalling what they had seen, believed that they did enough for the grandeur of their city in borrowing these monuments of Theban glory, might be made to apply to other times and people. The inscriptions on the four faces of the *Luxor obelisk*, in *Paris*, show, according to *Champollion*, that it was erected by *Rameses II.* and his son, *Rameses III.* It is to be remarked that while some of the great deeds which the Greek historians assign to the semi-fabulous name of *Sesastris*, seem to belong to *Rameses II.*, "the great *Rameses*;" others may be given, as the re-establishment of a military class in Lower Egypt, to *Shishank*.

We have no precise means of knowing how many obelisks were set up in Egypt in the days of its greatness, but it would appear that no less than forty-eight of different sizes were removed to Rome. *Augustus* having set the example, it was followed by his successors down to *Constantine*. During that period of three hundred and forty years, these forty-eight obelisks were set up in Rome, and were standing in the time of *Valentinian* and *Valens*, A.D. 364, for in the "*Regionary*," or catalogue of the public buildings, made at that time by *Publius Victor*, we read as follows:

"Obelisks (great), six—viz. two in the *Circus Maximus*, the greater of which is 132 feet high, the lesser 88 feet; one in the *Vatican*, 82 feet; one in the *Campus Martius*, 72 feet; two at the mausoleum of *Augustus*, 42½ feet. Obelisks (small), forty-two."

All these six great obelisks have survived the ravages of the Goth, the Christian, time, war, and flood, showing the enduring monumental power

* The obelisk set up in the *Campus Martius*, at Rome, by *Augustus*, served to mark the hours on a horizontal dial, drawn on the pavement. Thus it is that they were also called by the Egyptian priests the "fingers of the sun," because they were made also in that country to serve as styles, or gnomons, to mark the hours on the ground.

of a monolith. The largest of these stones—that before the church of St. John Lateran—was originally set up at Thebes, it is supposed, seventeen or eighteen hundred years before Christ. After remaining two thousand years in its native city, it was floated down the Nile to Alexandria by Constantine, that emperor having intended it to decorate his newly-founded city in the Bosphorus; but having died before this was accomplished, his son Constantius brought it to Rome. It was conveyed from Alexandria to Ostia and up the Tiber in a vessel of three hundred oars; it was then removed by land, and set up as the spina of the Circus Maximus. The land journey extended to three miles, which was performed on low-wheeled waggons. The date of its being raised was A.D. 357. It is not known when it was thrown down, but it was found by Sixtus V. broken in three pieces, and buried twenty-four Roman palms in the ground. It was set up in its present place, as was also the obelisk in front of St. Peter's, by the celebrated architect Fontana.

According to Pliny, the Vatican obelisk was one of the two described by Herodotus as erected by the son of Sesostris in Heliopolis, and which was transported from Egypt by Caligula. It was set up in its present place by Domenico Fontana, in the time of Sixtus V., 1586. "*Bella è la gloria di Sisto V.*," says Francesco Gasparoni, "*che il fé trasportare in mezzo alla gran piazza Vaticana dedicandolo alla Croce di Cristo, con opera di Domenico Fontana.*" Its height is said to be 180½ palms. (Sugli obelisch egizj rialzati dai Pontefici in Roma, p. 71.) According to others it is 83 feet 2.8 inches high, but measuring from the ground to the end of the cross, it is 132 feet 2 inches high. The expense of the removal alone is said to have amounted to nearly 10,000*l.* sterling.

The Esquiline obelisk, set up by Sixtus V. in 1587 in front of the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, was one of the two obelisks that stood near the mausoleum of Augustus. The other was removed to the Monte di Cavallo. It is 48 feet 4.8 inches high, and the whole height 83 feet 9.5 inches. The highest obelisk in Rome is that of San Giovanni, in Laterano. This is 105 feet 7.2 inches in height, exclusive of the pedestal on which it is mounted. It is 9 feet 4 inches square at the base, diminishing to 6 feet 4 inches where the pyramidion commences. It weighs 437 tons. The total height, with pedestal, is 149 feet 7.2 inches. The Flaminian obelisk was one of those before noticed as removed by Augustus, who placed it in the great Circus, whence it was transported to the Piazza del Popolo in 1859. It is of red granite, and is 78 feet 5.5 inches high; whole height 116 feet. This is one of the most striking objects on entering Rome by the Flaminian Way and the Gate of the People, and assists in giving a first impression of imposing grandeur to the Eternal City. The Pamphilian or Agonal obelisk, removed by Innocent X., of the Pamfili family, in 1651, from the circus of Fulvius, or of Caracalla, according to others, to the Piazza Navona, the site of the famous Agonal Circus, near Bernini's marvellous fountain, is 54 feet 3.2 inches, and with the pedestal 99 feet. The little Minerva obelisk was found near the Temple of Isis, to whom it is supposed to have been consecrated. It was removed to its present absurd site—the back of a horrible elephant, the work of Bernini—by Alexander VII. in 1667. Champollion having found that it had been dedicated to Neith, the Egyptian Minerva, it received from that its name of Obelisco Minerves o della Minerva. It is

17 feet high without its base. Another little obelisk was found on laying the foundation of the convent annexed to the church of Minerva, and which had been placed before the Temple of Isis and Serapis; it was removed thence by Paul V. to near the church of St. Ignatius, in the Piazza St. Macuto, and was afterwards placed, in very questionable taste, by Clement XI., in 1711, on the fountain of Lunghi, in the Piazza del Rotonda, and in front of the Pantheon of Agrippa. It is 19 feet 8.85 inches high without base. The so-called Quirinal obelisk, and which is 47 feet 8 inches high without the pedestal, was one of those erected at the mausoleum of Augustus. Pope Pius VI. had it removed in 1786 to between the two colossal horses, masterpieces of Grecian art, one by Phidias, the other by Praxiteles, and which give their name to the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, the ancient Mount Quirinal. The obelisk on the square of Trinita' de' Monte has some celebrity. It stood in ancient times on the circus of Sallust's gardens, whence its name "Obelisco Sallustiano," and afterwards lay neglected on one side of the square of St. John Lateran, whence it was finally removed to its present picturesque position by Pius VI. in 1789. It is 43 feet 6 inches high without base. The so-called Solar Obelisk, from its having been an ancient gnomon, constitutes the great ornament of the Piazza di Monte Citorio. It is one of the two transported by Augustus from Hieropolis, which was placed in the Campus Martius. It was removed to its present site by Pius VI. in 1792, and is 71 feet 6 inches high, exclusive of the bronze globe at the top. Its whole height is 110 feet.

The Aureliano della Passegiata, set up by Pius VII. in 1822 on the Monte Pincio, is 30 feet 0.8 inches high, and its whole height 56 feet 7.8 inches. It is said to have adorned the circus of Elagabalus.

The obelisk from Luxor, now in Paris, may be called 78 feet long, and is 8 feet 2 inches square at the base.

A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Alexandria under date February 25, 1862, says, in reference to the granite obelisk, the companion pillar of Cleopatra's Needle, and which was many years ago presented to the British nation by the late Muhammed Ali Pasha, that it has been disinterred after being for a long period almost completely hidden from sight. As it now lies, it shows a sadly mutilated appearance, with large portions of the stone broken away, more especially from the uppermost angles. "But it may be," says the writer, "that if the pillar stood erect, these defects, considering its gigantic proportions, would be less apparent. Its length to the base of the pyramid with which it terminates is 59 feet; the height of the apex must originally have been as nearly as possible 8 feet, but 18 inches are broken off the top. The width at the base is about $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet, at the top about 4 feet 9 inches. The dimensions of the companion obelisk seem to be the same; but a singular result of the measurements I have taken is that in both cases none of the sides are exactly alike, but vary at the base from 7 feet 2 inches to 7 feet 8 inches. Neither of the obelisks, consequently, is perfectly square. The hieroglyphics are in some parts a good deal defaced, but in this respect it will fully bear comparison with its neighbour. The latter is in tolerably good order on the two sides that face the sea, but on those exposed to the land wind the sculpture is almost entirely effaced, and a well-nigh perfectly smooth surface is presented to

the eye." "Whether the obelisk is still worth transporting to England, is a matter upon which opinions will vary, perhaps, almost as much as upon the question whether it is strictly in accordance with the fitness of things to set up an Egyptian obelisk as a monument 'in its own right.' By an ancient Egyptian such a thing would, doubtless, have been regarded as a solecism, in much the same manner as an Englishman would look upon a proposal to construct a steeple unconnected with a church or other building. But of this I feel certain, that few persons can look upon the monolith without being struck not only with its immense size, but also with the extreme, though simple, beauty of its proportions."*

It is, however, superfluous to remark, that laying aside the mutilated condition of the monument and the cost of removal, the Alexandrian obelisk has been dismissed from the public mind as inappropriate. A pagan relic, it was felt, was not suited for the memorial of a Christian prince; its hieroglyphs had no reference to existing things, and a very proper pride was felt by all to obtain a British obelisk for a British purpose.

The obelisk on the Maidan, or Hippodrome, at Constantinople is supported on a sculptured pedestal, with inscriptions half-buried in the ground, but still very legible, commemorating its removal from the Thebaid and its erection by Theodosius in Greek and Latin. The sculpture in relief on four sides exhibits the emperor, with his sons Arcadius and Honorius, and other figures; but perhaps the most interesting part is that which represents the erection of the obelisk and the mechanical powers employed at that day for the purpose, forming a diagram from which modern architects might take some instruction.

The proportions in the height and thickness are nearly the same in all obelisks; their height being nine, or nine and a half, and sometimes ten times, their thickness, and their diameter at the top never less than half, and never greater than three-fourths, of that at the bottom. Hence it is that the obelisk of black marble discovered by Mr. Layard at Nimrud, 7 feet high, flat at the top, and cut into three gradines, although an undoubted monolithic monument, scarcely comes within the category of obelisks any more than do the Bauta stones of the Scandinavians, or the pulvans and menhirs of the Celtic races. It would appear, however, that the obelisk was common to the Assyrian as well as the Egyptian nation, from the one described by Diodorus Siculus as erected in honour of Semiramis, if, as Layard suggests, it was not the pillar or column of Acicarus, seen and interpreted by Democritus in his travels in the commencement of the fourth century, *a.c.* The obelisk of emerald, four cubits high and three broad, described by Theophrastus as presented by a king of Babylon to a king of Egypt, must have been a model apparently to a monarch among whom the originals were common, or held in high favour and estimation. It is the same with regard to the celebrated monolith of Axum, in Meræ, which resembles, in some particulars, the monolith of Nimrud.

* Mr. Latimer Clark, who has likewise published some admeasurements very recently made, makes the Alexandrian obelisk 66 feet 10 inches long, and 7 feet 6 inches to 7 feet 1 inch at the base, and where the apex commences 5 feet 0 inches by 4 feet 10 inches. Of "Cleopatra's Needle," he says it measures 7 feet 6 inches by 7 feet 7 inches at the base, and appears, both in size and in its hieroglyphics, to be almost a fac-simile of the fallen one.

The Aztecs and Toltaks of Mexico built pyramids, or *teocalli*, as they were called, at Texcoco, Chelula, Jacuba, and elsewhere. They also set up "obelisks" (Bradford's *American Antiquities*, p. 97), as at Copan, in Honduras, where they are ten or eleven feet high, and about three broad. There are sculptures of human figures in low relief, and "hieroglyphs" in square tablets, on the faces of these obelisks. The Mexicans of old likewise erected monolithic porphyry columns, as at Mitau. The names of these monuments have, however, generally an Oriental character about them; as *Teocalli*, *Tlascala*, in which we have *kalah*, a castle, and which is described as "a monument which in its design and character reminds us of similar structures in the eastern hemisphere." We have also the *Temascalli*, or vapour baths, in the first portion of which is a corruption of the word for dome, and which are built in that form.

There is an account in Pennant of an obelisk that formerly existed at the church of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire. It consisted of two pieces, and was probably twenty feet high, exclusive of pedestal and capital. There was a Runic inscription on one side, and one in the Latin language, but in Saxon letters, on the other, as also a rude figure of Christ. This obelisk was broken by an order of the General Assembly in 1644, under pretence of its being an object of superstition among the vulgar. The sitting up of single stones as a monument was common to all Scandinavian as well as Eastern nations. Such are very common in Norway, where they are called *Banta stones*, and to be seen in Orkney, near Birsá, and in the Isle of Eda, as also between Tingwall and Scalloway, in Zetland. They are monoliths, but they are not, strictly speaking, obelisks.

The mode adopted by the Egyptians of removing great weights is shown, like everything else belonging to that remarkable people, in the paintings on the walls of the tombs. It has been conjectured from these pictures that the Egyptians detached the large masses of rock for their obelisks somewhat in the same way that was adopted by the natives of India on the occasion of raising the great granite obelisk at Seringapatam, in the year 1805. In this instance, a groove about two inches wide and deep was chiselled out by the workmen in the line where it was required to separate the stone; which being done, a fire was kindled upon it from end to end, and kept up till the stone was sufficiently heated, when the embers were blown off, and cold water poured into the groove, whereby a clear fracture in the stone was made without further labour. Indeed, the mode in which the Egyptians worked their quarries is clear enough at the present day from an inspection of the excavations. (See Gau's "*Nubia*," p. 9, and the French work on *Egyptian Antiq.*, i. p. 82.)

Among the Egyptians, when the block had been thus hewn out of the quarry, it was conveyed away by a raft on a canal brought up to the very edge of the rock, either at the time of the inundation, when the water would rise to a sufficient level, or by lowering the block down an inclined plane or platform to the raft; or by digging a canal from the river to the site of the block, and bringing a boat under the obelisk, in the manner described by Pliny (*xxxvi. chap. ix.*).

No fewer than five hundred projects were submitted by architects and engineers to Pope Sixtus V. for raising the obelisk before St. Peter's, and Domenico Fontana was thought to have accomplished little short of a

miracle in rearing it by means of a very complex machinery and several hundreds of workmen and horses. The process by which the Lateran obelisk was originally erected at Rome seems to have been equally complicated and laborious (Ammian Marcell, xvii. 4).

How the Egyptians raised such masses of granite is not known, but it has been generally supposed to be by some very simple mode, somewhat similar, for example, to what was practised in the instance of the before noticed Seringapatam obelisk. According to Colonel Wilks's account of the operations, this obelisk, a single stone about sixty feet long and six square at its base, was placed horizontally upon a mound or platform of earth, secured by strong walls, and level with the top of the pedestal, the base of the obelisk being placed just on the ledge of the pedestal. The shaft having been laid on planks, or timber poles, these served as fulcra, by means of which the smaller end, or top, was gradually raised; wedges were put under it and earth rammed in, which was repeated until the platform became an inclined plane as steep as it could with safety be carried up. The shaft being got thus far out of its horizontal position towards a perpendicular one, ropes were then applied, worked from a strong timber scaffold nearly as high as the obelisk itself, and enclosing the other three sides of the pedestal, other ropes being also employed in a contrary direction in order to check its coming down on the pedestal with too sudden a shock.

Herodotus speaks of a monolith temple of Latona removed six hundred miles—of course, principally down the Nile—and if his dimensions are to be relied upon, its weight must have been five thousand tons. We are not, then, in the nineteenth century, going to quail before the task of removing one thousand tons, which it is supposed the Mull obelisk would weigh.

A correspondent to the *Times*, who signs with the initial T. (Mr. Tite?), points out that in modern times we have exact details of the methods pursued by three architects—viz. that of Fontana, in his book "*Della Trasportazione dell' Obelisco Vaticano*," published in 1590; next, the removal of the great stone on which the statue of Peter the Great stands, by Le Comte Caabary, or Lascary, Paris, 1777; and, lastly, the curious book of M. Lebas, the French architect, employed to bring the obelisk of Luxor to Paris, and to set it up in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, 1839. We have before us, however, an equally curious and perfect book of its kind. It is entitled "*Sugli Obeliscchi Torlonia, nella villa Nomentano. Ragionamento Storico-Critico di Francesco Gasparoni. Roma, 1842.*" We have in this work large drawings illustrative of the cutting of the obelisks out of the rose-coloured granite of Baveno, in the Sardinian States, of their being transferred in boats across Lago Maggiore, as also by the Martesana Canal in Milan. Then we have detailed cuts of the mode of embarkation at Venice, a map of the journey round Italy, the transshipment into the *Aniene*, three curious drawings illustrating the landing, and others of the elevation, the inscriptions, &c.

The St. Petersburg monolith was found in the marshes of Finland. It is of dark grey granite, and weighed 1450 tons. It was moved four miles by land, and floated across the Gulf of Finland on a great raft towed by two ships. The expense is said to have been some 70,000 roubles.

In as far as the Luxor obelisk is concerned, and M. Lebas's account of it, it appears, in the first place, that it is the smaller of the two which stood before the propylon of the Temple of Luxor, and was, according to M. Charles Lenormant, in the *Musée des Antiq. Egypt.* (p. 24 *et seq.*), erected by Rameses in about 1561 years B.C. It is about seventy-six feet high, and eight feet wide on the broader sides of its base. Permission for the removal of both the obelisks having been granted to the French government by the Viceroy of Egypt, a vessel constructed for the purpose was sent out in March, 1831, under M. Lebas, an engineer, to whom the undertaking was confided, it being previously determined to bring away only one. After three months' labour with eight hundred men, an inclined plane was formed from the obelisk to the river, where the vessel lay; and having been first carefully encased by planks to secure it from injury, the monolith was lowered by nearly the same process afterwards employed for raising it on its pedestal at Paris, where it safely arrived, up the Seine, December 23, 1833, and was deposited near the Pont de la Concorde. Nearly three years, however, elapsed before it was elevated in the centre of the Place, which delay was partly occasioned by its being necessary first to construct a pedestal of as massive materials as could be procured. Blocks of granite were accordingly fetched from Brittany, the largest of which, forming the disc of the pedestal, is ten feet square by sixteen in height. An inclined plane leading from the river up to a platform of rough masonry, level with the top of the pedestal, was then formed, and the obelisk, having been placed on a kind of timber car or sledge, was dragged up by means of ropes and capstans. One edge of its base having been brought to the edge of the pedestal, it was reared perpendicularly by ropes and pulleys attached to the heads of ten masts, five on each side, and within about three hours the operations were completed, under the direction of Lebas, October 25, 1836.

Obelisks, whether looked upon in the light of the first improvement of a primitive people upon the simple monolith, raised up by all nations from the very earliest times to mark some particular spot on the scene of some particular event, or whether looked upon as simply religious or simply historical, or as religio-historical, or even as gnomons, are undoubtedly among the earliest form of monuments, and the most durable known.

Upon the question of their beauty there may be some difference of opinion. The Queen, familiar with those she saw when young at Rome, had them placed before her to advantage, and was no doubt hence prepossessed by the peculiar form of this monument. There is a great deal in position, and in this respect the centre of the Horticultural Garden or Round Pond, Kensington, would have an advantage over the site of the old Exhibition. The Roman obelisks are also all on pedestals; we cannot imagine them without, although there is upon this subject, as upon all others, a difference of opinion; many of the Roman obelisks are also surmounted by the Christian emblem—a cross. This would not be so much an incongruity upon a native obelisk as upon an Egyptian one. All, however, have not hieroglyphics. Among others, that in front of St. Peter's, and the one before the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. A final is, however, wanted to the completion of an obelisk, and a gilt globe would seem to be the most appropriate. It would be emblematic of the Exhibition of all Nations, and it would have the advantage of catching

the sun's rays from all points of the compass, thus setting off the height of the monument to advantage. This result could not be obtained by a cross or solar disc, or by a crescent. Happily, the decision in favour of groups of sculpture at the base put all questions as to pedestal or not at an end, for there can be no sculpture without pedestal.

Though the mere form of the obelisk has, then, no particular beauty to recommend it, yet it is admitted by most persons, when wrought of "time-defying material," and of colossal dimensions, that it produces a most imposing effect. Hence it was also admitted, long before it was ever dreamt of adopting an obelisk as a form for a national monument, to be greatly preferable to a column, inasmuch as it possesses all that recommends the latter, without being open to the objection of being a mere imitation of what was designed for a totally different purpose, and never intended to be insulated or considered as complete in itself. The London Monument, and the York and Nelson columns, are looked upon by such art-critics as examples of this perversion. We do not go to such extremes. While we admit the more imposing and greater fitness of the monolithic obelisk as a detached or insulated monument, we cannot see why a column should always, of necessity, be part of an edifice or a mere support. There are plenty of columns in nature—vapour, smoke, and palm-tree column—not to mention columns of dust. A column was, we think, an insulated thing before it was arranged in a row to support a superincumbent mass; and, however much we may prefer an obelisk, we see nothing inappropriate, but quite the reverse, in Trajan's and the other columns in Rome, the Alexander column in St. Petersburg, or in the well-known columnar monuments of Paris and London, where, instead of being one solid mass, a monument of the kind must be constructed of separate stones. There may be, so far, some reason for rejecting the obelisk pattern, but where the greatest difficulty of obtaining a monolith of sufficient dimensions can be overcome, there can be no question that the obelisk is the more noble and imperishable monument, always provided it is not less in dimensions than the largest ancient obelisks; and it should, if possible, surpass them.

It is an error to suppose that obelisks have always been parts of grand architectural combinations, with the design of either marking the centre or relieving an otherwise vast and dull area. Originally a mere refinement upon the simple upright stone—the most ancient, most primitive, and most common of all commemorative monuments—they appear to have stood at first in more or less solitary grandeur. There is no more reason to believe that the oldest obelisk we are acquainted with—that which Osirtesen I. raised at Heliopolis—was either one of a pair, or placed at the propylum or gateway of a temple, any more than we have to suppose that the first pyramid erected by Venephres, King of This, was part of a grand series of architectural combinations. On the contrary, the earliest mention of such monuments seems to point to their being simple commemorative monoliths, like the stone set up by Jacob at Bethel as a pillar, and that it was only afterwards that such monuments were brought into the service of religion. There is, therefore, nothing in the nature of an obelisk itself that militates against its standing in an open space, like that of the late Exhibition. There is no doubt that the centre of the Horticultural Garden, or even of the Round Pond at Kensington, would constitute a more appropriate site; and as the Romans placed their borrowed obelisks in the centre of a circus, as well as on the

open Campus Martius, so the Italians have set up the same monuments, for a third time, in the most favourable and advantageous positions, both with regard to elevation and to the accessory details of surrounding architecture. But still we argue that there is no positive canon for such a proceeding, nor do we see that such a monument would be less imposing in its solitude, especially when that solitude was relieved by groups of sculpture, than it would be when surrounded by buildings, often of incongruous character and incompatible associations.

The committee nominated by the Queen to advise her Majesty in the choice of material and the execution of a design for the proposed national memorial, are the Earl of Derby, Earl Charendon, Mr. Cubitt, the lord mayor, and Sir Charles Eastlake, president of the Royal Academy.

Deferring for the moment, as matter for ulterior consideration, the various questions relating to the artistic groups with which it is in contemplation to surround the monument, and on which it is proposed eventually to employ the most eminent artists of the day, the committee have hitherto confined their attention to the possibility of procuring a monolith, or single stone of granite, of the most imposing height and dimensions in other respects, for the intended obelisk. They were informed that among the most noted granite quarries in the kingdom are those of Aberdeen and Peterhead; Cheeswring, in Cornwall; Haytor, in Devonshire; and that of the Duke of Argyll in the island of Mull: Peterhead and Mull yield red granite, and the rest grey. The opinion of the committee appeared to be in favour of red granite rather than grey, as more grateful to the eye, the indestructibility of the material being equal. The prime object, however, being to obtain the grandest single block of stone which the country is capable of producing—having regard to the fund which may be ultimately placed at the disposal of the committee by the liberality of the nation—the preference for red granite would probably be waived if it were shown that any of the grey quarries could yield a larger monolith than the red ones.

The red granite of Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire, can be seen to advantage in the polished shafts of the Carlton Club, as also in mansions and slabs in all our great cemeteries. It has also been much used lately for drinking fountains. London-bridge is a specimen of the blue-grey granite of Aberdeenshire. The granite of Peterhead is occasionally sienitic, or porphyritic, which is an advantage, as in such the flaky mica is replaced by more durable hornblende. Most of the Egyptian granitic monuments are really of sienite, so named by Humboldt from the porphyritic granite of Syene, at the cataracts on the Nile. All the granite of the Royal Exchange is from Devonshire, differing but little in quality and not at all in colour. Waterloo-bridge (at least all the upper part) is Cornish granite, of a less compact texture and a somewhat lighter colour.

The committee also received information in respect to a block of red granite, about 106 feet in length and some 12 feet square on an average, which had been discovered in an unleased quarry belonging to the Duke of Argyll, and to which the attention of the committee had been previously directed as suitable for the intended memorial. A diagram of the stone was produced, with plans prepared by Captain Moorsom, the engineer of the Granite Company, showing its position and outline, and that it is about 500 yards distant from the sea. Captain Moorsom explained that it had

been uncovered to the extent of about 106 feet, and that, as both its ends are still embedded, it may be found to be of even a greater available length than that. Upon the whole, the information he gave went to impress the committee that this block of granite affords greater promise of grandeur and aptitude for the purpose of a monolithic obelisk than at first they had been led to imagine.

It is understood that the Duke of Argyll has intimated to the committee his desire to present them with the stone, to which reference has been made, on his property in the island of Mull, if eventually it should be thought to fulfil the condition on which her Majesty decided in favour of an obelisk as a fitting memorial of her illustrious consort. On the assumption of such a gift by his grace, the Granite Company, who lease some of the quarries adjacent to that in which it lies, have given in two estimates—one of 25,000*l.*, as the probable cost of quarrying the stone; shaping and polishing it on the spot, and removing it to the water's edge; the other of 15,000*l.* for those operations, less the polishing, which in that case would be done in London.

It is also understood that Lord Falmouth has made a generous offer, in the event of his quarries of serpentine being found to contain a single stone of sufficient dimensions. An obelisk of serpentine, that should be upwards of a hundred feet in elevation, would be a very beautiful object when polished, and would have the advantage of novelty. As to durability, it is well known that few rocks present a more adamantine barrier to the encroachments of the sea than serpentine, euphotides, and diallage rocks—igneous rocks, in which there is a magnesian element. The tendency of granite to spheroidal disintegration is familiar to geologists under similar circumstances, although such does not appear to have ever shown itself in the Egyptian obelisks or in hewn granite generally.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the above was written, the idea of an obelisk has been abandoned. The difficulty of obtaining a monolith of adequate size and proportions—many uncertainties existing in regard to the width of the Mull stone near the centre—the great expenditure and “serious doubts whether, even if the mere enterprise were successful, the ultimate effect would be such as to realise her Majesty's just and natural expectations,” led to an adverse report on the part of the Queen's committee of advice, and to as prompt an answer on the part of her Majesty that the committee should turn its attention to the possibility of finding some other mode in which the great object in view may be most satisfactorily effected, calling in the opinion of the foremost architects of the day, with due regard to groups of statuary, amongst which a statue of the Prince must be prominent.

This is a decision which we suspect will afford very general satisfaction. There was nothing in an obelisk that equalled the expense of quarrying, and the risks and difficulties of removal, transport, and raising—matters which have generally been the affair of years. So long as it was her Majesty's wish, we, however, cheerfully abided by it, with the exception of not admitting an obelisk to be a beautiful object. There is a fitness in all things. An obelisk is a striking object in the vast arid plains and against the blue sky of Egypt. It was even there almost always on an elevated spot; and if it had a contrast it was the palm-tree, from whence the Egyptians derived their notions of the first columns.

Mr. George Pennethorne's discovery of a systematic deviation from ordinary rectilinear construction in the Parthenon, since substantiated by Mr. Penrose, shows that even Greek monumental architecture always kept Nature in view, and that—to use the words of a learned French artist and architect—it is the harmony of their lines with those that surround them whence springs that fulness of character which no art has been able to attain. But what are the surrounding lines? Rugged limestone precipices and walls of sterile rock. Greek architecture seems to have been adapted for such sites; compare the Parthenon with the Temples of Concord and of Juno in Sicily for extreme examples. It is very doubtful if a Greek temple is in its right place in the streets or even boulevards of a modern city. It is certain it is not so in a rural site. It does not harmonise with the surrounding lines. The florid Gothic most harmonises with our verdure, with the branchy character of our trees, and their minutely cut foliage. The rural spire is everywhere more beloved than the tower, and a Gothic cross is more popular than a classic column. It is to be hoped these principles will be made the groundwork upon which now to proceed. The space demanded by groups of statuary preclude the idea of a simple cross, but they also afford an opportunity for developing the original idea into a design that may combine great beauty in outline, proportions, and unity, with perfect harmony with its selected site, and with the general character of the climate and scenery.

GIVE MY LOVE TO ENGLAND.

BY FREDERICK ENOCH.

WILL you let me tell you of a boy that went to sea?
An open-hearted, smiling-faced, and manly boy was he;
A very child he was in age, yet knew no childish fears;
He only "looked the other way" before his mother's tears!
Then laughing leapt upon the deck, and up the rigging flew,
To see the last of native land, and wave the last adieu;
While to each landward bird and sail so cheerily cried he,
"Go, give my love to England!" said the boy that went to sea.

Over all the world the lad went, floating here and there,
If Courage found a deed to do, he found a heart to dare;
In other climes they never said, "What countryman is here?"
The truth that shone upon his face in all he did was clear.
"Oh! sailor-boy!" the homeward-bound across the gunwale cry,
"What hail, for native land?"—be sure they had but one reply;
One thought of mother, home, and perhaps of some one else might be,
In "Give my love to England!" from the boy that went to sea.

Noble heart! upon the deep, no matter storm or fair,
My sailor-boy, all tant and trim, you'll find at duty there;
If but to show that English hearts, no matter where they roam,
Can't part with Duty, though sometimes they let Love wander home.
When comes the day, his latest word, I know, will be but one—
If he tumbles in the shotted-shroud, or falls before the gun!—
An all-enfolding, prayerful word, I know what it will be—
"Oh! give my love to England!" from the boy that went to sea.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE EIGHTH.

I.

CHARLOTTE'S BARGAIN.

IN the gayest and lightest room of Lady Godolphin's Folly, its windows open to the green slopes, the flowered parterres, to the magnificent prospect which swept the horizon in the distance, was Mrs. Verrall. She lay back in a fauteuil, in the idle, vain, listless manner favoured by her; toying with the ribbons of her tasty dress, with the cluster of shining trinkets on her watch-chain, with her gossamer handkerchief, its lace so fine in texture that unobservant eyes could not tell where the cambric ended and that began, with her fan which lay beside her, tapping her pretty feet upon an ottoman in some impatience; there she sat, displaying her charms in conscious vanity, and waiting for any callers, idle and vain as herself, who might arrive to admire those charms.

At a distance, in another fauteuil, listless and impatient also, sat Rodolf Pain. Time hung heavy on Mr. Pain's hands just now. He was kept a sort of prisoner at Lady Godolphin's Folly, and it appeared to be the chief business of Charlotte Pain's life to be cross to him. Three weeks had his sojourn there lasted: and though he had hinted to Charlotte on his arrival that he might remain a good number of weeks—in terminable weeks, was the expression, I think—he had not really thought to do so; and the delay was chafing him. What particular business might be keeping Mr. Pain at Prier's Ash it is not our province at present to inquire: what his particular motive might be for rather shunning observation than courting it, is no affair of ours. He did not join Mrs. Verrall in her visiting: he had an innate dislike to visitors—to "fine people," as he called it. Even now, did any carriage drive up and deposit its freight at the Folly, it would be the signal for Mr. Rodolf Pain's walking out of the drawing-room. He was shy, and had not been accustomed to society. He strolled in and out all day in his restlessness, nearly unnoticed by Mrs. Verrall, fidgeting Charlotte Pain. A cigar in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets, sauntering about the grounds, flinging himself into chairs: one sentence of complaint perpetually on his lips: "I wish to goodness Verrall would write!"

But Verrall did not write. Mrs. Verrall had received one or two short notes from him after her return from London—where she had stayed but twenty-four hours—and all the allusion in them to Mr. Pain had been, "Tell Rodolf he shall hear from me as soon as possible." Rodolf could only wait with what patience he might, and feel himself like a caged tiger, without its fierceness. There was nothing of fierceness about Rodolf Pain—timidity, rather, than that.

A timidity for which Charlotte despised him. Had he been more fierce,

she might have accorded him greater respect. What could have possessed Charlotte ever to engage herself to Rodolf Pain, would be a mystery for curious minds to solve, only that such mysteries are enacted every day. Engagements and marriages, apparently the most incongruous, take place. This much may be said for Charlotte: that, let her enter into what engagement she might, she would keep it or break it, just as whim or her convenience suited her. Rodolf Pain's thoughts, as he sat in that chair, were probably turned to this very fact, for he broke the silence suddenly by a pertinent question to Mrs. Verrall.

"Does she *never* mean to marry?"

"Who?" languidly asked Mrs. Verrall.

"Charlotte, of course. I have nothing to do with anybody else, that I should ask. She faithfully promised to be my wife: you know she did, Mrs. Verrall——"

"Don't talk to me, Rodolf," apathetically interrupted Mrs. Verrall. "As if I should interfere between you and Charlotte!"

"I think you are in league together to snub me, Mrs. Verrall, she and you; that's what I do," grumbled Rodolf. "If I only remind her of her promise, she snaps my nose off. Are we to be married, or are we not?"

"It is no affair of mine, I say," said Mrs. Verrall, "and I shall not make it one. I had as soon Charlotte married you, as not; but I am not going to take an active part in urging it—only to get probable blame afterwards. That is all I can say, and if you tease me more, Rodolf, I shall trouble you to walk into another room."

Thus repulsed, Rodolf Pain held his tongue. He turned about in his chair, stretched out his feet, drew them in again, threw up his arms with a prolonged yawn, and altogether proved that he was going wild for want of something to do. Presently he began again.

"Where's she off to?"

"Charlotte?" cried Mrs. Verrall. "She went into Prior's Ash. She said—yes, I think she said, she should call upon Lady Sarah Grame. Look there!"

Mrs. Verrall rose from her seat and ran to a farther window, whence she gained a better view of the road, leading from Ashlydyat to Prior's Ash. A chariot-and-four was passing slowly down towards the town. Its postboys wore white favours, and Margery and a man-servant were perched outside. Mrs. Verrall knew it: that it was the carriage destined to convey away George Godolphin and his bride, who were at that moment seated at the breakfast at All Souls' rectory, chief amidst the wedding guests.

"Then Margery does go abroad with them!" exclaimed Mrs. Verrall. "The servants had laid hold of so many conflicting tales, that it was impossible to know which to believe. She goes as Mrs. George's maid, I suppose, and to see after him and his rheumatism."

"His rheumatism's well, isn't it?" returned Rodolf Pain.

"Well; but *he's* not. He is as weak as water, wanting care still. Prudent Janet does well to send Margery: what should Mrs. George know, about taking care of the sick? I think they have shown excessively bad manners not to invite me to the breakfast," continued Mrs. Verrall, in a tone of acrimony.

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C

"Somebody said that it was to be quite a private breakfast : confined to relatives."

"I don't care," said Mrs. Verrall; "they might have made an exception in my favour. They know I like such things : and we lived in their house, Ashlydyat, and are now living at Lady Godolphin's Folly."

"That's where Charlotte's gone, I'll lay," cried Mr. Rodolf Pain.

Mrs. Verrall turned her eyes upon him with a slight accession of wonder in them. "Gone *there*! To the rectory? Nonsense, Rodolf!"

"I didn't say to the rectory, Mrs. Verrall. She'd not be so stupid as to go there, without an invitation. She's gone about the town, staring at the carriages, and looking out for what she can see."

"Very possibly," returned Mrs. Verrall, throwing herself into her chair in weariness. "What has become of all the people to-day, that nobody comes, to call upon me? I should think *they* are stopping to look at the wedding."

Rodolf, in weariness as great, slowly lifted his body out of the chair, gave himself another good long stretch, and quitted the room. Talk of the curse of work! Never did work bring a curse half as great as that brought by idleness. Better break stones in the road, better work in galley-chains, than sit through the livelong day, day after day as the year goes round, and be eaten up with lassitude. Rodolf Pain's compelled idleness was but temporary; he was away from his occupation only for a time: but Mrs. Verrall possessed no occupation from year's end to year's end. Her hands had no duties to perform, no labour to transact: she never touched anything in the shape of ornamental work; she rarely, if ever, opened a book. She was one of those who possess no resources within themselves: and, may Heaven have mercy upon all such!

By-and-by, after Rodolf had smoked two cigars outside, and had lounged in again, pretty near done to death with the effort of killing time, Charlotte returned. She came in at the open window, apparently in the highest spirits, her face sparkling.

"Did you hear the bells?" asked she.

"I did," answered Rodolf. "I heard them when I was out, just now."

"The town's quite in a commotion," Charlotte resumed. "Half the ragamuffins in the place are collected round the rectory gates: they had better let the beadle get amongst them!"

"Commotion or no commotion, I know I have not had a soul to call here!" grumbled Mrs. Verrall. "Where have you been, Charlotte?"

"At Lady Sarah's. And I have had the great honour of seeing the bride and bridegroom!" went on Charlotte, in a tone of complaisance so intense as to savour of mockery. "They came driving by, in the carriage, and we had full view."

This somewhat aroused Mrs. Verrall from her listlessness. "They have started, then! How did she look, Charlotte?"

"Look!" cried Charlotte. "She looked as she usually looks, for all I saw. He had hectic cheeks; I could see that. Mr. George must take care of himself yet, I fancy."

"How was Mrs. George dressed?" questioned Mrs. Verrall again.

"Could I see?—seated low in the carriage, as she was, and leaning back in it!" retorted Charlotte. "She wore a white bonnet and veil, and

that's all I can tell. Margery and Pierce were with them. I say, Kate, don't you think Lady Sarah must *feel* this day? A few months back, and it was her daughter who was on the point of marriage with a Godolphin. But she did not seem to think of it. She'd give her head for a daughter of hers to wed a Godolphin still."

Mrs. Verrall raised her eyes to Charlotte's with an expression of simple astonishment. The remark mystified her. Mrs. Verrall could boast little depth of any sort, and never saw half so far as Charlotte did. Charlotte resumed:

"I saw; I know: I have seen and known ever since Ethel died. My lady would like Sarah Anne to take Ethel's place with Thomas Godolphin."

"I can hardly believe that, Charlotte."

"Disbelieve it, then," equably responded Charlotte, as she passed out to the terrace and began calling to her dogs. They came noisily up in answer, and Charlotte disappeared with them.

And Mr. Rodolf Pain, sitting there in his embroidered chair, with a swelling heart, remarked that Charlotte had not vouchsafed the smallest notice to him. "I'd not stop another hour," he murmured to himself, "only that my going back would put up Verrall: and—and it might not do."

Very intense was that gentleman's surprise to see, not two minutes after, Mr. Verrall himself enter the room by the window. Mrs. Verrall gave a little shriek of astonishment; and the new comer, throwing his summer overcoat upon a chair, shook hands with his wife and gave her a kiss. Plenty of dust was mingled with his yellow whiskers and his moustache.

"I came third-class most of the way," explained Mr. Verrall, as an apology for the dust. "The first-class carriage was stuffing hot, and there was no getting a smoke in it. We had a troublesome guard: the fellow excused himself by saying one of the directors was in the train."

"I have been all this while rubbing my eyes to find out whether they are deceiving me," cried Rodolf Pain. "Who was to dream of seeing you here to-day, sir?"

"I should think you expected to see me before, Rodolf," was Mr. Verrall's answer.

"Well, so I did. But it seemed to be put off so long, that I am surprised to see you now. Is—is all straight?"

"Quite straight," replied Mr. Verrall; "after an overwhelming amount of bother. You are going up to-day, Pain."

"And not sorry to hear it, either," cried Rodolf Pain, with emphasis. "I am sick of having nothing to do. Is Appleby settled?" he added, dropping his voice.

Mr. Verrall gave a nod; and, drawing Rodolf Pain to a far window, stood there talking to him for some minutes in an under tone. Mrs. Verrall, who never concerned herself with matters of business, and never would listen to them, went out on the terrace, a pale pink parasol, with its white fringe, held between her face and the sun. While thus standing, the distant bells of All Souls', which had been ringing occasional peals throughout the day, smote faintly upon her ear. She went in-doors again.

"Verrall," said she, "if you come out here you can hear the bells. Do you know what they are ringing for?"

"What bells? Why should I hear them?" inquired Mr. Verrall, turning from Rodolf Pain.

"They are ringing for George Godolphin's wedding. He has been married to-day."

The information appeared—as Rodolf Pain would have expressed it, had he given utterance to his sentiments—to strike Mr. Verrall all of a heap. "George Godolphin married to-day!" he repeated, in profound astonishment, remembering the creachy state George had been in when he had quitted Prior's Ash, three weeks before. "Married or buried, do you mean?"

Mrs. Verrall laughed. "Oh, he has got well from his illness: or nearly well," she said. "The bells would toll muffled peals, if he were buried, Verrall, like they did for Sir George."

"And whom has he married?" continued Mr. Verrall, not in the least overgetting his astonishment.

"Maria Hastings."

Mr. Verrall stroked his yellow moustache; a somewhat recent appendage to his beauty. He was by no means a demonstrative man—except on rare occasions—and though the tidings evidently made marked impression on him, he said nothing. "Is Charlotte at the wedding?" he casually asked.

"No strangers were invited," replied Mrs. Verrall. "Lady Godolphin came for it, and is staying at Ashlydyat. She has put off her weeds for to-day, and appears in colours: glad enough, I know, of the excuse for doing so."

"Where is Charlotte?" resumed Mr. Verrall.

He happened to look at Rodolf Pain as he spoke, and the latter answered, pointing towards some trees on the right.

"She went down there with her dogs. I'll go and find her."

Mr. Verrall watched him away and then turned to his wife: speaking, however, impassively still.

"You say he has married Maria Hastings? How came Charlotte to let him slip through her fingers?"

"Because she could not help it, I suppose," replied Mrs. Verrall, shrugging her pretty shoulders. "I never thought Charlotte had any chance with George Godolphin, Maria Hastings being in the way. Had Charlotte been first in the field, it might have made all the difference. He had fallen in love with Maria Hastings before he ever saw Charlotte."

Mr. Verrall superciliously drew down his lips at the corners. "Don't talk about a man's 'falling in love,' Kate. Girls fall in love: men know better. Charlotte has played her cards badly," he added, with some emphasis.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Verrall. "That Charlotte would play them to the best of her ability, there's little doubt: but, as I say, she had no chance from the first. I think George did love Maria Hastings. I'm sure they have been together enough, he and Charlotte, and they have flirted enough: but, as to caring for Charlotte, I don't believe George cared for her any more than he cared for me. They have gone abroad for the winter: will be away six months, or more."

"I am sorry for that," quietly remarked Mr. Verrall. "I was in hopes to have made some use of Mr. George Godolphin."

"Use?" cried Mrs. Verrall. "What use?"

"Oh, nothing," carelessly replied Mr. Verrall. "A little matter of business that I was going to propose to him."

"Won't it do when he comes home?"

"I dare say it may," said Mr. Verrall.

Mr. Rodolf Pain had walked to the right, and plunged amidst the grove of trees, in search of Charlotte. He was not long in finding her. The noise made by her dogs was sufficient guide. In one respect Charlotte Pain was better off than her sister, Mrs. Verrall: she found more resources for killing time. Charlotte had no greater taste for books than Mrs. Verrall had: if she took one up, it was only to fling it down again: she did not draw, she did not work. For some reasons of her own, Charlotte kept an ornamental piece of work in hand, which never got finished. It is speaking metaphorically, you know, to say "in hand." Had she kept it literally in hand, it might have progressed better. Once in a way, upon the most rare occasions, it was taken up, and a couple of stitches done to it; and then, like the book, flung down again. Charlotte played well; nay, brilliantly: but she never played to amuse herself, or for the love of music: always for display. The resources, which Charlotte possessed above Mrs. Verrall, lay in her horsemanship and her dogs. Mrs. Verrall could ride, and sometimes did; but it was always in a decorous manner. She did not gallop, helter-skelter, across country, as Charlotte did, with half a dozen cavaliers barely keeping up with her; she took no pleasure in horses for themselves, and she would as soon have entered a pigsty as a stable. With all Mrs. Verrall's vanity, and her not over-strong intellect, she possessed more of the innate refinement of the gentlewoman, than did Charlotte.

Look at Charlotte now: as Rodolf Pain—a cigar, which he has just lighted, between his lips, and his hands in his pockets—approaches her. She is standing on a garden bench with the King Charley in her arms: the other two dogs she has set on to fight at her feet, their muzzles lying on the bench beside her. What with the natural tempers of these two agreeable animals, and what with Charlotte's frequent pastime of exasperating the one against the other, it had been found necessary to keep them muzzled, to prevent fights: but Charlotte delighted in removing the muzzles, and setting them on. As she had done now. Charlotte had these resources in addition to any possessed by Mrs. Verrall. Mrs. Verrall would not, of her own free will, have touched a dog with her finger: if compelled to it, it would have been accomplished in the most gingerly fashion with the extreme tip: and it was a positive source of annoyance to Mrs. Verrall, often of contention between them, Charlotte's admitting these dogs to familiar companionship. Charlotte, when weary from lack of pastime, could find it in the stables, or with her dogs. Many an hour did she thus pass: and, so far, she had the advantage of Mrs. Verrall. Mrs. Verrall often told Charlotte that she ought to have been born a man: it cannot be denied that some of her tastes were more appropriate to a man than to a gentlewoman.

Rodolf Pain reached the bench. It was a lovely place, secluded, and shaded by trees; with an opening in front to admit a panoramic view of the enchanting scenery. But, on the green mossy turf between that

bench and the opening, snarled and fought those awful dogs: neither the noise nor the pastime particularly in accordance with that pleasant spot, so suggestive of peace. Charlotte looked on approvingly, giving a helping word to either side which she might deem required it; while the King Charley barked and struggled in her arms, because he was restrained from joining in the mêlée.

"I am going up at last, Charlotte."

"Up where?" asked Charlotte, without turning her eyes on Rodolf Pain.

"To town. Verrall's come back."

Surprise caused her to look at him now. "Verrall back!" she uttered. "He has come suddenly, then: he was not back five minutes ago. When are you going up?"

"I will tell you all about it, if you'll muzzle those brutes, and so stop their noise."

"Muzzle them yourself," said Charlotte, kicking the muzzles on to the grass with her foot.

Mr. Pain accomplished his task, though he did not particularly like it; neither was it over easy of accomplishment: the dogs were ferocious at the moment. He then drove them away, and Charlotte dropped her King Charley that he might run after them; which he did, barking his short squeaking bark. Rodolf held out his hand to help Charlotte down from her standing on the bench; but Charlotte chose to remain where she was, and seated herself on one of its arms. Rodolf Pain took a seat on the bench, sideways, so as to face her, leaning his back against the other arm.

"When do you go?" repeated Charlotte.

"In an hour from this."

"Quick work," remarked Charlotte. "Verrall gives no time for the grass to grow, in anything he has to do with."

"The quick departure is mine," said Mr. Pain. "So that I am in town for business to-morrow morning, it's all that Verrall cares about. He suggested that I should go up by a night train."

"I should," cried Charlotte, bluntly.

"No you would not," answered Rodolf Pain, in a tone of bitterness. "Were you treated by any one as you treat me, you'd be glad enough to get away."

"That's good!" ejaculated Charlotte, with a ringing laugh. "I'm sure I treat you beautifully. Many a one would jump at getting the treatment from me that you get; I can tell you that, Mr. Dolf."

Mr. Dolf smoked on in silence; rather savagely, for him.

"What have you to complain of?" pursued Charlotte.

"This," said he, with sternness. "That you promised to be my wife; that you have led me on, Heaven knows how long, causing me to believe you meant what you said, that you would keep your promise; and now you coolly turn round and jilt me! That bare fact is quite enough, Charlotte, without going into another mortifying fact—your slighting behaviour to me lately."

"Who says I have jilted you—or that I mean to jilt you?" asked Charlotte.

"Who says it!" retorted Rodolf Pain. "Why—are you not doing so?"

"No. I dare say I shall have you sometime."

"I am getting tired of it, Charlotte," said he, in a wearied tone of pain. "I have cared for nothing but you in the world—in the shape of woman—but I am getting tired; and I have had enough to make me. If you will fix our wedding now, before I go up, and keep to it, I'll bless you for it, and make you a fonder husband than George Godolphin would have made you."

"How dare you mention George Godolphin to me in that way?" cried Charlotte, with flashing eyes, for the sentence had roused all her ire. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dolf Pain! Has not George Godolphin—as it turns out—been engaged to Maria Hastings longer than I have known him, and has now married her? Do you suppose I could have spent that time with them both in Scotland at Lady Godolphin's, and not become acquainted with their secret? That must prove what your senseless jealousy was worth!"

"Charlotte," said he, meekly, "as to George Godolphin, I readily confess I was mistaken, and I am sorry to have been so stupid. You might have set me right with a word, but I suppose you preferred to tease me. However, he is done with now. But, Charlotte, I tell you that altogether I am getting tired of it. Have me, or not, as you feel you can: but, played with any longer, I will not be. If you dismiss me now, you dismiss me for good."

"I have half a mind to say yes," returned Charlotte, in the coolest tone, as if she were deciding upon a trifling matter; the choice of a bonnet, or the route to be pursued in a walk. "But there's one thing holds me back, Dolf."

"What's that?" asked Dolf, whose cheek had lighted up with eager hope.

Charlotte leaped off the bench and sat down on it, nearer to Dolf, her accent and face as apparently honest as if fibs were unknown to her. "And it is the only thing which has held me back all along," she went on, staring unflinchingly into Dolf's eyes.

"Well, what is it?" cried he.

"The hazard of the step."

"The hazard!" repeated Dolf. "What hazard?"

Charlotte glanced round, as if to convince herself that nothing with human ears was near, and her voice dropped to a whisper. "You and Verrall are not upon the safest course—"

"It's as safe as many others," interrupted Dolf Pain.

"Don't bother about others," testily rebuked Charlotte. "Look to itself. I say that it is hazardous: what little I know of it tells me that. I have heard a word dropped by you and a word dropped by Verrall, and I can put two and two together as well as most people. Is there no danger, no chance?"—she spoke lower still, and with unmistakable gravity—"that a crisis might come, which—which would carry you to a place where nobody stands willingly—the Criminal Bar?"

"Good gracious, no!" cried Rodolf Pain, flinging his cigar away in his surprise and anger. "What could put that into your head, Charlotte? The profession—may not be one of the strictest honour, and it has its dark sides as well as its light; but there's no danger of such a thing as you hint at. Where did you pick the idea up?"

"I don't know where. I have caught a word or two, not meant for me;

and now and then I see things reported in the newspapers. You can't deny one thing, Dolf : that, if any unpleasantness should drop from the skies, it has been made a matter of arrangement that you should be the sufferer : not Verrall."

Rodolf's light eyes expanded themselves beyond common. "How did you get to know that?" he asked.

"Never mind how I got to know it. Is it so?"

"Yes, it is," acknowledged Mr. Pain, who was by nature more truthful than Charlotte. "But I give you my word of honour, Charlotte, that there's no danger of our falling into such a pit as you have hinted at. We should not be such fools. The worst that could happen to me would be a sojourn, short or long, in some snug place such as this, while Verrall puts things to rights. Like it has been now, for instance, through this business of Appleby's."

"You tell me this to satisfy me," said Charlotte.

"I tell it because it is the truth—so far as my belief goes, or as I can foresee now."

"Very well. I accept it," returned Charlotte. "But now, Rodolf, mark what I say. If this worst state of things should come to pass——"

"It won't, I tell you," he interrupted. "It can't."

"Will you listen? I choose to put the matter upon the supposition that it may. If this bad state of things should come to pass and you fall, I will never fall with you : and it is only upon that condition that I'll become your wife."

The words puzzled Mr. Pain not a little. "I don't understand you, Charlotte. As to 'conditions,' you may make any for yourself that you please—in reason."

"Very well. We will have an understanding with each other, drawn up as elaborately as if it were a marriage settlement," she said, laughing. "Yes, Mr. Rodolf, while you have been ill-naturedly accusing me of designs upon the heart of George Godolphin, I was occupied with precautions touching my married life with you. You don't deserve me ; and that's a fact. Let go my hand, will you. One of those dogs has got unmuzzled, I fancy, by the noise, and I must run, or there'll be dog murder committed."

"Charlotte," he cried, feverishly and eagerly, *not* letting go her hand, "when shall it be?"

"As you like," she answered, indifferently. "This month, or next month, or the month after : I don't care."

The tone both mortified and pained him. His brow knit : and Charlotte saw the impression her words had left. She put on a pretty look of contrition.

"Mind, Rodolf, it shall be an understood thing, beforehand, that you don't attempt to control me in the smallest particular ; that I have my own way in everything."

"You will take care to have that, Charlotte, whether it be an understood thing beforehand, or not," replied he.

Charlotte laughed as she walked away. A ringing laugh of power, which the air echoed : of power, at any rate, over the heart and will of Mr. Rodolf Pain.

II.

DANGEROUS AMUSEMENT.

ON an April day, sunny and charming, a gentleman with a lady on his arm was strolling down one of the narrowest and dirtiest streets of Homburg. A tall man was he, young and handsome, with a fair Saxon face and fair Saxon curls. Could it be George Godolphin—who had gone away from Prior's Ash six months before, nothing but a shadowy wreck? It was George safe enough; restored to full strength, to perfect health. Maria, on the contrary, looked thin and delicate, and her face had lost a good deal of its colour. They had wintered chiefly at Pau, but had left it a month past. Since then they had travelled about from place to place, by short stages, taking it easy, as George called it: staying a day or two in one town, a day or two in another, turning to the right or to the left, as inclination led them, going forwards, or going backwards: so that they were home the middle of April, it would be time enough. George had received *carte blanche* from Thomas Godolphin to remain out as long as he deemed it necessary; and George was not one to decline the privilege. Play before work had always been George's motto.

On the previous evening they had arrived at Homburg from Wiesbaden, and were now taking their survey of the place. Neither liked its appearance so much as they had done many other places, and they were mutually agreeing to leave it again that evening, when a turning in the street brought them in view of another lady and gentleman, arm-in-arm like themselves.

"English, I am sure," remarked Maria, in a low tone.

"I should think so!" replied George, laughing. "Don't you recognise them?"

She had recognised them ere George finished speaking. Mr. and Mrs. Verrall! It took about ten minutes to ask and answer questions. "How strange that we should not have met before!" Mrs. Verrall cried. "We have been here this fortnight. But perhaps you have but just come?"

"Only last night," said George.

"My wife turned sick for a foreign tour, so I indulged her," explained Mr. Verrall. "We have been away a month now."

"And a fortnight of it at Homburg!" exclaimed George, in surprise. "What attraction can you find here? Maria and I were just saying that we would leave it to-night."

"It's as good as any other of these German places, for all I see," carelessly remarked Mr. Verrall. "How well you are looking!" he added to George.

"I cannot pay you the same compliment," Mrs. Verrall said to Maria. "What have you done with your roses?"

Maria's "roses" came vividly into her cheeks at the question. "I am not in strong health just now," was all she answered.

George smiled. "There's nothing serious the matter, Mrs. Verrall," said he. "Maria will find her roses again after a while. Charlotte has—I was going to say changed her name," broke off George: "but in her case that would be a wrong figure of speech. She is married, we hear."

"Long ago," said Mrs. Verrall. "Charlotte's quite an old married woman by this time. It took place—let me see?—last November. They live in London."

"Mr. Pain is her cousin, is he not?"

"Yes. It was an old engagement," continued Mrs. Verrall, looking at George. "Many a time, when she and you were flirting together, I had to call her to account, and remind her of Mr. Pain."

George could not remember that Mrs. Verrall had ever done such a thing in his presence: she had been rather remarkable for non-interference; for leaving him and Charlotte to go their own way. But he did not say so.

They turned and continued their walk together. George—he had lost none of his gallantry—taking his place by the side of Mrs. Verrall.

In passing a spot where there was a partial obstruction, some confusion occurred. A house was under repair, and earth and stones lay half way across the street, giving barely room for any vehicle to pass. Just as they were opposite this, a lumbering coach, containing a gay party inside, with white bows in their caps—probably a christening—came rattling up at a sharp pace. George Godolphin, taking Mrs. Verrall's hand, piloted her to safety. Maria was not so fortunate. Mr. Verrall was a little behind her or before her: at any rate, he was not adroit enough to assist her at the right moment; and Maria, seeing no escape between the coach and the débris, jumped upon the latter, a great mound of it. The awkward stones moved under her feet, and she slipped off again with a jerk on the other side. It did not hurt her much, but it shook her greatly. George, who was looking back at the time, had sprung back and caught her, before Mr. Verrall well saw what had occurred.

"My darling, how did it happen? Are you hurt? Verrall, could you not have taken better care?" reiterated George, his face flushed with emotion and alarm.

Maria leaned heavily upon him, and drew a long breath before she could speak. "I am not hurt, George."

"Are you sure?" he anxiously cried.

Maria smiled reassuringly. "It is nothing, indeed. It has only shaken me. See! I came right off that heap. I must have been careless, I think."

George turned to look at the "heap." A good heap it was, about three feet from the ground. She had alighted on her feet; not quite falling; but staggering with the lower part of her back against the stones. Mrs. Verrall shook the dust off her dress behind, and Mr. Verrall apologised for his inattention.

George took her upon his arm, with an air that seemed to intimate he should not trust her to anybody again, and they went back to their hotel, Mrs. Verrall saying she should call in upon them in half an hour's time.

Maria was looking pale; quite white. George, in much concern, untied her bonnet-strings. "Maria, I fear you *are* hurt!"

"Indeed I am not—as I believe," she answered. "Why do you think so?"

"Because you are not looking well."

"I was startled at the time; frightened. I shall overget it directly, George."

"I think you had better see a doctor. I suppose there's a decent one to be found in the town."

"Oh no!" returned Maria, with much emphasis, in her surprise. "See a doctor because I slipped down a little way? Why, George, that would be foolish! I have often jumped from a higher height than that. Do you remember the old wall at the rectory? We children were for ever jumping from it."

"That was one time and this is another, Mrs. George Godolphin," said he, significantly.

Maria laughed. "Only fancy the absurdity, George! Were a doctor called in, his first question would be, 'Where are you hurt, madame?' 'Not anywhere, monsieur,' would be my reply. 'Then what do you want with me?' he'd say, and how foolish I should look!"

George laughed too, and resigned the point. "You are the best judge, of course, Maria. Margery," he continued—for Margery at that moment entered the room—"your mistress has had a fall."

"Had a fall!" uttered Margery, in her abrupt manner, as she turned round to regard Maria.

"It could not be called a fall, Margery," said Maria, alightingly. "I slipped off some earth and stuff. I did not quite fall."

"Be you hurt, ma'am?"

"It did not hurt me at all. It only shook me."

"Nasty things, them slips be sometimes!" resumed Margery. "I have known pretty good bouts of illness grow out of 'em."

George did not relish the remark. He deemed it thoughtless of Margery to make it in the presence of his wife, under the circumstances. "You must croak, or it would not be you, Margery," said he, in a cross tone.

It a little put up Margery. "I can tell you what, Master George," cried she: "that your own mother was in her bed for eight weeks, through nothing on earth but slipping down two stairs. I say them shakes are ticklish things—when the body's not in a condition to bear 'em. Ma'am, you must just take my advice, and lie yourself down on that sofa, and not get off it for the day. There ain't a doctor in the land as knows anything, but 'ud say the same."

Margery was peremptory; George joined her in being peremptory also; and Maria, with much laughter and protestation, was fain to let them put her on the sofa. "Just as if I were ill, or delicate!" she grumbled.

"And pray, ma'am, what do you call yourself but delicate? You are not one of the strong ones," cried Margery, as she left the room for a shawl.

George drew his wife's face to his in an impulse of affection, and began kissing it. "Don't pay attention to Margery's croaking, my dearest," he fondly said. "But she is quite right in recommending you to lie still. It will rest you."

"I am afraid I shall go to sleep—condemned to lie here," said Maria, smiling.

"The best thing you can do," said George. "Catch me trusting you to anybody's care again!"

In a short while Mrs. Verrall came in, and told George that her hus-

band was waiting for him outside. George went out, and Mrs. Verrall sat down by Maria.

"It is Margery's doings, Margery's and George's," cried Maria, as if she would apologise for being found on the sofa, covered up like an invalid. "They made me lie down."

"Are you happy?" Mrs. Verrall somewhat abruptly asked.

"Happy?" repeated Maria, at a loss to understand the exact meaning.

"Happy with George Godolphin. Are you and he happy with each other?"

A soft blush overspread Maria's face; a light of love shone in her eyes. "Oh, so happy!" she murmured. "Mrs. Verrall, I wonder sometimes whether any one in all the world is as happy as I am!"

"Because it struck me that you were changed; that you look ill."

"Oh, that," returned Maria, with a rosier blush still. "Can't you guess the cause of that, Mrs. Verrall? As George told you, I shall, I hope, look well again after a while."

Mrs. Verrall shrugged her shoulders with indifference. She had never lost her bloom for any such cause.

Maria found—or Margery did for her—that the fall had shaken her more than was expedient. After all, a medical man had to be called in. Illness supervened. It was not a very serious illness, and not at all dangerous; but it had the effect of detaining them at Homburg. Maria lay in bed, and George spent most of his time with the Verralls.

With Mr. Verrall chiefly. Especially in an evening. George would go out, sometimes before dinner, sometimes after it, and come home so late that he did not venture into Maria's room to say good night to her. Since her illness he had occupied an adjoining chamber. It did Maria no good: she would get flushed, excited, heated: and when George did come in, he would look flushed and excited also.

"But, George, where do you stay so late?"

"Only with Verrall."

"You look so hot. I am sure you are feverish."

"The rooms were very hot. We have been watching them play. Good night, darling. I wish you were well!"

Watching them play! It is your first deceit to your wife, George Godolphin; and, rely upon it, no good will come of it. Mr. Verrall had introduced George to the dangerous gaming salles; had contrived to imbue him with a liking for the insidious vice. Did he do so with—as our terms of law express it—malice aforethought? Let the response lie with Mr. Verrall.

On the very first evening that they were together, the day of the slight accident to Maria, Mr. Verrall asked George to dine with him; and he afterwards took him to the tables. George did not play that evening; but George grew excited, watching others play. Heavy stakes were lost and won; evil passions were called forth; avarice, hatred, despair. Mr. Verrall played for a small sum; and won. "It whiles away an hour or two," he carelessly remarked to George as they were leaving. "And one can take care of oneself."

"All can't take care of themselves, apparently," answered George Godolphin. "Did you observe that haggard-looking Englishman, leaning against the wall and biting his nails when his money had gone? The

expression of that man's face will haunt me for a week to come. Those are the men that commit suicide."

Mr. Verrall smiled, half mockingly. "Suicide! Not they," he answered. "The man will be there to-morrow evening refeathered."

"I never felt more pity for any one in my life," continued George. "There was despair in his face, if I ever saw despair. I could have found in my heart to go up and offer him my purse; only I knew it would be staked the next moment at the green table."

"You did not know him, then?"

"No."

Mr. Verrall mentioned the man's name, and George felt momentarily surprised. He was a baronet's eldest son.

The next evening came round. Maria was confined to her bed then, and George a gentleman at large. A gentleman at large to be pounced upon by Mr. Verrall. He came—Verrall—and carried George off again to dinner.

"Let us take a stroll," said he, later in the evening.

Their stroll took them towards the scene of the night before, Mr. Verrall's being the moving *will*. "Shall we see who's there?" he said, with great apparent indifference.

George answered as indifferently: but there was an under-current of meaning in his tone, wonderful for careless George Godolphin. "Better keep out of temptation."

Mr. Verrall laughed till the tears came into his eyes: he said George made him laugh. "Come along," cried he, in a mocking tone. "I'll take care of you."

That night George played. A little. "As well put a gold piece down," Mr. Verrall whispered to him. "I shall." George staked more than one gold piece: and won. A fortnight had gone over since, and George Godolphin had become imbued with the fearful passion of gambling. At any rate, imbued with it temporarily: it is to be hoped that he will leave it behind him when he leaves Homburg.

Just look at him, as he stands over that green cloth, with a flushed face and eager eyes! He is of finer form, of loftier stature than most of those who are crowding round the tables; his features betray higher intellect, greater refinement; but the same passions are just now distorting them. Mr. Verrall is by his side, cool, calm, impassive: somehow that man, Verrall, always wins. If he did not, he'd not lose his coolness: he would only leave the tables.

"Rouge," called George.

It was noir. George flung his last money on the board, and moved away.

Mr. Verrall followed him. "Tired already?"

Mr. George let slip a furious word. "The luck has been against me all along: nearly from the first night I played here. I am cleaned out again."

"I can let you have——"

"Thank you!" hastily interrupted George. "You are very accommodating, Verrall, but it seems we may go on at the same thing for ever: I losing, and you finding me money. How much is it that I owe you altogether?"

"A bagatelle. Never mind that."

"A *bagatelle*!" repeated George. "It's well money is so valueless to you: I don't call it one. And I have never been a man given to look at money before spending it."

"You can pay me when and how you like. This year, next year, the year after: I shan't sue you for it," laughed Mr. Verrall. "There, go along and redeem your luck."

He held out a heavy roll of notes to George. The latter's eager fingers clutched hold of them: but, even as they were within his grasp, better thoughts came over him. He pushed them back again.

"I am too deep in your debt already, Verrall."

"As you please," returned Mr. Verrall, with indifference. "There the notes are, lying idle. As to what you have had, if it's such a dreadful burden on your conscience, you can give me interest for it. You can let the principal lie, I say, if it is for ten years to come. One half hour's play with these notes may redeem all you have lost."

He left the notes lying by George Godolphin; by hesitating George, with the fierce passion to use them that was burning within him. Mr. Verrall could not have taken a more efficient way of inducing him to play again, than to effect this easy indifference of manner, and to leave the money under his eyes, touching his fingers, fevering his brain. George took up the notes.

"You are sure you will let me pay you interest, Verrall?"

"Of course I will."

And George walked off to the gaming-table.

He went home later that night than he had gone at all, wiping the perspiration from his brow, lifting his face to the quiet stars, and gasping to catch a breath of air. Mr. Verrall found it rather cool, than not; shrugged his shoulders, and said he could do with an over-coat; but George felt stifled. The roll had gone, and some more to it; had gone, and George Godolphin was Mr. Verrall's debtor to a heavy amount.

"Thank goodness the day has already dawned!" involuntarily broke forth George.

Mr. Verrall looked at him for an explanation. He did not understand what particular cause for thankfulness there should be, in that.

"We shall get away from the place to-day," said George. "If I stopped in it I should come to the dogs."

"Nothing of the sort," cried Mr. Verrall. "Luck is safe to turn some time. It's like the tide: it has its time for flowing in, and its time for flowing out: once let it turn, and it comes rushing in all one way. But, what do you mean about going? Your wife is not well enough to travel yet."

"Yes she is," was George's answer. "Quite well enough."

"Of course you know best. I think you should consider——"

"Verrall, I should consider my wife's health and safety before any earthly thing," interrupted George. "We might have started to-day, had we liked: I speak of the day that has gone: the doctor said yesterday that she was well enough to travel."

"I was not aware of that. I shall stay here a week longer."

"And I shall be away before to-morrow night."

"Not you," cried Mr. Verrall.

"I shall : if I keep in the mind I am in now."

Mr. Verrall smiled. He knew George was not over famous for keeping his resolutions. In the morning, when his smarting should be over, he would stay on, fast enough. They wished each other good night, and George turned into his hotel.

To his great surprise, Margery met him on the stairs. "Are you walking the house like the ghosts?" cried he, with a renewal of his good humour. Nothing pleased George better than to give old Margery a joking or a teasing word. "Why are you not in bed?"

"There's enough real ghosts in the world, as is my belief, without my personating 'em, sir," was Margery's answer. "I'm not in bed yet, because my mistress is not in bed."

"Your mistress not in bed!" repeated George. "But that is very wrong."

"So it is," said Margery. "But it has been of no use my telling her so. She took it into her head to sit up for you; and sit up she has. Not there, sir"—for he was turning to their sitting-room—"she is a lying back in the big chair in her bedchamber."

George entered. Maria, white and wan and tired, was lying back, as Margery expressed it, in the large easy-chair. She was too fatigued, too exhausted to get up: she only held out her hand to her husband.

"My darling, you know this is wrong," he gently said, bending over her. "Good Heavens, Maria! how ill and tired you look."

"I should not have slept had I gone to bed," she said. "George, tell me where you have been: where it is that you go in an evening."

A misgiving crossed George Godolphin's mind—that she already knew. She looked painfully distressed, and there was a peculiar significance in her tone, but she spoke with timid deprecation. His conscience told him that the amusement he had been recently pursuing would not shine well in the broad light of day. An unmarried man may send himself to ruin if it pleases himself to do it; but not one who has assumed the responsibilities that George Godolphin had. Ruin, however, had not yet come to George Godolphin, or fear of ruin. The worst that had happened was, that he had contracted a debt to Mr. Verrall, which he did not at present see his way clear to pay. He could not pay so large a sum out of the bank without the question being put by his partners, Where does it go to? Mr. Verrall had, however, relieved him of the embarrassment by suggesting interest. A very easy settling of the question it appeared to the careless mind of George Godolphin: and he felt obliged to Mr. Verrall.

"Maria!" he exclaimed "what are you thinking of? What is the matter?"

Maria changed her position. She let her head slip from the easy-chair on to his sheltering arm. "Mrs. Verrall frightened me, George. Will you be angry with me if I tell you? She came in this evening, and she said you and Mr. Verrall were losing all your money at the gaming-table."

George Godolphin's face grew hot and angry, worse than it had been in the gambling-room, and he gave Mrs. Verrall an exceedingly complimentary mental word. "What possessed her to say that?" he exclaimed. And in truth he wondered what could have possessed her. Verrall, at

any rate, was not losing his money. "Were you so foolish as to believe it, Maria?"

"Only a little of it, George. Pray forgive me! I am weak just now, you know, and things startle me. I have heard dreadful tales of these foreign gaming-places: and I knew how much you had been out at night since we came here. It is not so, is it, George?"

George made a show of laughing at her anxiety. "I and Verrall have strolled into the places and watched the play," said he. "We have staked a few coins ourselves—not to be looked upon as two churls who put their British noses into everything and then won't pay for the sight. I lost what I staked, with a good grace; but, as to Verrall, I don't believe he is a halfpenny out of pocket. Mrs. Verrall must have been quarrelling with her husband, and so thought she'd say something to spite him. And my wife must take it for gospel, and begin to fret herself into a fever!"

Maria drew a long, relieved breath. The address was candid, the manner was playful and tender: and she possessed the most implicit faith in her husband. Maria had doubted almost the whole world, before she could have doubted George Godolphin. She drew his face down upon hers, once more whispering that he was to forgive her for being so silly.

"My dearest, I have been thinking that we may as well go on to-morrow. To-day, that is: I won't tell you the time, if you don't know it; but it's morning."

She knew the time quite well. No anxious wife ever sat up for a husband yet, but knew it. In her impatience to be away—for she was most desirous of being at home again—she could take note of the one sentence only. "Oh, George, yes! Let us go!"

"Will you promise to get a good night's rest first, and not attempt to be out of bed before eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, then?"

"George, I will promise you anything," she cried, with a radiant face. "Only say we shall start for home to-morrow!"

"Yes, we will."

And, somewhat to Mr. Verrall's surprise, they did start. That gentleman made no attempt to detain them. "But it is shabby of you both to go off like this, and leave us amid these foreigners, like babes in the wood," said he, when Maria was already in the carriage, and George was about to step into it.

"There is nothing to prevent your leaving too, is there, Mr. Verrall?" asked Maria, leaning forward. "And what did you and Mrs. Verrall do before we came? You had been babes in the wood a fortnight then."

"Fairly put, young lady," returned Mr. Verrall. "I must congratulate you on one thing, Mrs. George Godolphin: that, in spite of your recent indisposition, you are looking more like yourself to-day than I have seen you yet."

"That is because I am going home," said Maria.

And home they reached in safety. The continental land journey, the pleasant sea trip—for the day and the waters were alike calm—and then the land again, all grew into things of the past, and they were once more back at Prior's Ash. As they drove to the bank from the railway station, Maria looked up at the house when it came in sight, a thrill of

joy running through her heart. What a happy home it will be for me! was her glad thought.

"What would Thomas and old Crosse say, if they knew I had dipped into it so deep at Homburg!" was the involuntary thought which flashed across George Godolphin.

III.

HOME.

GEORGE GODOLPHIN and Maria were holding a levee. It could be called nothing else. Not very strong yet, George would only allow Maria to travel by easy journeys, and they had arrived at home early in the afternoon. Mrs. Hastings and Grace, Bessy and Cecil Godolphin, Thomas Godolphin and Mr. Crosse, all were crowding into the back parlour to welcome them. Not the business parlour: but the large and pleasant dining-room, used also as a sitting-room, on the right of the private entrance; the room that used to be the chief sitting-room of the Miss Godolphins.

Maria had thrown off her bonnet and shawl, and stood amidst them all, in her dark silk travelling dress, somewhat creased. There was no mistaking that she was intensely happy: her eye was radiant, her colour softly bright, her fair young face without a cloud. And now walked in the rector of All Souls', having escaped (nothing loth) from a stormy vestry meeting to see Maria. Miss Godolphin was not there: temporary indisposition kept her at Ashlydyat. In the spring and autumn of the year she would be occasionally troubled with a heating humour in the legs, a species of erysipelas, and it confined her within doors.

"I have brought her home safe, you see, sir," George said to Mr. Hastings, leading Maria up to him.

"And yourself also," was the rector's reply. "You are worth two of the shaky man that went away."

"I told you I should be, sir, if you allowed Maria to go with me," cried ready, gallant George. "I do not fancy we are either of us the worse for our sojourn abroad."

"I don't think either of you look as though you were," said the rector. "Maria is thin. I suppose you are not sorry to come home, Miss Maria?"

"So glad!" she said. "I began to think it very, very long, not to see you all. But, papa, I am not Miss Maria now."

"You saucy child!" exclaimed Mr. Hastings. But the rector had the laugh against him. Mrs. Hastings drew Maria aside.

"My dear, you have been ill, George wrote me word. How did it happen? We were so sorry to hear it."

"Yes, we were sorry too," replied Maria, her eyelashes resting on her hot cheek. "It could not be helped."

"But how did it happen?"

"It was my own fault: not my *intentional* fault, you know, mamma. It occurred the day after we reached Homburg. I and George were out-walking and we met the Verralls. We turned with them, and then I had not hold of George's arm. Something was amiss in the street, a great mess of stones and earth and rubbish; and, to avoid a carriage that

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came by, I stepped upon it. And, somehow I slipped off. I did not appear to have hurt myself: but I suppose it shook me."

"You met the Verralls at Homburg?" cried Mrs. Hastings, in surprise.

"Yes. Did George not mention it when he wrote? They are at Homburg still. Unless they have now left it."

"George never puts a superfluous word in his letters," said Mrs. Hastings, with a smile. "He says just what he has to say, and no more. He mentioned that you were not well, and therefore some little delay might take place in the return home: but he said nothing of the Verralls."

Maria laughed. "George never writes a long letter——"

"Who's that, taking George's name in vain?" cried George, looking round.

"It is I, George. You never told mamma, when you wrote, that the Verralls were with us at Homburg."

"I'm sure I don't remember whether I did or not," said George.

"The Verralls are in Wales," observed Mr. Hastings.

"Then they have travelled to it pretty quickly," observed George. "When I and Maria left Homburg we left them in it. They had been there a month then."

Not one present but looked up with surprise. "The impression in Prior's Ash is, that they are in Wales," observed Thomas Godolphin. "It is the answer given by the servants to all callers at Lady Godolphin's Folly."

"They are certainly at Homburg; whatever the servants may say," persisted George. "The servants are labouring under a mistake."

"It is a curious mistake for the servants to make, though," observed the rector, in a dry, caustic tone.

"I think the Verralls are curious people altogether," said Bessy Godolphin.

"I don't know but they are," assented George. "But Verrall is a thoroughly good-hearted man, and I shall always speak up for him."

Meanwhile Margery had asked leave of Maria, and gone up to Ashlydyat. Indeed, it was not much "asking leave," for that was not greatly Margery's fashion. "I must go up and see Miss Godolphin, ma'am," had been what she said to Maria. And Maria good naturedly bade her not hurry back.

"And what is to be my service, Miss Janet?" was nearly the first question asked by Margery of Miss Godolphin. Nothing had been said before Margery went abroad, whether she was to return to Ashlydyat, or to continue with Maria: her ostensible business with Mr. and Mrs. George had been to—as everybody had phrased it—look after him.

"You know I should like you back here, Margery," Janet replied. "But it shall be as you please."

"If it is as I please, I shall come back for certain," was Margery's answer. "Not that I have any fault to find with Master George's wife. I like her better, Miss Janet, than I had thought it possible to like anybody but a Godolphin."

"She is a Godolphin now, Margery."

"Ah," said Margery. "But she's not a Godolphin born, Miss Janet."

That evening, George and his wife dined alone. George was standing over the fire after dinner, when Maria came and stood near him. He put out his arm and drew her to his side.

"It seems so strange, George—the being in this house with you all alone," she whispered.

"Stranger than being my wife, Maria?"

"Oh, but I have got used to that."

George laughed: she spoke so simply and naturally. "You will get used in time to this being your home, my darling."

"I shall like the home so much! I hope it will be our home always, George."

"It will be so. Unless——"

"Unless what? Why do you stop?"

"I stopped, Maria, because I felt ashamed of the thought that had come over me. Unless Ashlydyat should fall in, I was about to say."

"Ashlydyat! But, George, that could only come to us through Thomas's death!" she gravely said.

"True. I say I was ashamed of the thought: it came to me without my will. I sincerely hope that Thomas may enjoy it to his old age. Suppose we go up and see Janet!" he continued. "She cannot come out, and I know it would please her. But perhaps you are tired to-night, Maria?"

"Indeed I am not. I should like the walk. And I should like to see Janet."

They started. It was about eight o'clock. A fine moonlight evening, and they took the way down Cross-street. The same way that Thomas Godolphin (if you remember it) had once gone; up the lonely walk and round the trees to the Dark Plain.

Nothing had been further from the thoughts both of George Godolphin and his wife, than that Dark Plain's ominous shadow, the reputed foreteller of ill to the Godolphins. But the Shadow was there. Never clearer, never darker, never more palpably distinct, had it been, than it appeared now.

Maria had never seen it, and the fact of what it was did not at once strike her. "What's that?" she asked of George. "What a strange-looking——Oh, George! is it the *Shadow*?"

Her voice had dropped to an awe-struck tone. George's courage appeared to have dropped with it. He stood, startled: gazing at it with wondering eyes.

"George, is it the Shadow?"

"It is what *they call* the Shadow, Maria," he presently said, assuming a careless air.

"Something *must* cast it!" she exclaimed.

"It must," replied George; "it must, and it does. It is my firm conviction that we shall sometime discover what it is that does cast it," he continued, too earnestly to give suspicion of an evasive meaning.

Maria was gazing at the shadow, her heart beating as she traced, bit by bit, its superstitious form.

"I am sure that it arises from natural causes," George continued, speaking to himself more than to Maria. "If I could only find out whence they come! I wonder if the archway throws out——"

A shriek at Maria's elbow. It proved to be from Margery. She had come quickly up on her way from Ashlydyat, and had caught sight of the Shadow.

"What brings *you* here to-night?" she uttered in a sharp tone, quite as if she were their equal and had power to order them about. But never was Margery more faithful, more affectionate at heart, than when her manner subsided into abruptness. "And this is the first time you have been on the Dark Plain since your marriage!" she went rapidly on, in very great agitation. "Oh, sir, you know what they say! That if that Shadow appears——"

George turned round with an imperative gesture; his face white, partly with emotion, partly with anger. What nonsense was she about to give utterance to, in the hearing of his young wife? "You forget yourself strangely, Margery," was his sharp rebuke.

Margery's eyes were fixed upon the Shadow, and her hands were lifted as if in dread; in pain. "I could be upon my Bible oath, if necessary, that it was not there a few minutes back," she uttered. "I came past here, and then I remembered something I had forgotten at Ashlydyat, and went back for it. It was not there then."

THE ROYAL MONUMENT.

LET the tall cenotaph the level* grace,
 Its marble emulate the mirror's face,
 Then grave the name so recently inurn'd,
 Honoured by Europe, but by England mourned,†
 Here, where o'er-crowded myriads lately met,
 To praise, admire, do all things but forget
 The patron of that scene—here let it rise,
 The sad memorial of his obsequies.

'Tis night, the splendour of the unclouded moon
 Illumes the moment of her highest noon,
 Save where deep shadows of the foliage shed
 A gloom like that which shrouds a dying bed;
 Fit place for thought while passing o'er the sod
 Marked out by one now gone to rest with God,
 O'er whom affection mingled tear with tear,
 And a great nation wept along the bier.
 Trackless the scenes here lately passed away,
 Wrought out by him though now of yesterday,
 While he, the ark's lost bird, hath found a shore
 From the lone vessel to return no more.
 Sad solitude! here memory quickens woe,
 Telling how frail the loftiest state below—
 How vainly prized in their humanity
 The first, best things of earth must ever be!

* Site, in Hyde Park, of the old building.

† Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
 Urget.

Hon.

Here rear the MONUMENT, and give it scope
To nurture thoughts born of a perish'd hope ;
For her the mourner in her regal bower,
Rose of life's vale drooping in sorrow's shower,
Twice stricken by affliction—let it be
A pensive token, calling memory
To one of whom she was the dearer part,
Form'd to enchain our duty and his heart,
Made dear to love by nature, which alone
Claims servitude from cottage and from throne.
So pass the high and loyal, so the wise,
So earthly glories, and their vanities.
Thus on the wide-spread waste of human ill,
Death ever foremost strikes, stern victor still,
Severs affection, wounds maternal love,
Each perhaps the sacrifice our faith to prove,
And the full knowledge of great truths to teach,
Lest sense mistake what fancy cannot reach.

Uprear the MONUMENT, and let it be
The record of a race in history
Of coming sovereigns rais'd to England's throne
O'er mighty realms, which they shall rule alone
In bright succession, honoured of the free,
The potent guardians of true liberty,
By that strong will which keeps their rocky isle,
Secures its fields, and makes its harvests smile,
Its people's will precedent for all time,
Known throughout earth, confess'd in every clime,
From glowing shores where torrid oceans flow
To polar mountains and eternal snow.

Fain would my verse the Mourner's praise renew,
Fixed as her throne, inviolably true,
Making more clear that sympathy of heart,
Of which a nation feels the counterpart.
How strong the example of her virtues shone
In calm domestic joys for ever gone ;
Yet those we loved would we recal them here,
Souls entered bliss that never know a tear,
Or dreams began with weeping—where no sigh
Proclaims the frailty of mortality ?
There is no echo from the tomb's repose,
Where Acheron's heavy wave unruffled flows ;
And if there were would we inflict the pain
To bind freed spirits in the dust again,
Now quaffing far apart from mortal strife,
The founts that gush beneath the trees of life ?
God gives us tribulations to refine
Our wayward nature, such, fair Queen, are thine,
Bestowed in mercy ere above we soar,
To glorious light and being evermore !

Haste, place the MONUMENT ! a Sovereign's grief
In votive gifts may find a short relief ;
There is no covenant rainbow without tears,
Through which some shining glimpse of heaven appears.
Far be the place of that undreaming sleep,
Where hope forgets to cheat, and grief to weep !
Be long delayed that hour, Queen of the Free,
That takes thee heavenward from humanity

To thy beatitude, where thou wilt meet
 The lost and loved one at God's mercy seat.
 It is no wrong to thine eternal day
 To ask prolonged thine own time-honoured sway—
 One little hour of rule long proved aright,
 "To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light."
 Are we not justly selfish, cherished Queen,
 To pray long coming time may intervene
 Ere a superior crown be worn by thee—
 A golden crown of immortality?

How many when they die, die all, but he
 Left to his Queen his memory's legacy;
 He was her own, she his, and England's throne
 Never more virtuous, great, or powerful shone;
 Their love was mutual as their souls were true,
 As if into each other's hearts they grew—
 One with its tendrils round the other twined,
 In tranquil sweet felicity of mind,
 Passing harmoniously regretted hours
 In palace halls, too seldom strewn with flowers;
 He, with that good content, a virtuous name,
 Attempted no Icarian flight to fame,
 In soul-exalting science took a part,
 And, patron of the elegant in art,
 The lustre and the dignity of man
 He well sustained on nature's honest plan;
 Never profaned the task of doing good
 With an unholy thought—the brotherhood
 Of ill to others—for his days were past
 So well prepared that each might be his last.

But the loved mourner sorrows still await,
 Sad in her solitude and halls of state,
 From the void ever present here and there—
 "Where is he gone?" still sorrow answers "Where?"
 And memory brings the offspring of that love,
 Which, though unseen, smiles on her from above,
 And bids her guard them, now become her care,
 With the resistless prevalence of prayer.
 Well she the task fulfils—in them we see
 The hope of England's royal chivalry,
 World of their parent's wealth, and England's own,
 Born in our borders to support the throne.

Rear high "a livelong MONUMENT,"* and here
 Recal the past, for it demands a tear,
 That life so pure, that death so beautiful,†
 Taken when the cup of life was clear and full,
 When all was in its place, and all complete,
 As summer flowers are with the summer meet.
 He mingled not with party, made no foes,
 But bore his honours meekly to their close,
 When fully fraught with promised joys to come,
 Death call'd him to an everlasting home.
 Then rear the Monument, and give it scope
 To nurture thought, though born of perished hope!

CYRUS REDDING.

* Milton.

† Tyrtæus, "Lovely Death,"

MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

AT the worst period of the Indian mutiny in 1857, when people were naturally seeking a parallel in history for that absorbing topic, the Mithridatic War was named as offering in some respects a closer analogy than others that had been suggested—such as the Truceless or Inexpiable War, between Carthage and her insurgent mercenaries. In one day eighty thousand Romans were massacred with circumstances of cruelty, we were reminded, like those which appalled us at Cawnpore; and the secrecy with which the massacre was prepared, and the completeness and suddenness with which it overtook its multitudinous and scattered victims, were alleged to prove that the subtlety and secrecy of Eastern nations were then as remarkable as they are now. But this, on the other hand, was a national rebellion against a yoke intolerable to the nation, and had, moreover, a leader, and one of no ordinary kind. "Mithridates was the life and soul of the movement, and nothing but his indomitable nature and extraordinary resource maintained the contest so long; for the Oriental hosts went down before small Roman armies whenever they met them in the field, just as the hosts of Hindostan have gone down before small English armies at Plassey, Assaye, and Cawnpore.

"The King of Pontus was a miracle of physical, and of a low kind of moral, force. He was the strongest man, the first rider, the first archer, the first drinker, and the first polygamist of the East—a perfect Oriental hero—a sort of Rustam, as it has been remarked, or Samson. He had been trained from his childhood, not in the Zenana, but in the school of adversity and danger; and if he was not proof against poison—a tradition which we presume medical science would reject—he was at least a thoroughly iron man. He was, also, perhaps the best hater in the world; and in the strength of that hate he found vigour, constancy, and almost genius."

But, as the reviewer of the supposed parallel then goes on to show, although Mithridates, thus personally endowed, entered upon the war with enormous pecuniary resources, and, like some of our native antagonists in India, had good European officers in his pay; yet were European arms and Roman steadfastness too much for him, in spite of the terrible civil war which, during a great part of the period, was raging at Rome; and he was driven from field to field, from point to point, from country to country; till at last he could only escape his enemies by death.*

Mr. de Quincey is strenuous as to the great error that prevailed in Rome with regard to the quality of Mithridates' power. The spacious-

* "Happily"—this was the reviewer's practical and consolatory application of the subject—"happily, Nana Sahib is a Mithridates only in cruelty and perfidy, and what is still more important, he carries no nation with him. He is not likely to cause us the fearful anxieties and vicissitudes, or to afford our generals the triumphs of a Mithridatic war."—*Saturday Review*, Nov. 7, 1857. Art.: "Historical Parallels to the Indian Mutiny."

ness of his kingdom, its remoteness, his power of retreat into Armenia—all enabled him, observes this scholarly critic, to draw out the war into a lingering struggle. "These local advantages were misinterpreted. A man who could resist Sylla, Lucullus, and others, approved himself to the raw judgments of the multitude as a dangerous enemy." Hence, according to De Quincey, who is no believer in Pompey's greatness,—hence a very disproportionate appreciation of that general, on his success against Mithridates, as if a second Scipio had conquered a second Hannibal. If Hannibal, the multitude would argue, had transferred the war to the gates of Rome, why not Mithridates, who had come westwards as far as Greece? And upon that argument, the panic-struck people of Rome fancied that Mithridates might repeat the experiment—overlooking the changes which nearly one hundred and fifty years had wrought. It was in 1842 that the "English Opium-eater" discussed this topic, and he, too, took our relations with India in illustration of his discourse.

As possible, he maintained, would it have been for Scindia and Holkar forty years before, as possible for Tharawaddie at that very time, to conduct an expedition into England, as for Mithridates to have invaded Italy at the era of 670-80 of Rome. There is a wild romantic legend, he tells us, surviving in old Scandinavian literature, that Mithridates did not die by suicide, but that he passed over the Black Sea; from Pontus on the south-east of that sea to the Baltic; crossed the Baltic; and became that Odin whose fierce vindictive spirit reacted upon Rome, in after centuries, through the Goths and Vandals, his supposed descendants: just as the blood of Dido, the Carthaginian queen, after mounting to the heavens—under her dying imprecation,

Exoriare aliquis nostro de sanguine vindex—

came round in a vast arch of bloodshed upon Rome, under the retaliation of Hannibal, four or five centuries later. This Scandinavian legend, continues Mr. de Quincey, "might answer for a grand romance, carrying with it, like the Punic legend, a semblance of mighty retribution; but, as an historical possibility, any Mithridatic invasion of Italy would be extravagant. Having been swallowed, however, by Roman credulity, as a danger, always *in procinctu*, so long as the old Pontic lion should be unchained, naturally it had happened that this groundless panic, from its very indistinctness and shadowy panic, became more available for Pompey's immoderate glorification, than any service so much nearer to home as to be more rationally appreciable."* According to this view, it was merely a piece of Pompey's unexampled luck, that he should be the last man in the series against Mithridates, and thus step into the inheritance of merit belonging to the entire series in that service—the labourer, who easily reaped the harvest, thus practically throwing into oblivion those who had so painfully sown it.

We may here remark, in passing, that the Scandinavian legend, above referred to, was one which Wordsworth had some thoughts, once upon a time, of selecting for the argument of the great poem he was then meditating. It fluctuated, in the preference of his varying moods of mind,

* See the Essay on Cicero, in De Quincey's collected works.

with other themes from classical antiquity and the Middle Ages. Sometimes he had almost settled on a romance of chivalry and knight-errant enterprise; but then again,

Sometimes, more sternly moved, I would relate
How vanquished Mithridates northward passed,
And, hidden in the cloud of years, became
Odin, the Father of a race by whom
Perished the Roman Empire.*

The Président de Brosses—best known perhaps, or indeed only remembered, now-a-days, by his feud with Voltaire—undertook a reconstruction of the entire history of Mithridates, out of the scattered fragments of Sallust, and a mass of notes minutely collected from all the stores of antiquity, and even from the Armenian chronicle of (Gallicè) *Moïse de Chorène*, then scarcely deciphered. He depicts the childhood of his Pontic hero,—well-cultured, but cruelly disposed, already capable of crime, and attaining the throne by poisoning his mother—then his solitary youth, spent in the savage woods, in chase of beasts of prey, and in studying the properties of poisonous plants, and the antidotes effectual in each case. Without affirming, as a celebrated scholar of the present century has done, that Mithridates had waged a number of wars before he was eighteen years old, De Brosses shows him to us quitting his dominions, to enter on an irregular course of travels, like Peter the Great, whom M. Villemain declares him to resemble in more points than one,—in genius, in the impetuosity of his passions, and in that art of commanding barbarians, which consists in being, one's self, at the same time barbarous and civilised. De Brosses shows him betrayed during his absence, and on the rumour of his death,—then reappearing, in implacable mood towards Laodice, his wife and sister, and the magnates of his court, but beloved by his people, and aggrandising his empire daily by victories over the Scythians and Greeks of the Bosphorus, gaining over or despoiling the petty kings of Bithynia, Paphlagonia, Cappadocia, of whom the avowed protector was Rome, and preparing on a grand scale to combat Rome herself by urging to revolt all the peoples she had enslaved. The day for war with Rome herself arrived at last. Mithridates then drives out the Roman legions from their province of Asia, permits the people to massacre a hundred thousand of these foreigners, and, descending armed on Europe, suddenly reveals to Greece the person of the Coming Man, her wild, stern, all-puissant liberator.

It would be difficult, M. Villemain opines, to throw a better light on history, or to paint a better portrait than De Brosses has done, of the new Hannibal,—*de cet Annibal roi*, whose campaigns against Lucullus and Pompey are narrated by Sallust. Arrived at this part of his work, Sallust's French imitator "redoubles the efforts of his industrious erudition." The obstinate siege of the town of Cyzicus, the forced retreat of Mithridates, the loss of his fleet, the invasion of his hereditary realm, his flight to the deserts, to the defiles of the Caucasus itself, in order to make up new armies,—all this forms a narrative at once curious and energetic, composed anew out of the ruins, and sometimes the dust, of the ancient monument. Where Sallust is said to have come to a full stop, however,

* Wordsworth, *The Prelude*. Introduction.

there, too, halts the *Président de Brosses*—who winds up with the return of *Lucullus* to Rome, because *Sallust* is reported to have made that the *finis* of his history.*

Racine prefaces his tragedy with the remark that hardly a name that can be named is better known than that of *Mithridates*—whose life and death form a considerable portion of Roman history, and of whom it may be said, without taking his conquests into account, that his defeats alone made the almost entire glory of the three greatest captains of the republic, *Sylla*, *Lucullus*, and *Pompey*. And while it is *Racine's* boast, that scarce any of the brilliant actions in the life of *Mithridates* are left out in his tragedy (the *Unities* notwithstanding), the poet defends with such authority as he can command his prominent use of the king's alleged design to pass into Italy. *Florus*, *Plutarch*, and *Dion Cassius* are cited, as naming the countries through which *Mithridates* would have to pass; and so, in particular, is *Appian the Alexandrian*, who enters more into detail, and who, after indicating the facilities, aids, and appliances the king hoped to find in his route, adds, that this plan was the pretext made use of by *Pharnaces* to excite the entire army to revolt, and that the soldiers, alarmed at the old king's enterprise, looked upon it as the mere desperation of a prince who would fain perish with éclat. *Dion Cassius* thus comments on this design of *Mithridates*:† “This man was verily born to undertake great things. As he had often experienced good and evil fortune, he believed there was nothing that could be above his hopes and his boldness, and adapted his designs far more to the greatness of his courage than to the bad state of his affairs; firmly resolved, should his enterprise be unsuccessful, to die as became a great king, and bury himself beneath the ruins of his empire, rather than live in obscurity and meanness.” All which would tell famously in French, plentifully interspersed with *la gloire*, and *Seigneur, vous pouvez tout*, and *Madame, vos beaux yeux*, a confidant, a *domestique*, a deal of rhetoric, and the *Unities*.

Montesquieu, again, glorifies *Mithridates* as a magnanimous king, who, in adversity, like the lion looking at his wounds, was only the more indignant. “In the abyss into which he was plunged, he formed the plan of carrying the war into Italy, and of going to Rome with the same nations which subdued it some centuries afterwards, and by the same road which they travelled.”‡

It is with *Hannibal* that *Montesquieu* compares the King of Pontus. *Frederick Schlegel* follows in the same track. “No enemy of the Romans, since *Hannibal*,” says the German philosopher, “had formed such a deep-laid plan as *Mithridates*, whose intention it was to unite in one armed confederacy against Rome all the nations of the north, from the regions of Mount *Caucasus*, as far as *Gaul* and the *Alps*.”§ But *Schlegel* discusses him, and his plans, only to show that danger served but to arouse the Roman people to more triumphant exertions; and that every effort of hostile resistance, when once overcome, tended simply to confirm their universal dominions.

* *Villemain, Cours de Littérature Française, Dix-septième Leçon.*

† *Racine, Préface de Mithridate.*

‡ *Montesquieu, Grandeurs des Romains, ch. vii.*

§ *Philosophy of History, IX. Character of the Romans.*

Mithridates serves Mr. Carlyle, too, with a text for a short homily to the same effect, though with wider range and scope in it, leading indeed to rather momentous issues. Conquest, he says, is a fact often witnessed; conquest, which seems mere wrong and force, everywhere asserts itself as a right among men. Yet, if we examine, we shall find, he assures us, that, in this world, no conquest could ever become permanent, which did not withal show itself beneficial to the conquered as well as to conquerors. Then comes the illustration. "Mithridates, King of Pontus, come now to extremity, 'appealed to the patriotism of his people;' but, says the history, 'he had squeezed them, and fleeced and plundered them, for long years;' his requisitions, flying, irregular, devastative, like the whirlwind, were less supportable than Roman strictness and method, regular though never so rigorous: he therefore appealed to their patriotism in vain. The Romans conquered Mithridates. The Romans, having conquered the world, held it conquered, *because* they could best govern the world; the mass of men found it nowise pressing to revolt; their fancy might be afflicted more or less, but in their solid interests they were better off than before."*

The recurring mention of Mithridates in conjunction with Hannibal, is almost inevitable in writers on Roman history. The Romans themselves associated as twin memories these once formidable names, and, as time passed on, and immortal hatreds put on mortality, they did honour to both names, as of foemen worthy of their steel. "The ancient Romans," says Thomas de Quincey, "were too faithful to the ideal of grandeur in themselves not to relent, after a generation or two, before the grandeur of Hannibal. Mithridates—a more doubtful person—yet merely for the magic perseverance of his indomitable malice, won from the same Romans the only real honour that ever he received on earth."† And we English, this author omits not to add, have ever shown the same homage to stubborn enmity. To work unflinchingly, he says, for the ruin of England, to proclaim through life, by word and by deed, *Delenda est Anglia victrix!* that one purpose of malice, faithfully pursued, has quartered some people upon our national funds of homage as by a perpetual annuity. Better than an inheritance of service rendered to England, has sometimes proved, he contends, the most insane hatred to England; pointing, in proof, to Hyder Ali, and even his son Tippee, though so far inferior, and to Napoleon Bonaparte, as having all benefited by this disposition amongst ourselves to exaggerate the merit of diabolic enmity.—But we must get back to Mithridates and old Rome.

The King of Pontus, who has been compared to the great Hannibal, had, it is true, says Michelet, the vast projects and the ungovernable will of the chief of the mercenaries, but not his genius for tactics. His glory was, the being during forty years for the barbarians on the shores of the Euxine, what Hannibal had been for those of Spain, Africa, and Gaul; a sort of mediator and instructor, under whose auspices they invaded the empire. Residing at Pergamus, upon the confines of Asia, whence he

* Carlyle, *Chartism*, ch. v. "Rights and Might."

† De Quincey's *Essay on Joan of Arc*. (Reprinted in vol. i. of his *Miscellanies*.)

‡ See Michelet, *Histoire de Rome*, livre iii. ch. iii.

had driven out the Romans, he was continually sending fresh hordes from the Caucasus, from the Crimea, and from the banks of the Danube, into Asia, Macedonia, and Greece.

In later times it was remembered, as Dean Liddell mentions, in his account of "the man who became famous as the competitor of Rome for the sovereignty of the East," that at his birth a comet blazed in the heavens so large in size as to reach from the zenith to the horizon—a sign, it was afterwards interpreted, of his destined greatness. "But during his boyhood the fates seemed adverse. The Senate revoked the gift conferred by Aquilius upon his father.* His guardians attempted his life both by poison and the dagger. But he escaped all perils marvellously. It was commonly believed that his constitution was enabled to defy the insidious attacks of poison by the habitual use of antidotes. What education he received was given by Greek masters at Sinopë. Probably his quick faculties enabled him to make much of little teaching. So excellent was his memory that he is said to have been master of five-and-twenty languages, so as to be able to converse in their own tongue with all the tribes who composed his motley empire. His appreciation of Hellenic superiority is attested by the employment of Greeks both for military and civil administration; and his cultivated taste is disclosed by the artistic skill displayed in the execution of his coins. The great silver piece bearing the head of Mithridates is one of the most admirable medals that came from the ancient mints. Yet he is said to have devoted the greater part of his youthful years to hunting in the mountains of Pontus: thus he obtained vigour of constitution, quickness of eye, and promptness of decision."† In fine, the Dean of Christ Church pronounces him in all respects to have stood far above the common run of Oriental despots.

The Pontic king's long struggle with the Roman power began with his attempts to gain possession of the neighbouring territories of Bithynia and Cappadocia, which it had taken under its protection. The success with which his arms were crowned, writes the historian of the Romans under the Empire, encouraged him to carry war into the territory of the republic in Asia Minor; and throughout these districts the people were so well disposed towards him that he was enabled to relieve them, at least for an instant, from the yoke of the foreigner. The enthusiasm with which he was received marks the excessive hatred that yoke had inspired. For to Mr. Merivale it is evident that even the capricious tyranny of Oriental despotism was preferred to all the benefits of European civilisation, blighted as these were by the systematic rapacity of the Roman governors.‡ "The character of the great King of Pontus has come

* For his services to Rome in the war against Aristonicus, Mithridates V. (Euergetes) was rewarded by the Roman pro-consul Aquilius with a considerable portion of Phrygia. This Mithridates was assassinated at Sinopë, his capital, about the year 120 B.C., and was succeeded by his son, the great Mithridates, commonly called Dionysos, or Eupator, then a boy of about twelve years old.

† Liddell, *History of Rome*, vol. ii. book vi. ch. lix. § 2.

‡ This is strongly expressed in the speech of Mithridates (Justin, XXXVIII. 7), where he makes a direct appeal to the passions of the provincials: "Tantumque me avida expectet Asia ut etiam vocibus vocet: adeo illis odium Romanorum incussit rapacitas proconsulum, sectio publicanorum, calumniarum litium." Compare Pliny's remark on the infamous character his countrymen had acquired, when speaking of the death of Aquilius, down whose throat molten gold was poured by order of Mithridates. (*Hist. Nat.*, XXXIII. 3.)

down to us laden with all the crimes his rivals' malevolence could fasten upon it; and in estimating it we must never forget that the sources from whence our historians drew their information were the narratives of unscrupulous foes." The abilities, adds this discerning critic, which the Eastern despot exhibited may justly raise a prejudice in his favour; and when we consider the magnanimity he repeatedly displayed, we shall be the more inclined to look for other explanations of the crimes imputed to him than the natural barbarity to which our authorities complacently refer them. Accordingly, while Dr. Liddell makes Mithridates, while "given up to enjoyment" (in celebrating his nuptials with Monima, a young Greek of Stratonicea), send forth in cold blood his edict "to every city in the Province of Asia, ordering the people to massacre all Italians who might be found within their borders," which "savage order was obeyed with alacrity,"* eighty thousand persons being slaughtered in one day,—Mr. Merivale, on the other hand, considers it more likely that the massacre was "an act of national vengeance than the execution, as the historians represent it, of a tyrant's mandate."†

The sanction Mithridates gave to the piratical confederation, and the formidable use he made of it in his efforts against the republic, affords the historian we have last quoted an opportunity of describing the character, operations, and *locale*, of that redoubtable crew. The great traffic, as Mr. Merivale observes, which flourished for centuries between Greece, Egypt, and Syria, presented a brilliant lure to the habits of piracy notoriously prevalent in those seas from the earliest times—the origin of European and Asiatic hostility being, indeed, traced by Herodotus to the predatory enterprises of lawless adventurers. And such, the historian proceeds to remark, is the natural configuration of the coasts of Greece and Asia Minor, and their intermediate islands, that this plague of piracy has never been thoroughly eradicated from their waters.‡ The sea-line of either continent is broken by innumerable bays and creeks, and bristles with projecting headlands; in such regions the science of navigation requires the aid of minute local knowledge. The interior of the country is also generally difficult of access; precipitous mountains alternate with deep valleys; here and there only a broader expanse is opened by a river of more than usual volume. Its population congregated, even in the best times, in spots of isolated fertility, large tracts of impassable mountain intervening between them. Under such circumstances, the recesses of every bay formed retreats for piratical adventurers, in which to repair their vessels, enjoy their booty, and riot away the intervals of repose.

"The policy of the Romans did not allow the provincials to maintain an effective military force to destroy these nests of marauders; during the Mithridatic war the coasts of Greece and Ionia swarmed with them; but it was through the policy of the King of Pontus that Cilicia became their principal stronghold. Despairing of ultimate success, he determined, it was said, to leave a sting rankling in the vitals of the republic.

* Liddell, *ubi supra*, § 8.

† Merivale, *Hist. of the Romans under the Empire*, vol. i. ch. i. § 2.

‡ Compare Mr. Finlay's intelligent work on Greece under the Romans, p. 38: "It is said that the piracies committed during the late revolutionary war contributed quite as much as the humanity of the allies to the signature of the treaty of the 6th of July, 1827, and to the foundation of a German monarchy in Greece."

With this view, having driven in the feeble outposts of the Roman power, he encouraged the piratical hordes of the eastern seas to collect on the coast of Cilicia. Here they established their docks, arsenals, and magazines; here there grew up an organised system of rapine and defiance, a fleet, a nation, and perhaps a government of pirates."^a

What with pirates to organise, poisons to guard against, pro-consuls to put down, twenty-three languages to speak, and (like Caesar) the name of every soldier in his ranks to remember, Mithridates had enough on his mind, and plenty of hard work on his hands. The poison question was not the least of his anxieties, and has always interested those who inquire into his career. It seems this-poison-proof old man bore in every sense a charmed life—so that, like the Roman satirist's old fellow that would persist in living on, defiant of gout, cough, pleurisy, and impatient legatees,

Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferet ensis.†

Juvenal more than once commemorates (as became such a connoisseur-critic of poisoning practice, as a female art, especially,) the antidotes which Mithridates applied with effect. In one place he speaks of the *Pontica ter victi . . . medicamina Regis*.‡ In another he advises a gentleman of property, with an extravagant and eager son, to

—get that dose with haste

In which the Pontic king his safety placed :
For this must be your guard, if you propose
To taste a next year's fig, or smell its rose.
The king or father, that would safely eat,
Must take an antidote before his meat.

—*one quod Mithridates*

*Composuit, si vis aliam decerpere ænum,
Atque alias tractare rosas. Medicamen habendum est,
Sorbere ante cibum quod debeat aut pater aut rex.*§

Bacon's statement of the "Great Oyer" Poisoning case, records of its victim that "at last his [Sir Thomas Overbury's] body was almost come by use of poisons to the state that Mithridates' body was by the use of treacle and preservatives, that the force of the poisons was blunted upon him."|| By *treacle*, be it observed in passing, is meant, according to an old lexicographer, "a physical composition, made of vipers and other ingredients"—upon which obsolete usage of the word (derived from *ὄφις*, viper's flesh,) some remarks and illustrations may be consulted in Dean Trench's Select Glossary.

Sir Thomas Browne, knight and physician, discussing in his "Vulgar Errors" certain prevalent notions about poisons and their antidotes, sums up with this conclusion: that, although unto every poison men have delivered many antidotes, and in every one is promised an equality unto its adversary, yet do we often find they fail in their effects: "*moly* will not resist a weaker cup than that of Circe; a man may be poisoned in a Lemnian dish; without the miracle of John, there is no confidence in the earth of Paul;"** and if it be meant that no poison could work upon

* Merivale, I. 38 sq.

† Juvenalis, Sat. vi.

‡ Charge against Robert, Earl of Somerset.

§ Phillips, The New World of Words.

† Horat. Sermon. I. ix.

§ Id. Satira xiv.

** Terra Melitæa.

him, we doubt the story, and expect no such success from the diet of Mithridates.* Sir Thomas might have included in his allusions the story, referred to by his witty contemporary, Samuel Butler, of Macanet, Sultan of Cambaya, who is said by Purchas to have lived upon poison, with which he was so completely saturated that his breath or touch carried death—whence the decease of, in round (if not sound) numbers, “four thousand concubines.”

The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath,†

that—the *sequitur* may be best omitted. True, 'tis a lady tells the story. But the Lady in “Hudibras” is not the nicest of the nice, though she may have been the fairest of the fair.

Racine gives full emphasis to the veteran monarch's prophylactic appliances. His majesty, in a monologue, condescendingly lets boxes, pit, and gallery into the secret:

Quoi! des plus chères mains craignant les trahisons,
J'ai pris soin de m'armer contre tout les poisons;
J'ai su, par une longue et pénible industrie,
Des plus mortels venins prévenir la furie.‡

It is one of Dr. Armstrong's didactic monitions in his purely didactic poem, that, as

For want of use the kindest aliment
Sometimes offends,

so (thinking possibly of Mithridates, though naming him not)—so,

Custom tames the rage
Of poison, to mild amity with life.§

As again, in a subsequent book, the Doctor enforces a *per contra* monition:

Besides, the powerful remedies of pain
(Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
Should never with your prosperous days of health
Grow too familiar: for by frequent use
The strongest medicines lose their healing power,||
And ev'n the surest poisons theirs to kill.||

But some folks, who *will* dose themselves, whatever the doctor says, are better at taking their own pet poison, than at taking his sage advice. And of such, we suppose, was Mithridates, King of Pontus.

Not that even *he*, however, peculiar as was his destiny, abnormal as was his constitution, escaped unpunished. He took so many antidotes that he became poison-proof a few degrees “above proof,” as the spirit-dealers might say. He was not only proof against poisoning by other people, when dying would be inconvenient to him; but, as it turned out, at the end of the chapter, his system was proof against poisons administered by himself, when die he must, and (if not by cup or platter, at any rate by hook or by crook, somehow or anyhow) die he would.

* Sir Thos. Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, book vii. ch. xvii.

† Hudibras, part ii. canto i.

‡ Mithridate, Acte IV. Sc. 5.

§ Armstrong, *Art of Preserving Health*, book ii. “Diet.”

|| Ibid., book iii. “Exercise.”

The power of Mithridates was gradually broken by the perseverance of general after general, sent against him by Rome, who ultimately succeeded in expelling him from "all the territories he had inherited or acquired on the southern shore of the Euxine." Pompey it was who drove the King of Pontus beyond the Caucasus; but to pursue him further, as Mr. Merivale says, was a service of danger, for such a charm did the mighty monarch carry with him, even in exile and disgrace, that wherever he came the nations rose to welcome and obey him. "Mithridates retreated round the north-eastern coasts of the Euxine, and halted at Panticapeum, at the mouth of the Cimmerian Bosphorus. Pompeius relinquished the pursuit, and turned southwards in search of wealthier lands to plunder and feebler sovereigns to intimidate, while the enemy whom he had been specially commissioned to destroy was nurturing a new combination against the power of Rome, more gigantic and formidable than any which his bold imagination had yet conceived. The same sagacity which, at an earlier period, had induced him to enter into negotiations with Sertorius in Spain, now counselled him to communicate with the restless warriors of Gaul.

"He proposed, it is said, to traverse Dacia and Pannonia with a Scythian horde at his back, and join his impatient allies at the threshold of Italy. Even at the farthest extremity to which his power ever reached, this extraordinary man could leave a durable name in the traditions of the native population. A ledge on the summit of a rock projecting into the sea, in the neighbourhood of Odessa, is said to be popularly known at this day as the 'throne of Mithridates.' But the ordinary result of Oriental polygamy hastened the old man's end. He had excited against himself hostility in the bosom of his own family. Three sons and three daughters he had put to death to secure his throne; but another of his children named Pharnaces, whom he had destined for his successor, eager to defeat the wild enterprise he meditated, and thus gain the favour of the Romans, revolted against him. Deserted by his troops and people, Mithridates prepared to embrace a voluntary death. His system, it was affirmed, had been fortified against poison by the habitual use of antidotes; he was compelled to require the services of a Gaulish attendant, and fell upon the sword reluctantly presented to him."* There needed an appeal as strong as that of Shakspeare's Brutus, to Volumnius, his friend, first, and in vain; then to his freedman Strato:

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold thou my sword, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato †

What though Lucullus grudged the distinctions of his rival and successor in the eastern command, Pompey the Great,—and insinuated that he had been himself the first to break the power of Mithridates, leaving him an easy prey to a fresh adversary with augmented resources: the tyrant had, after all, escaped from his pursuer, and robbed the pretended conqueror of half his glory by a voluntary death.† Keen enough, no doubt, were Pompey's apprehensions about Mithridates—

* Merivale, I. 155 *sq.*

† Julius Cæsar, Act V. Sc. 5.

‡ Merivale, I. 183.

Lest, in his greatness, by some mortal stroke
He do defeat us : for his life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph.*

But keener, and overmastering quite, were those of the Pontic king himself, lest any such fate, by cruel possibility, might await him. And therefore his resolve was: This mortal house I'll ruin, do Pompey what he can.

Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting variety
Of censuring Rome?†

Should mechanic slaves, with greasy aprons, rules, and hammers,—as Cleopatra has it,—uplift him to the view? in their thick breaths, rank of gross diet, should he be enclouded, and forced to drink their vapour? The gods forbid!

Qui pourrait exprimer par quels faits incroyables,
Quels coups, accompagnés de regards effroyables,
Son bras, se signalant pour la dernière fois,
A de ce grand héros terminé les exploits?
Enfin, las et couvert de sang et de poussière,
Il s'était fait de morts une noble barrière.
Un autre bataillon s'est avancé vers nous :
Les Romains pour le joindre ont suspendu leurs coups ;
Ils voulaient tous ensemble accabler Mithridate.
Mais lui : " C'en est assez, m'a-t-il dit, cher Arbate ;
Le sang et la fureur m'emportent trop avant.
Ne livrons pas surtout Mithridate vivant."‡

At which point, Mithridate so far ceases to resemble the historical Mithridates, and Arbate, cher Arbate, becomes so exceedingly French, that we interrupt the recitative.

Nearer the mark, in most essential respects, is Michelet's terse account of the old hero's last strokes—for colossal conquests, and, that hope foiled, for release from the battle of life itself. "The great Mithridates," as the French historian still calls him, "even in his flight," had conceived the gigantic project of leading the barbarians towards Italy. The Scythians desired nothing better than to follow him. The Gauls, who had long been conciliated by him, waited for him to pass the Alps. "Old as he was, and devoured by an ulcer which obliged him to conceal himself, he put in motion the whole of the barbarians, whose reunion he wished to establish, so many centuries before Attila. The enormous extent of his preparations, and terror at the war he was going to undertake, turned his subjects against him." Then, after referring to the bloodshed in his family, and the treason of Pharnaces, M. Michelet continues: "The old king, fearing to be delivered to the Romans, tried to poison himself; two of his daughters, who remained with him, shared in the draught, and soon died. But Mithridates had so long fortified himself against poisons, by the habitual use of them, that he could not find any strong enough for the purpose. The Gaul, Bituitus, who was attached to him, aided him with his sword to die. There was no longer in the east a king like Mithridates. This giant,‡ this man indestructible,

* Antony and Cleopatra, Act V. Sc. 1.

† Ibid., Sc. 2.

‡ Racine, Mithridate, Acte V. Sc. 4.

§ "We may judge," says Appian, "of the enormous size of Mithridates, from his armour, which he sent to Delphi and to Nemæa."—But in the act of judging,
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by fatigue as by poison, this man who spoke all languages, both learned and barbarian, left an enduring memory."* Of which, the rocky "throne of Mithridates," gazed at by thousands in the Crimean war, is pointed to, as a perennial proof.

A grim piece of tragedy, that picture forms, of the dead daughters, who, having drunk of their stern father's cup, had died at once; and beside them, the old baffled, disconcerted despot, over whom poison had no power.

*Quid prodant . . .
 . . . miscuisse toxicum?†*

Racine brings out into full prominence the disappointment of Mithridates at this check to his designs. The particular mode of suicide he had selected, was the one in which he planned himself on being a servant, a man of science, system, exhaustive analysis. Why, poisons were his forte: if there was anything he knew well, and knew thoroughly, he flattered himself it was high art in poisoning. And now, two green girls, who had perhaps never given an hour's study to the subject, nor even turned their attention to such topics as What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid,—this uninitiated pair lay stark dead at his feet, and he, the graduate in venomous lore, could make no impression on the vital force—could not, by doubling the dose, or varying the "exhibition," manage with all his manœuvring to congeal the blood in his withered veins, or steep his senses in uttermost forgetfulness.

D'abord il a tenté les atteintes mortelles
Des poisons que lui-même a cru les plus fidèles;
Il les a trouvés tous sans force et sans vertu.
"Vains secours, a-t-il dit, que j'ai trop combattu!
Contre tous les poisons soigneux de me défendre,
J'ai perdu tout le fruit que j'en pouvais attendre."‡

But there are more outlets than one from the house of life; and Mithridates had only, with whatever amount of mortification, to resign his impracticable mode of egress, and to give over this hopeless groping in the dark through "passages that led to nothing;" he had only to substitute cold steel for bitter herbs, and the Great King of Pontus was with them that sleep.

When Pompey read to his soldiers the letters of Pharnaces announcing his father's death, and his own submission to the supremacy of Rome, every one felt, as Dean Liddell expresses it, "that the Pontic War, which had been sustained by the abilities and energy of Mithridates alone, was now at an end," and every one "breathed more freely."§ Pharnaces had sent the corpse of Mithridates Eupator to Sinopë, where Mithridates Euergetes had been done to death more than threescore years ago, and thither hastened Pompey, who, foiled himself of the living monarch's person to crown his triumph in Rome, would yet be no ungenerous witness of the stir, and whispering wonderment, and funeral pomp, which solemnised a king's "dead march" to the sepulchre of his fathers.

it may be as well not to forget a certain passage in the history of Alexander in the east, which indeed would put Nemæa and Delphi on their guard.

* Michelet, *livre iii.* ch. iv.

† Mithridate, V. 4.

‡ Horat. *Epoë.*

§ Liddell, VII. 62, § 15.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE SEVENTEENTH.

I.

HOW VIOLET MOLYNEUX TRANSLATED FIDELITY.

CAN you not fancy how eagerly all town, ever on the *qui vive* after scandal and gossip, dashed like the vultures on a dying lion on the story of Vivian Subretusche's marriage? They were so outraged at its having been so long concealed so carefully, that those who collected scandals of their neighbours, as industriously and persistently as Paris chiffonniers their rags, grubbing for them often in quite as filthy places, revenged themselves for the wrong he had done them, by telling it, garbled and distorted in every way that could be suggested by malice and the inborn love in human nature for retelling evil of its kind. Heaven knows through whom it first chiefly spread, whether from the lips of my Lady Molyneux, who hated him and loved the telling; or through his wife and her brother, who probably supplied the *Court Talebearer*, the *St. James's Tatletastler*, and such like journals with the vague, yet fully damnnatory, versions that appeared in them of the "Early history of a Colonel in the Queen's cavalry, well known in fashionable circles as a dilettante, a lion, and a leader of ton, who has recently sought the hand of the beautiful daughter of an Irish Peer, and would have led her to the altar in a few days' time, but for the unhappy, yet, considering the circumstances, fortunate discovery of the existence of a first wife, concealed by Colonel S. for the space of twenty years, during which period, it is said, the unfortunate wife has lived upon extraneous charity, denied even the ordinary necessities of existence by her unnatural husband, who, having wooed her in a passing caprice, abandoned her when one would have supposed his extreme youth might have preserved him from the barbarity, and we, the moral censors of the age, must say, however reluctantly, villany of such a course."

How it spread I cannot say. I only know it flew like wildfire. There were so many who hated him—as a man or a woman, superior in mind, or talent, or beauty, is certain to be hated by those who cringe the lowest and court with the grossest flattery. Men who envied him his careless successes in a thousand fields, who bore him malice for some mot dropped in the abundance of his wit, that had hit some hypocrisy or pettiness, or owed him a grudge for that raffiné exclusiveness which made him shrink from anything underbred or affected; women who had loved that beautiful face and form, and had won no admiring glance in return, or who had only awoke from him that passagere eye passion which dies so soon, and now begrudged him to another younger and fairer. He had been passionately loved, he was hated in proportion; and all his "dearest friends" gluttoned over the story so long hidden from their inquiring eyes. Old dowagers mumbled it over their whist-tables, married beauties

whispered it behind their fans, men gossiped of it in club-rooms; and in all was the version different. Men in general—save those jealous of him for having won Violet—took his part; but women—the soft-voiced murderers of so much fair fame—sided, without exception, against him; called him villain! betrayer! all the names in their sentimental vocabulary; pitied his “poor dear wife;” doubted not she was a sweet creature sacrificed and thrown away; lamented poor darling Violet’s fate, sighed over her infatuation for one against whom they had all warned her, and agreed that such a wretch should be excluded from society! Ah me! if it were the fashion to stone the angel Gabriel—were such an individual extant—I fear me the spotlessness of his wings would not spare him one blackening blow, but rather, the purer they were, the more would men delight in swearing them black as Erebus.

“I knew it!” said Lady Molyneux, with calm satiric bitterness, and that air of superiority which people assume when they give you what Madame de Staël wisely terms that “singulière” consolation, “*Je l’avais bien dit!*” “I knew it—I always told you what would come of that engagement—I was always certain what that man really was. To think of my poor sweet child running such a risk, it is too terrible! If the marriage had taken place before this éclaircissement, I positively could not have visited my own daughter. Too terrible—too terrible!”

“If it had done, Helena,” answered her husband, “I think you might have ‘countenanced’ poor Vy without disgrace. She would have been, at least, faithful to *one*, which certain stories would say, my lady, you are not always so careful to be!”

The Viscountess deigned no reply to the coarse insinuation, but covered her face in her handkerchief, only repeating:

“I knew it! I knew it all along! If I had had my way, Violet would now be the honoured wife of one of the first Peers of the——”

“If you *did* know it, madame,” interrupted Jockey Jack, sharply—“if you did know poor Sabretasche’s wife was alive, it’s a pity you did not tell us so. I won’t have him blamed; I tell you he’s a splendid fellow—a splendid fellow—and the victim of a rascally woman. He can’t marry poor little Vy, of course—more fools those who make the laws!—but I won’t turn my back on him. He’s not the only husband who has very good motives for divorce, though the facts may not be quite clear to satisfy the courts.”

With which fling at his wife, honest Jockey Jack, moved with more or less sympathy from personal motives for his daughter’s lover, took his hat and gloves, and banged out of the house, meeting on the door-step the Hon. Lascelles Fainéant, who had received that morning in his Albany chambers a delicate missive from his virtuous Viscountess, commencing “*Ami choisi de mon cœur.*” Honest Jack Molyneux sided with Sabretasche, and told the true story wherever he went; but he did not take up the cause as hotly as De Vigne, who, moved likewise, of course, by intense sympathy for his friend’s fate, so similar to his own, was filled with a passionate grief and pity for his wrongs, generous and vehement as his nature. When he was present he would never hear Sabretasche’s history discussed, it was too private, he said, and too sacred to be touched: and I remember the first day the report was buzzed about town, and a young fellow, who had been blackballed at White’s by the Colonel, was beginning to sneer and to jeer at the story, whose misery

and whose majesty were alike so unintelligible to him; De Vigne gave him the lie direct, his noble face flushing with righteous wrath; hurled back in his teeth the insult to his absent friend, and would have further fought him out in Wormwood Scrubbs if the man had not made him a full recantation and apology.

So the journals teemed and the coteries gossiped of that great love whose depths they could neither guess at nor understand. Sabretasche's fastidious delicacy could no longer shield him from coarse remark and prying eyes. The marriage which he considered disgrace, the love which he held as the dearest and most sacred part of his life, were the themes of London gossip, to be treated with a jeer, or, at best, with what was far more distasteful to him, pity. However, scandal and the buzz of his circle, and the ill nature of his closest friends, were alike innocuous to him now; he neither knew nor heeded them, blind and deaf to all things, save his own utter anguish and the suffering of the woman who loved him. It was piteous, they tell me, to see the change in our radiant and beautiful Violet under the first grief of her life—and such grief! She awoke from her trance that day to an anguish that was almost delirium; and such a shock from a bright and laughing future to the utter desolation of a beggared present, has before now unseated intellects not perhaps the weaker for their extreme susceptibility. From wild disconnected utterances of passionate sorrow she would sink into a silent, voiceless suffering, worse to witness than any tears or laments. She would lie in Sabretasche's arms, with her bright-haired head stricken to the dust for love of him, uttering low plaintive moans that entered his very soul with stabs far keener than the keenest steel; then she would cling to him, lifting her blanched face to his, praying to him never to leave her, or shrink still closer to him, praying to Heaven for mercy, and wishing she had died before she had brought sorrow on his head. It must have been a piteous sight—one to ring up from earth to Heaven to claim vengeance against the curse of laws that join hands set dead in wrath against each other, and part hearts formed for each other's joy and linked by holiest love.

It did not induce brain fever, or harm her so, belles lectrices. If we went down under every stroke in that way as novelists assume, we should all be loved of Heaven if that love be shown by early graves, as the old Greeks say.

Violet's youth was great, her stamina good, and though, if fever had wrapped her unconscious in its embrace, it would have been happier for her, the young life flowed in her veins still purely and strongly under the dead weight that the mind bore. But for a day or so her reason seemed in danger, both were alike perilous to it, her passionate delirious agony or her mute tearless sorrow, and when her mother approached her, pouring in her common-place sympathies, Violet gazed at her with an unconscious, bewildered look in those eyes, once so radiant with vivid intelligence, which made even Lady Molyneux shudder with a vague terror and a consciousness of the presence of a grief far beyond her powers to cure or calm. Sabretasche alone had influence over her. With miraculous self-command and self-sacrifice, while his own heart was breaking, he calmed himself to calm her: he alone had any power to soothe her, and he would surrender the right to none.

"You had better not see her again," her father said to him one day—

"much better not, for both of you. No good can come of it, much harm may. You will not misunderstand me when I say I must put an end to your visits here. It gives me intense regret. I have not known you these past months without learning to admire and to esteem you, still, Sabretasche, you can well understand, that for poor Vy's sake——"

"Not see her again?" repeated Sabretasche, with something of his old sneering smile upon his worn, wearied, haggard features. "Are you human, Molyneux, that you say that coldly and calmly to a man whom you know, to win your daughter, would brave death and shame, heaven and hell, yet who loved her better than himself, and would not do her wrong, even to purchase the sole paradise he craves, the sole chance of joy earth will ever again offer him?"

"I know, I know," answered Jockey Jack, hastily. "You are a splendid fellow, Sabretasche. I honour you from my soul. I have told my wife so, I would tell any one so. At the same time, it is just because, God help you! you have such a passion for poor little Vy, that I tell you—and I mean it, too, and I think you must see it yourself—that you had far better not meet each other any more, and, indeed, I cannot, as her father, allow it——"

"No?" said Sabretasche, with a sternness and fierceness which Lord Molyneux had never imagined in his nature. "No? You side then, my Lord Molyneux, with those who think, because misfortune has overtaken a man, he must have no mercy shown him. Listen to me! You are taking dangerous measures. I tell you that, so well does Violet love me, that I have but to say to her, 'Take pity on me, and give yourself to me,' and I could make her leave you and her mother, her country and her friends, and follow me wherever I chose to lead her. If I exert my power over her, I believe that no authority of yours can or will keep her from me. It is not your word, nor society's dictum, that holds me back; it is solely and entirely because, young, pure-hearted, devoted as she is, I will not wrong her fond trust in me, by turning it to my own desires. I will not let my own passions blind me to what is right to her. I will not woe her in her extreme youth to a path which in maturer years she may live to regret and long to retrace. I will not do it. If I have not spared any other woman in my life, I will spare her. But, at the same time, I will not be parted from her utterly; I will not be compelled to forsake her in the hour of suffering I have brought upon her. As long as she loves me I will not entirely surrender her to you or to any other man. You judge rightly; I dare not be with her long. God help me! I should have no strength. A field is open now to every soldier; if my troop had not been ordered out, I should have exchanged, and gone on active service. My death would be the happiest thing for her; dead, I might be forgotten and—replaced; but for our farewell, eternal as it may be, I will choose my own hour. No man shall dictate or interfere between myself and Violet, who now *ought* to be—so near to one another!"

Sternly and passionately as he had spoken, his lips quivered, his voice sank to a hoarse whisper, and he turned his head away from the gaze of his fellow-man. The honest heart of blunt, simple, obtuse Jockey Jack stirred for once into sympathy with the susceptible, sensitive, passionate nature beside him. He was silent for a moment, revolving in his mind the strange problem of this deep and tender love his daughter had awa-

lenced, musing over a character so unlike his own, so far above any with which he had come in contact. Then he stretched out his hand with a sudden impulse :

"Have your own way, you are right enough. I put more faith in your honour than in bars and bolts. If you love Violet thus, I can't say you shall not see her; her heart's nigh broken as it is. God help you both! I'll trust you with her as I would her brother!"

I think Sabretasche had pledged himself to more than he could have fulfilled. It would have been beyond the strength of man to have seen Violet's exquisite beauty crushed to earth for his sake, her brilliant and laughing eyes heavy with tears wrung from her heart's depths, her delicate rose-hued lips, pale and compressed over her white teeth, as if in suffering that for the love of him she denied utterance, her head, with its wealth of chestnut hair, bowed and bent with the weight of an anguish too great for her young life to bear;—to have heard her passionate bursts of sorrow; or, more pitiful still, the low moan with which she would lie for hours on the cushions of her boudoir, like a summer rose snapped off in the fury of a tempest, bewailing the loss of its fragrance and its beauty, and the fair, happy, sunny days that would never come again;—to be tortured with the touch of her soft hands clinging involuntarily to him, with her wild entreaties to him not to leave her, to let her see him every day, if he went away from her she should die! with her passionate words in calmer moments, promising eternal fidelity to him, and vowing to keep true to him, true as though she were his wife—as she had hoped to be;—it was more than the strength of man to endure all this, and keep his word so constantly in sight as never to whisper to her of possible joy, never to woo her to a forbidden future.

He *did* keep it, with iron nerve and giant self-subjection wonderful indeed in him, born in the voluptuous South, inheriting all its poetry and all its passion, and accustomed to an existence if of most refined still of most complete self-indulgence. He *did* keep it, though his heart would have broken—if hearts *did* break—in the agony crowded into those few brief days. Had his torture lasted longer, I doubt if he would have borne up against it; for, strong as his honour was, his love was stronger still, and he was, as his nature made him, a man of like passions with ourselves. But the English and French troops were gathering in the East; months before the Guards had tramped through London streets in the grey of the morning, with their band playing their old cheery tunes, and their Queen wishing them God speed. For several months in Woolwich Dockyards transports had been filling and ships weighing anchor, and decks crowding with line on line of troops; already through England, after a forty years' peace, the military spirit of the nation had awoke; the trumpet-call rang through the country, sounding far away through the length and breadth of the land, arousing the slumbering embers of war that had slept since Waterloo; already bitter partings were taking place in stately English homes, and by lowly farmstead hearths; and young gallant blood warmed for the strife, longing for the struggle to come, and knowing nothing of the deadly work of privation and disease, waiting, and chafing, and dying off under inaction, that was to be their doom. Ours were ordered to the Crimea with but a fortnight's time for preparation; where sharp work was to be done the Dashers were pretty sure to be

in request. We were glad enough to catch a glimpse of active service and real life, after long years of dawdling in London drawing-rooms, and boring ourselves with the ennui of pleasures of which we had long tired. We had plenty to do in the few days' notice; fresh harness, fresh horses, new rifles, and old liaisons; cases of Bass and cognac; partings with fair women; buying in camp furniture; burning the souvenirs of half a dozen seasons; the young ones thinking of Moore and Byron, the Bosphorus and veiled Haidées—we of Turkish tobacco, Syrian stallions, Miniés, and Long Enfields. We had all plenty to do, and the Crimea came to us as a good bit of fun, to take the place that year of the Western Highlands, the English open, or yachting up to Norway, or through the Levant.

Heaven knows how Sabretasche broke the news to Violet, or how that young heart bore the last drop which filled her cup to overflowing. Lord Molyneux was true to his word; no strange eyes looked upon the sanctity of their grief; they had the only consolation left to them, they suffered together! Violet's first delirious madness had sunk now into a dull, mute, hopeless anguish, even still more pitiable to witness; her life, so full of brilliance and of beauty, seemed utterly stricken and broken down. She had been so used to sunshine! who could marvel that so delicate a flower, so used to cloudless skies and tropic warmth, was crushed under the first burst of the thunderstorm above her head. She tried her utmost to bear up against it for his sake; she did her best to bear the curse of their mutual fate as well as she could, and she would give him a smile more sad than any tears, faint and wan as the pale autumn sunshine quivering on a corpse. If he had not been ordered to sail for the Crimea, I doubt if he could have kept his word to her father! From the hour she heard of his departure on foreign service, the nobler and stronger part of her character awoke, and she was worthier still of a man's whole life and love than in her bright and laughing beauty, in her deep and silent sorrow, when for his sake she repressed the bitter utterances of despair, and while her heart was bursting, tried, with a self-control wholly foreign to her impulsive and impetuous nature, to soothe him and to calm him under their mutual curse. Only now and then her courage broke down; then she would cling to him with a terrible brilliance in her hot dry eyes, moaning like a child delirious in pain, telling him he must not go, he would never come back to her again!

"I will not let you go," she cried; "you have made me love you, you have no right to leave me so. We may never meet again, you know, and when I am dead you cannot see me, and if you go away from me I shall die! I *cannot* live without ever seeing you. Think how long life is! I cannot bear it alone, always alone, always parted, you and I who were to be so happy. You shall *not* go!" she cried, her voice changing from a strangely dull and dreamy hopelessness into the wildness of despair. "You shall *not* go, they will keep you away from me, they will never let you see your poor Violet again, they will kill you in that cruel war! I will not let you go; you have a right to listen to me? I love you more dearly than any other woman ever did on earth!"

"Oh, Heaven!—hush!" cried Sabretasche, while the hands that clasped on hers trembled like a woman's. "Dear as your words are to me, do not speak them, if you would not drive me to madness. While

you love me I will never utterly give you up. No power on earth shall condemn us all our lives to that absence which makes life worse than death, cursed with the desolation, but not blessed with the unconsciousness of the grave. But I *dare* not look at our future; as yet there is nothing for us but to suffer! My honour every way—as a soldier, as a man—bind me to leave you now. I stand pledged to take my part in this Crimean campaign. For you I should break my word, for the first time in all my life—for Heaven's sake, my own love, do not tempt me——”

His voice sank into a hoarse, inarticulate murmur; and even while he bade her not to tempt him, he looked down into her eyes, whose brilliance was quenched in such bitter anguish, and pressed his lips on hers whose beauty lured him with such resistless strength. The sight of her upraised face, the mocking vision of all that he had lost, the struggle in his own heart of love and honour, utterly unmanned him; his chest rose and fell with uncontrollable sobs; and large tears forced themselves from his burning eyes as he bowed his head upon his hands convulsed with the emotion he had no power to subdue. Trembling and terrified at the grief, whose vehemence she could not soothe, since every fond word she uttered was but fuel to the flame, Violet knelt down beside him—roused out of her own almost delirious sorrow, to the innate unselfishness and heroism which lay in her heart, though her gay and careless life, joyous and thoughtless as a girl's could be, had never called them into play.

“Vivian, my darling,” she whispered, leaning her head against him, and clasping her fingers round his wrist to try and draw away one hand from his face, “you shall never hear another word from me to dissuade you from what you hold your duty as a soldier. You have never stained your honour yet; you shall not tarnish it for me! Go, since you must. I will try to bear it; though we are parted, my heart will not break while you still love me. Ours is no summer-day love to shake with every breath. Did we not promise to love one another, not for a day, not for a year, but for as long as our lives should last? and while we love, Vivian, we cannot be wholly parted. Heaven knows, that what we suffer is bitter as death, but suffering for you is dearer to me than every joy that earth could give me with another. If I may not be your wife, I will be truer to you while my life lasts than ever any wife was to her husband. You need no vows, dearest, to tell you *I* shall be faithful!”

He did not answer, save with a sigh from his heart's depths, and, overwhelmed with the sight of the passionate grief she had no power to still, and to which she had no hope to offer, Violet bowed her head upon his arm, mingling in silent anguish her tears with his:

“God help us! what have we done to be forced to live apart—doomed to suffer like this?”

Sabretasche started violently at her piteous words, and sprang to his feet, his face pale as death, and his heart throbbing to suffocation. He clasped her in his arms and kissed her, more passionately than, as her affianced husband, he had ever done even in their sweet meetings and partings during their engagement, even on that night when she first pledged herself to be his wife.

“Heaven guard you!—I dare stay no longer!—Be true to me if you would save me from madness,” he murmured.—And he had left her before she could say one word to detain him.

I think his word to Lord Molyneux was very nearly being broken that day. If it had been, I think the blame would scarcely have rested upon Sabretasche more than upon the slave who, with the curse of iron fetters upon him, rebels against unnatural laws, and tries to struggle from the bondage which robs him of the sole thing that makes life of value—Liberty.

II.

HOW A WOMAN MADE FEUD BETWEEN PALANON AND ARCHE, AND PASSION AWOKE
TENFOLD STRONGER FOR ITS DEED.

"COLONEL BRANDLING wishes to speak to you, Major," said his man to De Vigne, one morning when Granville was dressing, after exercising his troop up at Wormwood Scrubbs.

"Colonel Brandling? Ask him if he'd mind coming up to me here, if he's in a hurry," answered De Vigne, going on brushing his whiskers. He did not bear Curly the greatest good will since seeing him under the chestnut-trees at St. Crucis—where, by the way, he himself had not been since.

"May I come in, old fellow?" asked Curly's voice at the door.

"Certainly. Entrez!"

Curly came in accordingly, but not with his quick step and his gay voice; the one usually no heavier, the other not one whit less joyous, than in his boyish days at Frestonhills.

"You are an early visitor, Curly," said De Vigne, rather curtly. "I thought you'd prefer coming up here instead of waiting ten minutes while I washed my hands and put myself en bourgeois."

"Yes, I have come early," began Curly, so abstractedly that De Vigne swung round, looked at him, and noticed with astonishment that his light-hearted Frestonhills pet seemed strangely down in the mouth. Curly was distraught and absent; he looked worried, and there were dark circles beneath his eyes as of a man who has passed the night tossing on his bed to painful thoughts.

"What's the matter, Curly?" asked De Vigne. "Has *Heliotrope* gone lame, Lord Ormolu turned crusty, Eudoxie Lemaire deserted you, or what is it?"

Curly smiled, but very sadly.

"Nothing new; I have made a fool of myself, that's all."

"And are come to me for auricular confession? What is the matter, Curly?" asked De Vigne, his anger vanishing at once, and his interest awakening; for he had had a real and cordial affection for Curly ever since he had championed and petted the boy at Frestonhills.

"Imprimis, I have asked a woman to be my wife," answered Curly, with a nervous laugh, playing with the bouquet bottles on the table.

De Vigne started perceptibly; he looked up with a rapid glance of interrogation, but he did not speak, except a rather haughty and impatient "Indeed!"

Curly did not notice his manner, he was too ill at ease, too thoroughly absorbed in his own thoughts, too entirely at a loss, for the first time in his life, how to express what he wanted to say. Curly had often come to De Vigne with the embarrassments and difficulties of his life; when he had dropped more over the Oaks than he knew exactly how to pay, or

entangled himself where a tigress grip held him tighter than he relished; but there are other things that a man cannot so readily say to another, and I have often noticed that the deeper any feelings are, or the more they do him honour, the more reluctant is he to drag them into daylight, and held them up for show.

"Well?" said De Vigne, impatient at his silence, and more anxious, perhaps, than he would have allowed to hear the end of these confessions. "Certainly the step shows no great wisdom; but marriages are general enough, and you have wiser men than either you or I, share in the hallucination. Who has bewitched you into it?"

"You can guess, I should say."

"Not I; I am no *Œdipus*; and of all riddles, men's folly with women is the hardest to be read."

"Yet you might. Who can be with her and resist her——"

"Her?—who? Speak intelligibly, Curly," said De Vigne, irritably. "Remember your lover's raptures are Arabic to me."

"In a word, then," said Curly, hurriedly, "I love Alma Treasillian, and I have told her so."

De Vigne's eyebrows contracted, his lips turned pale, and he set them into a hard straight line, as I have seen him when suffering severe physical pain.

"She has accepted you, of course?"

Had Curly been less preoccupied, he must have thought how harshly and coldly the question was spoken.

Curly shook his head.

"No?" exclaimed De Vigne, his eyes lighting up from their haughty impassibility into passionate eagerness.

"No! Plenty of women have loved me, too; yet when I am more in earnest than I ever was, I can awaken no response. I love her very dearly, Heaven knows, as truly and as tenderly as man can love woman. I would give her my name, my rank, my riches, were they a thousand times greater than they are; and if I were a poor man I would work for her night and day, and think no poverty sad, no travail hard if it were only for her sake. Good Heavens! it seems very bitter that love like mine should count for nothing, when other men, only seeking to gratify their passions or gain their own selfish ends, win all before them."

His voice trembled as he spoke; his gay and careless spirits were beaten down; for the first time in his bright butterfly life Sorrow had come upon him. Its touch is death, and its breath the chill air of the charnel-house, even when we have had it by us waking and sleeping, in our bed and at our board, peopling our solitude and poisoning our *Felarian*, rising with the morning sun and with the evening stars;—how much heavier than must be the iron hand, how much more chill its breath, ice cold as the air of a grave, to one who has never known its presence!

Wer nie sein Brod mit Tränen ass,
Wer nicht die kummervollen Nächte.
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass
Der kent euch nicht ihr himmlischen Mächte.

Curly's voice trembled; he leaned his arm on the dressing-table, and his head upon his hand; his rejection had cut him more keenly to the heart

than he cared another man should see. De Vigne stood still, an eager gladness in his eyes, a faint flush of colour on the marble-like pallor of his face, his heart beating freely and his pulses throbbing quickly; that vehement and exultant joy of which his nature was capable, stirred in him at the thought of Curly's rejection. We never know how we value a thing till its loss is threatened!

He did not answer for some moments; then he laid his hand on Curly's shoulder with that old gentleness he had always used to his old Freston-hills favourite.

"Dear old fellow, it is hard. I am very——"

He stopped abruptly; he would have added, "sorry for you," but De Vigne knew that he was *not* sorry in his heart, and the innate truth that was in the man checked the lie that conventionality would have pardoned.

Curly threw off his hand and started to his feet. Something in De Vigne's tone struck on his lover's keen senses with a suspicion that before had never crossed him, absorbed as he had been in his own love for the Little Tressillian, and his own hopes and fears for his favour in her eyes.

"Spare yourself the falsehood," he said, coldly, as *he* had never spoken before to his idolised "senior pupil." "Commiseration from a rival is simply insult."

"A rival?" repeated De Vigne, that fiery blood of his always ready—too ready, at times—to rise up in anger even when not "just," as Mr. Tupper exacts.

"Yes, and a successful one, perhaps," said Curly, as hotly, for at the sting of jealousy the sweetest temper can turn into hate. "You could not say on your honour, De Vigne, that my rejection by her gives you pain. If you did your face would belie you. You love her as well as I; you are jealous over her; perhaps you know that she returns it; perhaps you have already taken advantage of her youth and her ignorance of the world and her trust in you, to sacrifice her to your own inconstant passions——"

"Silence!" said De Vigne, fiercely. "No other man would I allow to say such words unpunished. Your very supposition is an insult to my honour."

"Do you care nothing for her, then?" interrupted Curly. His heart was set on the Little Tressillian. He believed his rival stood before him, and in such moods men cast reason, temperance, old friendship, to the winds.

The dark passionate blood of his race rose over De Vigne's forehead; his eyes lighted; he looked like a lion longing to spring upon his foe. *He* to have his heart probed rudely like this—to endure to have his dearest secrets dragged to daylight by this boy's hands—*he* to be questioned, counselled, arraigned in accusation by another man! Curly had forgotten his character, or he would have hardly thought to gain his secret by provocation and condemnation. De Vigne restrained his anger only by a mighty effort of will, and he threw back his hand with that haughty gesture and that scornful impatient smile on his delicately cut lips, habitually expressive with him of contemptuous irritation.

"If you came here to cross-question me, you were singularly unwise.

I am not very likely to be patient under such treatment. Whatever my feelings might be on any subject of the kind, do you suppose it is probable I should confide them to you?"

So haughtily careless was his tone, that Curly, catching at straws as men in love will do, began to hope that De Vigne, cold and cynical as he had been to women ever since his fatal marriage, might, after all, be indifferent to his protégée.

"If it be an insult to your honour, then," he said, eagerly, "to hint that you love her, or think of her otherwise than as a sister, you can have no objection to do for me what I came to ask of you."

"What is that?" asked De Vigne, coldly. He could not forgive Curly any of his words; if he resented the accusation of loving Alma, because it struck harshly on what he was always very tenacious over—his confidence and his private feelings—and startled him into consciousness of what he had been unwilling to admit to himself; he resented still more the supposition that he cared for Alma as a sister, since it involved the deduction that she might love him—as a brother! And that fraternal calmness of affection ill chimed in with an impetuous nature that knew few shades between hate and love, between profound indifference or entire possession!

"Alma rejected me!" answered poor Curly; all the unconscious dignity of sorrow was lent to his still girlish and Greek-like beauty, and a sadness strangely calm and deep for his gay insouciant character had settled in his laughing blue eyes. "I offered her what few men would have thought it necessary to offer her, unprotected as she is—my name and my rank, such as they are; and had I owned the dignities of an empire, I would have raised her to my throne, and thought she graced it. I offered her all that a man can, his tenderness, his fidelity, his protection. I told her how I loved her, and—God help me!—that is very dearly. Yet she rejected me, though gently and tenderly, for she has nothing harsh in her. But sometimes we know a woman's refusal is not positive; it may come from girlish indecision, caprice, want of thought, waywardness, timidity, a hundred things, which afterwards they may repent, when they remember how rare to find true love is in the world. I thought that perhaps (you have great influence over her as her grandfather's friend) you could put this before her; persuade her at the least not to deny me all hope; plead my cause with her; ask her to let me wait. If it were even as long as Jacob for Rachel, I would bear it. I would try to be more worthy of her, to make her fonder of me. I would shake off the idleness and uselessness of my present life. I would gain a name that would do her honour. I would do anything, everything, if *only* she would give me hope!"

He spoke fervently and earnestly; pale as death with the love that brought no joy upon its wings; his slender fair hands clenched in the misery to which he gave no utterance; his delicate girlish face stamped pitifully with anguish of uncontrollable anxiety, yet with a new nobility from the chivalric honour and high devotedness which Alma had awakened in him.

He was silent—and De Vigne as well. De Vigne leaned against one of the windows of his bedroom, his face turned away from Curly, and his eyes fixed on the gay street below. He was as pale as his rival, and

he breathed shortly and fast. Carly's words stirred him strangely; perhaps they revealed his own heart to him; perhaps they, in their earnestness and unselfishness, contrasted with such love as he had always known; perhaps they stung him with the thought, how much better sheltered from the storms of passion and the chill blasts of the world in Carly's bosom, than in his own would be this fragile and soft-winged little dove, now coveted by both.

He did not answer; Carly repeated his question in low tones:

"De Vigne! will you do it? Will you plead my cause with her? If she be so little to you it will cost you nothing!"

Again he did not answer, the question struck too closely home. It woke up in all its force the passion which had before slumbered in some unconsciousness. When asked to give her to another, he learned how dear she was to him himself. Hot and jealous by nature as a Southern, how could he, though he might be generous and just, plead with her to give the joys to his rival of which a cruel fate had robbed him? how could he give the woman he would win for himself, away to the arms of another?

"Answer me, De Vigne. Yes or no?"

"No!"

And haughtily calm as the response was, in his heart went up a bitter cry, "God help me. I *cannot*!"

"Then you love her; and have lied!"

De Vigne sprang forward like a tiger at the hiss of the murderous and cowardly bullet that has roused him from his lair; the fire of just anger now burned in his dark eyes, and his teeth were set like a man who holds his vengeance with difficulty in check. Involuntarily he lifted his right arm; another man he would have struck down at his feet for that dastard word. But with an effort—how great only those who knew his nature could appreciate—he held his anger in, as he would have held a chafing and fiery steed with iron hand upon its reins; and he lifted his grand head with a noble and knightly air:

"Your love has maddened you; or you would scarcely have dared to use that word to me. If I did not pity you, and if I had not liked you since you were a little fair-faced boy, I should make you answer for that insult in other ways than speech. If I *were* to love any woman, what right have you to dictate to me my actions or dispute my will? You might know of old that I suffer from no man's interference with me and mine."

"I have no power to dispute your will," interrupted Carly, "nor to arrest your actions. Would to Heaven I had! But as a man who loves her truly and honourably himself, I will tell you, whether I have right or no, that no prevarication on your part hides from me that you at least share my madness; and I will tell you, too, though you slew me for it to-morrow, that she is too fond, too true, too pure to be made the plaything of your fickle passions, and cast off when you are weary of her face and seek a newer mistress. I will tell you that the man who wrongs her trust in him, and betrays her guileless frankness, will carry a sin in his bosom greater than Cain's fratricide; and I will tell you that, if you go on as you have done from day to day concealing your marriage, yet

lmitting her heart to yours—if you do not at once reveal your history to her, and leave her free to act for herself, to love you or to leave you, to save herself from you or to sacrifice herself for you, as she please, that for all your unstained name and unexpected honour, *I shall call you a coward!*"

"My God!" muttered De Vigne, "that I should live to hear another man speak such words to me. I wonder I do not kill you where you stand!"

I wonder, too, he kept down his wrath even to the point he did, for De Vigne's nature had no trace of the lamb in it, and to attack his honour was a worse crime than to attack his life. His lips grew white, his eyes black as night, and literally lurid with flame; he pressed his hand upon his heart—the old gesture he had used in the church at Vigne upon his marriage-day. Curly stood opposite to him, slight and fair as the *Slayer of the Python*, a deep flush on his delicate cheeks, and dark circles under his clear blue eyes. Deadly passion was between those two men then, sweeping away all ancient memories of boyish days, all gentler touches of brighter hours and kinder communion. The fatal love of woman had come between, cut down, supplanted, and destroyed, the friendship of the men. Their eyes met—fierce, steady, full of fire, and love, and hate; De Vigne's hand clenched harder on his breast, and with the other he signed him to the door. The wildest passions were at war within him; his instinct thirted to revenge the first insult he had ever known, yet his kingly soul at the daring that defied him yielded something like that knightly admiration with which the Thirty looked upon the Thirty when the sun went down on *Carnac*.

"Go—go! I honour you for your defence of her, but such words as have passed between us no blood can wash out, nor after words efface!"

Curly bent his head and left him; he had done all he could. When they met again——! Ah! God knows if our meetings were foreseen many voices would be softer, many farewells warmer, many lips that smile would quiver, many eyes that laugh would linger long with salt tears in them, many hands would never quit their clasp that touch another with light careless grasp, at partings where no prescience warns, no second-sight can guide!

Curly left him, and De Vigne threw himself into an arm-chair, all the fiery thoughts roused in him beating like the strong pinions of chained eagles. The passions which had already cost him so much, and which from his fatal marriage-day he had vowed should never regain their Circean hold upon him, were now let loose, and rioted in his heart. He knew that he loved Alma, as he had sworn to himself never to love women. He knew that, strong in his own strength, he had gone down before her; that the honour and the pride on which he had piqued himself had been futile to save him from the danger which he had so scornfully derided and recklessly provoked; that his own iron will, on which he had so fearlessly relied, had been powerless to hold him back from the old intoxication, whose fiery draught had poisoned him even in its sweetness, and to whose delirium he had vowed never again to succumb. He loved Alma passionately, madly, as he always had loved, as he always would love, yet with a tenfold force and fascination from the vehemence

of his nature, which had intensified with his maturer manhood; and from the fervour, the truth, the warmth, the delicacy of her unusual and winning character—a character which offered so marked a contrast to the women he had wooed before her, where he found no mean between impudence and prudery, boldness or affectation; where either coarseness courted him, or else mock-modesty chilled him; with whom he found passion either a dead letter, or else distorted into vice; and in whom he saw no virtue save such as was a cover to hideous sins, or dictated by cold prudence and conventional selfishness, and a wise regard to their own social interests.

He loved her, and De Vigne was not a man cold enough, or, as the world would phrase it, virtuous enough, to say to the woman he idolised, "Flee from me—society will not smile upon our love!" Yet his knowledge that there had arisen between them that "lovely and fearful thing" grafted in us by nature and inherited with life; that love which, blessed, gives "greenness to the grass and glory to the flower," and, cursed, blights all creation with its breath; came to him with bitter thoughts more like the heritage of woe than joy. Many of Curly's words had struck into his brain with marks of fire. "Going on as you have done day by day, deceiving her by concealment of your marriage, yet knitting her heart to yours!" These stung him cruelly, for, of all things, De Vigne abhorred concealment or cowardice; of all men, he was most punctilious in his ideas of truth and honour, and his conscience told him that had he acted straightforwardly, or, for her, wisely, he would have let Alma know in the earliest days of their intimacy of the cruel ties of church and laws that fettered him with so uncongenial and so unmerited a chain. True, he had never concealed it from bad motives; it was solely his disgust at every thought of the Trefusis, and the semi-oblivion into which—never seeing his wife to remind him of it—the bare fact of his so-called marriage had sunk, which had prevented his revealing it to Alma. He had never thought the matter would be of consequence to her; he had looked on her as a mere acquaintance, and it had no more occurred to him to tell her his history than it had done to talk it over in the clubs. You must know by this time as well as I that De Vigne was as reserved as he was impatient of all meddling with his concerns; still, that imputation of want of candour, of lacking to a young girl the honour he had been ever so scrupulous in yielding to men, stung him to the quick. Other words, too, lingered on his mind, bringing with them that keen, sharp pain, that stifling, agonised longing for certainty, like the parched thirst for water in a desert, that fastens on us with the doubt of our love being fully answered. "If you only think of her as a sister," chilled him with a breath of ice; for the first time it suggested to him that Alma, frank, fond, demonstrative as she was to him, might also think of him as—a brother. She was always gay and candid with him; she always showed him without disguise her delight in his presence, her grief at his absence; she said everything to him that entered her mind, and spoke out of her heart to him fearlessly and lovingly. There was none of the orthodox timidity, reserve, and blushing confusion popularly and poetically associated with the dawn of love—signs such as De Vigne had seen, either natural or affected, in most women. Perhaps Alma's frankness and fond-

ness were too demonstrative to be deep ; perhaps the affection she felt for him was the gay, grateful affection of a young girl for a man who had been her kindest friend and most congenial companion, not the ardent and impassioned love of which he knew, by her eyes and her character, Alma would some day be capable. The doubt was to him like the bitterness of death. It *should* not have been, we know, had he been unselfish as he ought ; he *should* have prayed for punishment to fall upon his head, and for her to be spared the fruits of his own imprudence ; but what man amongst us can put his hand upon his heart, and say before God that he could have summoned up such unselfishness under such a temptation? Not I—not you—not Granville de Vigne, for, as Sabretasche would have said, we are unhappily mortal, *mon ami* !

The doubt was as the bitterness of death, yet he knew that for her sake he ought to wish that the doubt might be solved against him. Heaven knows, he suffered enough in that hell of thought, whose tortures far excel the material hell of Milton or of Dante ! Remorse for his own obstinacy of will, which would see no danger for himself in his careless intercourse with an attractive woman whom he persisted in regarding as a winning child ;—regret for his defalcation in that straightforward honour and uncompromising truth which had been his guiding-star and idol through all his life ;—agony at the memory of that mad marriage which now deprived him of his right of liberty and free action through the fetters flung over him by an arch-intrigante, whose crime was upheld by an illiberal church and cruel laws ;—dread anxiety to know whether or not Alma Tressillian loved him, though how that love might end for both he never paused to ask ;—all these made a tempest in his heart fiercer even than that which had raged there on the fatal day whose after-consequences had chained his hands and ruined his manhood.

One resolution he made amidst the whirl of thoughts and feelings which the stormy scene with Curly had so unexpectedly called into life—that was to tell her of his marriage at once, or, rather (for marriage it was not), of the false system of society and the iron fetters of a tie which could be as nothing in the eyes of reason and justice, which now held him back from the only *true* marriage—where love secures fidelity and heart wedd heart—rare enough, God knows ! Too rare to be forbidden by man to man ! He resolved to tell her, fiery as his struggle was with himself ; for the name of The Trefusis was hateful to him to breathe, even to those who knew his history. Perhaps there mingled with it some thought that by Alma's reception of it he would see how little or how much she cared for him. I know not ; if there were I dare throw no stone at him. How many of my motives—how many of yours—of any man's, are unmixed and undefiled ? He resolved to tell her, to be cold and guarded with her, to let her see no sign or shadow of the passion she had awakened. All his past warnings had failed to teach him wisdom ; he still trusted in his own strength, still believed his will powerful enough to hold his love down without word or token of it, while it gnawed at his heart-strings in the very presence of the woman who had awakened it ! Once more Granville de Vigne had gone down before his old foe and syren, Passion ; like Sisera before the treacherous wife of Heber the Kenite, at her feet he bowed and fell—and in that strange delirium men “know not what they do !”

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MARC ISAMBARD BRUNEL.*

WE might have left a notice of the Life of Sir Marc Brunel to those who cultivate the same studies or are engaged in the same pursuits as his own, and to the journals which are devoted to them; but in the record of his career we meet with incidents and traits of character in which every one may feel an interest apart from sympathy with the struggles of a man of genius, or with the triumphs of mechanical power.

His biography has fallen into proper hands. It is written by Mr. Beamish; who commenced life as an officer in the Coldstream Guards, but was afterwards associated professionally with Mr. Brunel, and was *pars magna* in the achievements and hair-breadth escapes of the Thames Tunnel. Independent of his knowledge of the subject, his work has the advantage of having been confined within very reasonable dimensions. The number of its readers will be greatly out of proportion to the number of its pages. It was to the needless mass of matter with which the biographies themselves were encumbered that we were indebted for such masterly abridgments as Lord Macaulay's Lives of Clive and Warren Hastings. No similar opportunity is afforded to his reviewer by Mr. Beamish. What he says of Brunel himself is said so briefly and so well, that it can rarely be abridged, or be given without injury in any language but his own. To this there are very few exceptions: and if we compress when we would rather quote, it is because our space is limited.

The early years of Marc Isambard Brunel were in the most fearful period of the first French Revolution. His parents, who were well descended and independent—though more honoured than wealthy—were Royalists; and he was himself also warmly attached to the same principles. This, at the time we speak of, would have been sufficiently dangerous even if he had been silent as to the opinions he held; but he was of too ardent a temperament for concealment.

"On the very day when the Convention pronounced sentence against the unfortunate Louis XVI., Brunel was found defending his own loyal opinions in the Colonnade of the Café de l'Echelle, little conscious of the risk to which he subjected himself;" and was answering the observations of a ferocious ultra-republican with taunts that were likely to aggravate his danger, when, "fortunately for our young loyalist, M. Taillefer, a member of the Assembly, by committing an act of still greater indiscretion, turned the attention of those present upon himself, and in the confusion which ensued Brunel was enabled to effect his escape. That night he slept at the Petit Gaillard-bois, next door, and the following morning, at an early hour, quitted Paris."

He had previously been at Rouen, when at the seminary of St. Nicaise, and returning there, he availed himself of the protection of his relation, M. Carpentier, whose views were known to be moderate, and where "he was enabled to remain for a time undisturbed." It was also "under his hospitable roof that an event occurred which will be found to have exer-

* Memoir of the Life of Sir Marc Isambard Brunel. By Richard Beamish, F.R.S. London: Longman and Co. 1862.

cised a marked influence upon Brunel's future career. In that house, for the first time, he met a young English lady of the name of Kingdom, gifted with no ordinary personal attractions." She was the orphan daughter of an army and navy agent at Plymouth. She had just attained her sixteenth year; and her mother had been induced to allow her to accompany some West India friends, M. and Madame de Longuemar, to Rouen, that she might acquire a practical knowledge of the French language. "It might be matter of some surprise," says Mr. Beamish, "that Miss Kingdom should have been permitted by her friends to enter France at all at a period when everything was tending so rapidly to a political crisis,* if we were not aware how little was generally known in England as to the condition of political parties in France. But already royalty was in captivity, and the most fearful cruelties were being committed in the name of liberty."

"At Rouen two young ladies, known to M. and Madame Longuemar, were dragged into the street by the insensate mob, and with shouts of '*à la lanterne*,' were actually murdered because they had been heard to play a loyalist air upon their pianoforte. The alarm thus created in Rouen hastened the departure of M. and Madame de Longuemar for the West Indies. Miss Kingdom would gladly have accompanied them had not a severe illness rendered her unable to encounter the inconvenience of a sea voyage." She was left under the care of M. Carpentier, and here Brunel became acquainted with her. For him "beauty of form possessed an irresistible attraction," and mutual tastes and sympathies did the rest. But there was to be a long separation. He had again made himself offensive to the revolutionists. Some disturbances had been excited by the Republican party at Rouen; which the Royalists had been called out to suppress; and Brunel amongst the number. The dangers that equally surrounded them attached him more devotedly than ever to the object of his affections; a reciprocal avowal of their attachment followed; but his situation daily became more critical, and a longer delay in Rouen might have cost him his life. With much difficulty he obtained a passport for America. Not a moment was to be lost; and "on the 7th July, 1793, he bade adieu to his native France, not, as we may believe, without feelings of deep and heartfelt sorrow." He embarked on board an American vessel at Havre. Scarcely, however, had he begun to congratulate himself upon his escape, embittered though it must have been by a separation the most painful we can imagine, when he discovered that the passport, which could alone protect him from the national vessels of war that were cruising in the Channel, had been forgotten and left behind. Brunel's was not a mind to waste itself in vain regrets. He borrowed the passport of a fellow-passenger as a model, and his skill as a draughtsman, and in penmanship, enabled him soon to produce a copy "so admirably executed in every minute detail, even to the seal," that when the American was boarded by a French frigate, and the passengers were rigidly examined, not the slightest suspicion of the well-simulated document was excited, and on the 6th of September, 1793, he landed in safety at New York.

With this, the romance of his life was near an end. Many years elapsed

* 1792.

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before he again saw the lady who was destined to be his wife. When England had entered into the coalition against France all communication between the two countries was cut off, "and the English then found upon French soil were, without regard to sex or age, hurried away to prison. Fortunately for Miss Kingdom, the prisons were already full to overflowing. She was, therefore, with some others, conveyed to a convent and placed under the surveillance of the nuns." Their wretched fare and miserable lodging were evils that were made endurable by the kind sympathy of the poor women who had been made their gaolers; but it was a state of fearful suspense as her companions passed one by one from the convent to the scaffold, till on a morning of July, 1794, "the doors of their prison-house were thrown open, and they were declared free to depart whither they would." The Reign of Terror was at an end. The Carpentiers again received their young friend with open arms, "and, as the best service they could now render, they lost no time in obtaining for her a passport to her own country."

When Brunel landed in America he had little to depend upon for subsistence beyond the skill in mechanics possessed by an unknown man. The direction of his talents to such objects had been a source of vexation and disappointment to his family, who had intended him for the Church. They afterwards consented to his entering the Royal Navy. Through the interest of the Maréchal de Castries he was appointed, before the usual age, a *volontaire d'honneur*, a privilege, we are told by his biographer, that "had only once before been granted, and that to M. de Bougainville, the celebrated circumnavigator;" and it is regretted that of his six years' services in the navy we have no record.

But, from his earliest years, his studies and amusements were connected with machinery, and with the instruments used in its construction. As a mere boy his delight was in the workshop of the carpenter. Wheels and cylinders were his playthings; the tools employed to form them were the only objects he coveted. His father had endeavoured in vain to deter him from such pursuits, and had "sought to compel obedience to his wishes by the infliction of various punishments, solitary confinement being the most often employed."

"Of one room, selected for that purpose," says Mr. Beamish, "the little recusant entertained something like horror. On the walls of that room hung a series of family portraits. Amongst them was one of a grim old gentleman, the eyes of which appeared to be always turned towards him, with a frown so stern, menacing, and forbidding, that fear and vexation took possession of his mind. No matter in what part of the room he took shelter, still those angry eyes were upon him; nor could he resist their painful attraction, for look at them he must. His nervous temperament becoming unable to bear the sort of persecution any longer, he one day, when nearly distracted, collected all his strength to drag a table from one end of the room, and to place it immediately beneath the picture. Upon the table he contrived to lift a chair, and on this chair he climbed. Regardless of consequences, he at once revenged himself for the misery he had endured, by fairly cutting out the eyes from the canvas with the aid of his friendly pocket-knife." The boy proved indomitable; and the world gained one of the most gifted of its civil engineers.

His first chance of employment in America arose from his connexion with two of his fellow-passengers, M. Pharoux and M. Desjardins, who were engaged in the survey, for a French company, of a large tract of land near Lake Ontario, and who permitted him to join their expedition. Accompanied by four Indians they entered "upon the arduous duty, not only of exploring, but of actually mapping a region hitherto scarcely known." The glories of the physical world, in forest wastes

Which human footstep never yet had pressed,

made a deep impression upon the mind of Brunel, and "were ever remembered by him with renewed pleasure, mingled with a certain awe when he called to mind the perils and the gloom by which his path had been so often compassed."

Their task was accomplished, and while returning to New York they became acquainted with a Mr. Thurman, an American loyalist, by whom M. Pharoux and Brunel were engaged in carrying out some extensive projects for the construction of canals and the improvement of the navigation of rivers. He seems to have been successful in all that he attempted. Mr. Beamish says that in "less than twelve months he had achieved a name and secured an independence." This leaves but a vague impression, especially as we are afterwards told that "his genius received but inadequate reward." It is certain, however, that he had now established his reputation as a civil engineer, and was extensively employed. As an architect he was equally successful. When plans for the Senate House, at Washington, were opened to competition, Brunel's was so immeasurably the best that "the judges were relieved from all difficulty of selection;" but motives of economy deprived the nation of a structure worthy of its greatness. The Park Theatre at New York, which was burnt down in 1821, was also from his designs, with some additions by his friend and enlightened patron Pharoux; whose death, in an attempt to cross the great falls of the Black River, he had soon afterwards to lament.

His talents had now raised Brunel so high in the estimation of the citizens of New York that he was appointed their Chief Engineer, and it was in this capacity that he had to prepare designs for a cannon foundry, to assist in the fortifications which defended the approaches to the city, and to carry on a variety of labours, of which, unfortunately, few particulars remain.

An incident during this time occurred that gave to England the benefit of one of his greatest inventions. He was one day dining with General Hamilton, the distinguished aide-de-camp and secretary of Washington. Amongst the guests was a M. Delabigarre, who had lately arrived from England; and the conversation turned upon the recent achievements of the British navy, our naval prowess, the principles of naval architecture, and the supply of the materials of ships-of-war. He seemed to have given these subjects his special attention, and enlarged more particularly on the manufacture of *ships' blocks*, describing the machinery in use at Southampton by Messrs. Taylor, and the great and increasing expense of their mode of making them. Brunel took part in the discussion. What he had heard made at once an impression upon his mind, and was long afterwards the object of deep and intense thought; and it is to the con-

versation at General Hamilton's table that we have to trace the invention of the machinery at Portsmouth which has for years been one of the wonders of England, and has been visited by travellers, both scientific and unscientific, from every part of the world.

Though the institutions of France were assuming a more settled character, Brunel saw little inducement to return there, and had become a citizen of New York in 1796; but he had long seen that his field of fame lay in another land. While yet a boy, and wandering on the quay at Rouen, his inquiries about any piece of curious machinery or mechanic skill that was being landed, were always answered that *it came from England*, and his constant exclamation was, *Ah ! quand je serai grand, j'irai voir ce pays là !*

His intention was fulfilled. He left America and landed at Falmouth in 1799, and was soon afterwards married to Miss Kingdom. For his sake she had rejected many an eligible offer, and "we may well believe that her confidence and affection had nothing to regret," when, after forty-six years of wedded life, he could write to her, in his seventy-sixth year, with all the freshness of his first regard, "To you, my dearest Sophia, I am indebted for all my success."

We have already said that our notice of his life would be devoted to other subjects than his career as a man of science. To this we shall very briefly allude. When once in England, nothing seemed so great as to be beyond his power, and nothing so unimportant as to be beneath his notice. Block-machinery, sawing-mills, bridges, the printing-press, and the Thames Tunnel were not sufficient to occupy his attention to the exclusion of a number of smaller inventions and improvements, down to hat-boxes, pill-boxes, and knitting machines.

To the history of the Thames Tunnel Mr. Beamish devotes a very large and interesting portion of his work.* It is too extensive to be given, even in an abridgment, and will amply repay a careful reading. It will also be the authentic record for future reference of a great work, to which only one element of success was wanting.

Next in utility and importance to the machinery at Portsmouth, Mr. Beamish seems to consider the works at Chatham. They were a signal instance of what a mind trained and constituted for its task could accomplish. Under the old system the landing, removal, and laborious dragging to and fro, for survey, stacking, and sawing of 8000 loads of timber, required 18,000 goings and comings of teams of horses, and the expense, confusion, and damage which attended these clumsy movements would now seem incredible. With the aid of a great inventor all this was effected by means of an elaborate complication of machinery, of which some of the most important operations could be directed by a single man.

It is not clear, from Mr. Beamish's narrative, to what extent Mr. Brunel was rewarded by government. For the machinery at Portsmouth he seems to have received something less than 18,000*l.*; and he had a grant to relieve him from his difficulties, in 1821, of 5000*l.* This, how-

* About 70 pages out of 338; forming a narrative of curious and exciting incidents by one of the few who had both witnessed and could describe them.

ever, could not have been his whole remuneration. There were further receipts both from Woolwich and Chatham.

In addition to his other works, he had sawing-mills and various processes carried on at Battersea for his private gain. But they were unfortunate in their results. We were told by a well-known artist, in his studio at Rome, *Ah! signore, fra l'oro e me non c'è affinità: viene e va*:* and it may equally have been said of Brunel. As a commercial speculation the works at Battersea were badly managed. He also lost considerably by his machinery for supplying the army with shoes, which was scarcely brought into full operation when the war unexpectedly terminated. To add to these calamities, in August, 1814, the mills at Battersea were burnt, and in two hours was "nearly destroyed an establishment which had been valued at 24,000*l.*, and which had cost many hours of anxiety and self-denial." A series of embarrassments followed. By the untiring energy of Brunel the machinery was replaced; but the financial affairs of a concern capable of yielding a gross return of 8000*l.* or 10,000*l.* per annum, were a complication of inextricable confusion; and in 1821 he was a prisoner in the King's Bench.

His sufferings under this misfortune are well brought before us. In appealing to his powerful friends, "My affectionate wife and myself," he writes, "are sinking under it. We have neither rest by day, nor night." "Thus (adds his biographer) many a sad to-morrow came and went; and he that had enriched hundreds by the exercise of the most honoured of the human faculties, was left for months to mourn the hardness of his fate." He felt too that, in the eyes of the world, his misfortune might seem a disgrace. At last, the grant that we have already mentioned was obtained, through the assistance of the Duke of Wellington, and he was enabled to recover his liberty. It was made expressly for services "rendered to the country, more especially in reference to the block machinery," an invention of lasting importance, the whole merit of which, as Mr. Beamish satisfactorily shows, belonged exclusively to Brunel.†

He received his knighthood in 1841, towards the close of his labours at the Thames Tunnel, and the anxieties that overwhelmed him in connexion with the difficulties of such a work brought on his first serious illness. It was an attack of paralysis. By submission to proper medical treatment he soon recovered from its immediate effects, and it was not till 1849, in his eighty-first year, that he died. His devoted wife survived him. Of his children, a daughter is the wife of Sir Benjamin Hawes, and her recollections, and the materials she had collected, have greatly assisted Mr. Beamish in his task. The only other child need scarcely be named. He will be known to future generations both for his successes and his failures. The launching alone of the *Great Eastern* was a triumph of mechanical genius, however misapplied; and as long as she occasionally tumbles about the Atlantic like a harpooned whale, or threatens destruction to everything in the port she enters, the name of her projector will be freshly though painfully remembered.

In one of the notices of Mr. Beamish's work it is remarked that the

* *Between myself and gold there is no affinity: it comes and goes.*

† Chap. v. is entirely devoted to this inquiry.

reckless expenditure, both by father and son, of money that was invested not for wild experiments, but for profitable returns, amounted to little less than dishonesty. We do not join in this opinion. There was no selfishness or intention to do wrong: nor even greediness of gain. It could not be said of either of them that he was "*alieni appetens*," and if they were profuse, they were not more so of the money of others than of their own. It seemed to be their idiosyncratic feeling that it was only created to be spent. Besides, nothing great in invention or discovery can be achieved except by the possessor of so sanguine a temperament as to the prudent seems insanity, and sometimes worse than insanity. Those who blame the Brunels for their losses should rather blame their own folly for committing their little all to the hazard of such a die. The heartaches that followed were as much to be attributed to wild cupidity of gain as to a wasteful expenditure of the money that had been so unwisely risked. But let the blame be shared by whom it may, it applies to transactions that can scarcely be brought within the category of dishonesty.

In the character of the father there were many points to attract attention and regard. Of his personal appearance, his biographer does not convey to us a very favourable impression. "Brunel" (he says) "was below the middle stature, his head conspicuously large, though without destroying the symmetry of his person; so striking, indeed, was his forehead, that an Irish friend of mine, after his first introduction, was tempted to exclaim, 'Why, my dear fellow, that man's face is all head!'" But it was such a head as is rarely seen. Judging from the cast of a medal in our own possession, it was as fine as that of Goethe or of Scott. In its developments the mental faculties were shown in a remarkable degree; and the moral sentiments of benevolence, veneration, and hope. His habits were simple and unostentatious, and he had that love of children and of animals which generally indicates a kindly disposition. Of his fondness for children Mr. Beamish gives some amusing instances. To his own he was a loving and devoted father. He was a great favourite in society, "as well from the variety and accuracy of his knowledge as from a naïveté and humour of expression which was much enhanced by his foreign accent; and though not unwilling to enter into new topics of conversation, his natural disposition led him rather to indulge in anecdotes of the past." Both in word and action he had great presence of mind. When unexpectedly reminded by the Prince Regent that he had promised a copying-machine of his own invention, and never sent it, his ready and graceful answer was, "Please, your Royal Highness, I have unfortunately never been able to perfect the machine so as to make it worthy of your Royal Highness's acceptance." As an instance of the same faculty under very different circumstances, it is mentioned that "while inspecting the Birmingham Railway, a train, to the horror of the bystanders, was observed to approach from either end of the line, with a velocity which, in the early experience of locomotives, Brunel was unable to appreciate. Without attempting to cross the road, he at once buttoned his coat, brought the skirts close round him, and firmly placing himself between the two lines of rail, waited with confidence the issue. The trains swept past leaving him unscathed."

He was indulgent to the attempts of inferior talent; and if amongst his failings was an undue "love of approbation," it must be remembered

to what an extent he possessed the qualities for which approbation might be claimed.

His religious impressions were those of a serious and reflective mind. Though educated a Roman Catholic, he had become attached to the Church of England, and had carefully studied the Scriptures for himself. To a mind so disciplined, death would be regarded as the inevitable dispensation of God, and would be met with calmness and resignation. In the words of his biographer, "At peace with himself and all beside, he calmly sank to rest, leaving a name to be cherished so long as mechanical science shall be honoured."

It is no exaggeration to say that, out of such men as these, the dark ages made their magicians, and the nations of antiquity their demigods.

Our closing words will be with Mr. Beamish himself, and we would suggest to him that, devoted as he has been for years to the amusements and pursuits of a refined and cultivated mind, he will be expected to give us other works as acceptable as his *Life of Brunel*.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

WE have more than once, in alluding to the existing state of Ireland, observed that no matter what political party has had the helm of affairs for many years past, all that could be done to aid in promoting the prosperity of the island had been done. What is more, the beneficial effects are become too notorious to be denied. The great measure of Sir Robert Peel, in clearing the burdened estates, and leaving in many cases the impoverished owners to well-merited results, threw land into the market afterwards. This land was bought up, for the larger part, by natives of the country, thus giving increased employment to the rural population by the native proprietor. They had sought for it before in vain from the prodigal owners, noble and ignoble, who only half cultivated the mortgaged estates.

It cannot be said that the present premier is unacquainted with Ireland or its wants. Lord Palmerston has estates there, which are a model in respect to cultivation. We believe, too, that Lord Derby, at the head of the Opposition, if he has no property there, is perfectly well acquainted with Ireland, both in its actual state and as to its wants, from personal observation. In short, there can be no possible reason why any official individual in this country should not desire, and, what is more, endeavour to promote, the prosperity of that fine island. It is from the foregoing fact that the island is so rapidly improving. Complaints are made, it is true, now lachrymose, sometimes tauntingly, and not unfrequently in an unbecoming and domineering tone, often wholly unfounded, and these do not fail in keeping alive among a set of ignorant or perverse persons a species of sullen discontent. Thus we hear, at one time, complainings of the starvation of the people to a degree that does not exist; at another time we find the state of things in Rome, at least their exacerba-

tion, charged against our own government, as if either the government or the people of England cared a rush about the temporal power of the Pope, except in crediting that as it was a usurpation at first, so it would be more in consonance with Christian pretension if it were restored to its original state. Here the question is used as a peg upon which to hang an accusation against the "tyrant" government of England, and keep alive those grumblings which, from the mitre to the spade in some select cases, are a part of the inheritance of the Irish people in obedience to religious rulers, and even in certain matters out of the pale of religion as well, in which the people are not permitted to judge for themselves.

Some Irish layman, in or out of parliament, at home or abroad, responds to the language of the faithful, sleepless with the desire of becoming a leader in the amendment of his native land, grievously oppressed by the Anglo-Saxons. He labours to revive or extend dissatisfaction among his more ignorant countrymen on one side of the Atlantic or the other, and thus elevate himself to notoriety. The American "mobility" are great "sympathisers," and they well second those for whom they nurse such a "magnanimous" feeling, as we shall presently see proved. They tried their "sympathy" in the Canadian rebellion, but were repressed by their own government. We must concede that public meetings for private ends are not peculiar to our transatlantic brethren. They are clap-traps here sometimes, raised by the address of some individual *who*, in place of a pontiff "abounding in cardinals," seeks to be a lay pope. He is willing to halve the honour, or to take even a third, provided it is set down for so much patriotism of the right colour—green in Western Ireland, we believe, as it is in Eastern Mecca.

Never were the prospects of Ireland so promising as at the present moment, and never had that country less reason to complain of the conduct of England towards her. Every sensible Irishman knows this to be the fact. It is still a problem to be explained why, with all her vast advantages, Ireland does not do more for herself, and why three millions of people in Scotland outdo in activity and in promoting the benefit of their country and themselves so much more than the Irish perform with a finer soil and much more space for action. We wish this could be explained to the satisfaction of the world at large.

We have been told, and our experience confirms it, that a good Irishman is one of the best of the human species. But while we do justice to the excellent of the nation in every degree of life, we must have full liberty to discuss without apprehension points in relation to the less worthy. We shall, therefore, express ourselves freely in regard to what we believe to be the truth. We shall not pay the slightest attention to that Milesian mode of ratiocination denominated "trigger argument," with all due deference to The O'Donoghue. We are small men, and cannot follow examples out of our limited circle; he will, therefore, spare us—"les grands hommes ne se bornent jamais dans leurs desseins."

To the Irish—on their own word—we will give credit for the antiquity, learning, and virtues of the dynasty that reigned in their country for 2048 years before Christ—that is, we will compliment them with it as far as they can prove it. We will grant that the Halls of Tara, soon after the

Flood, as their best historian tells us, were never surpassed in the revelry of their revels. That the Irish court, starred with the beautiful princesses of that Pharaoh of Egypt, was unequalled in brilliancy, and envied by the monarchs of the Nile, and that Moses had a princess of Erin for one of his wives, about the time of King Olam Fodla, who, the Irish historians state, imported the Phœnician letters and learning into Ireland. The same monarch perhaps taught them how to sew sheepskins together for court-day occasions, as we see from their chiefs preserved by the antiseptic virtue of their marsh turf. Perhaps he was an Irish Bacchus, who infused into their minds that abhorrence of an empty glass at home or abroad, without which they were *sicut terra sine aqua*, or like land without water. We also concede to them the merit of their own peculiar mode of producing conviction, knowing their contempt of Locke, by shillelagh ratiocination, a species of logic, if somewhat abrupt, yet always striking. This mode of argument was no doubt derived from King Olam Fodla as well, who, we believe, was a hero in his own way. Tom Moore, indeed, remarks somewhere, in substance, that he could love his country without troubling himself about these historical details; but it is to be apprehended all his countrymen are not thus heretical, for self-exiled as a vast multitude of them are, they continue to imitate the manners of their forefathers, and remember their antique grandeur. The banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi echo their complaints, and having forsaken the land of their sires with the false cry of oppression as the reason, they neither mend their manners nor improve their domestic habits, while thus the counterparts of the Israelites by the waters of Babylon. That freedom, they say, which is denied them at home, is at their threshold abroad, and there they live and console themselves upon traditions of the fabulous greatness of their ancestry, and tell tales of their slavery, or something near it, under the English crown. There, too, they dwell in the same ignorance, and exhibit the same quickness of repartee, as in Europe, and never improve further, herding, when in the cities, with the negroes. Still they are hewers of wood and drawers of water to those among whom they reside, not like the English or Scotch emigrant, getting their bit of freehold land, improving and mending their circumstances, but ever contentious, superstitious, quarrelsome, and their tongues busy in stirring up disturbances in the nations among which they go. They rake up in America all that malice can invent and circulate against England, as if the government here were the most oppressive upon the face of the globe, and Ireland had been kept in chains to minister to the vicious mode of rule peculiarly applied to tyrannise over that people. Nor is this the cry alone of the ignorant and uneducated. Certain personages every now and then, under the influence of an unworthy ambition, both in Ireland and in foreign lands, re-echo it. We more particularly allude to the United States, and to that ill-mannered, distasteful rancour continually shown by the Irish there, in stimulating American jealousy of England. Their race is numerous and restless in that country. It continually acts upon the American population, detailing the manifold grievances which they affirm are inflicted on the poor suffering people in their own country, from which they have been compelled to fly, inflaming the American mind against England, and instilling into the classes with whom they associate the same feeling. The American government, men of

education, and merchants, do not participate in crediting these indignities. There are men, too, who were educated in Ireland, some known for their open disaffection to the English government—and not of the ignorant but the wilful—renegades who employ their pens in the newspapers with the same malicious object, and act on the native multitude upon every occasion that befits their purpose.

The religious differences in Ireland have strengthened the animosity of the emigrant party towards England. As on the Continent, so in Ireland, the Roman Church is divided into two great divisions: those, like most of the Catholic families in England, who have moved with the times in advance of the old opinions and practices, in points attaching not so much to the essentials of doctrine as to things which had crept into it like abuses during the dark ages; and, in the next place, those who adhere to the letter of the past, however irrational, and making form and priestly supremacy a part of belief, teach that its superiority is not to be contravened, and that relics of superstition, down to the great toe joint of a canonised saint, are as holy things as any article of the Romish faith itself.

This latter party has been the most influential among the Irish peasantry, because the ignorant are always most susceptible of things past human comprehension in the guise of wonders. Vain repetitions of forms, and going to confession, make up the religion of the being who can neither write nor read, whose mind is quickly impressed, and who imagines his priest to be his only friend, and the best adviser in the world in temporal things. The priest is too often the servant of Rome alone. His obedience to civil rule is secondary, and in a certain sense compulsory. He troubles not himself about loyalty to the crown, sows the seeds of discontent with the civil government among the people, and thus the miserable peasant's mind, imbued with intolerant notions by the bigoted of some of the class to which we allude, is quite ready for the operation upon him of those plausible discontented persons out of the priesthood who would fain fatten upon talk—some led by ambition, and some not without fortune, with others mere adventurers, who are all leaning the same way. Both are for ever finding a theme in the false and reckless accusation that the ministers of the crown of England trample them down and aid to starve them, and that if the poor creatures want to mend themselves they must follow the teaching of this class of Hibernian demagogues, who proclaim political falsehoods at home and abroad. God forbid we should accuse all the Irish priesthood of thus conducting themselves; we believe they are the smaller part. Many are, no doubt, good men, who scrupulously fulfil their duties according to their traditions, and leave politics to laymen. With these we have nothing to do. But we protest against professional functions under any creed being used for other than religious purposes. It is evident, too, that enlightened Catholics in the British islands do not esteem themselves less worthy members of their Church because they do not perform pilgrimages to far-off images, do public penance, and worship relics, nor force such observations upon their servants or dependents.

In Ireland, while there is a bitter spirit kept up against a free government, and that unceasingly, Italy, as well, is become a sore place. Freedom is obnoxious to a portion of the Catholic clergy. Their conduct is best

observed in the island itself. A portion is discontented, and the peasants partake of the same feeling. Of this there is abundant evidence. When one of "the flowers of all pisantry" emigrates to America, and becomes an emancipated slave as he pretends, and then is upon a full equality with the native American in everything but education and knowledge, he takes care in the assumption of his newly received political rights to let the native of the States know it. Again and again have the Americans complained of the conduct of these "wild Irish," of their deplorable ignorance of social duties, their unimproving lives, and almost utter incapacity for raising themselves in life. They mix with the negroes in the great towns, prefer earning their bread for fixed wages, and spending their earnings in self-indulgences. Even in the unwholesome South the Irishman is found doing the hard ditching work under a burning sun, while the negro plays the head-gardener, if one may so call the man who works on the less laborious part of the tillage. Indeed, the negro, in or out of the Slave States, has no idea of making similar intemperance and riot the sole enjoyments of his dependent and wearisome existence.

We do not speak without some acquaintance with America as far as correspondence is concerned, and a personal knowledge of many natives, who have often visited this country. More than three generations, which were prolonged beyond the customary length, have passed away since a family correspondence, only recently shaken by death, was kept up with that country between those who existed there and here, before ourselves, and it is not yet closed by us. The consequent frequent intercourse with natives who visited England, and some considerable information from them in relation to the country, has been naturally obtained, and that from unprejudiced sources. It was more than five years before the existing outbreak there took place, that it was declared to us to be certain, by one who deeply deplored the prospect of it, and who further informed us, that though Southern slavery was felt to be a dreadful grievance it was a most difficult question to treat upon, and that the North did not see how the system could be abolished, for the South would not admit abolition even as a supposition. But that was not the main grievance. *It was the resolute determination of the South not merely to hold slavery confined to the original Slave States, but to extend it as widely as possible into new territories, and render the abolition for ever impossible*, fixing on America a national disgrace beyond the hope of its ever being removed. The honour of their country was a thing of importance to every native, North as well as South. The fear of its immediate extinction was not the cause of the civil war.

But to the subject. The Irish in America have been assiduous in diffusing among all classes of the people with whom they associate, and it must be recollected all are on an equality there, that bitter distaste for England of which we complain. A class of persons, too, far above the ignorant Irish emigrant, natives of the same island, who assume the same superiority they held in their native land, lay themselves out to assist in libelling England, and falsely paint the state of the sister island under its rule at public meetings and convivial assemblages. Hence, while Ireland, by all political parties, has been indulgently treated most assuredly for the last forty years, while the island is rapidly improving, it is stated by those emissaries of discontent and falsehood to be ripe for insurrection,

and that only a few leaders are wanting, in case of our hostility with the United States, to light up the flame of rebellion, or make the Green Island American in heart and soul! We need not repeat how often this has been spoken of and threatened by those whom Irish demagogues in America have led to give credit to their pretended patriotism. They have done more—they have pretended that they are so moved by the bad government and the suffering of the country under the British crown, that they are prepared to visit it to examine its state, with a view to the future; and they have so impressed the Americans with this idea in parts of the Union remote from the Atlantic coast, where the American mercantile body would throw some doubts upon the truth of their statements, from knowing that Ireland was never more peaceful nor more rapidly proceeding towards that state which all, except traitorous or demented persons, desire to see established there, than at the present moment. The breathings of a few sullen divines of an infallible Church, the infallibility of which, out of politeness, we will not question, alone ruffle the surface of things in Ireland with their tiny waves. Even then we will not accuse—we will not think any so ridiculous, so preposterous, so inveterately silly, as to be in the secret of those on the other side of the Atlantic, who are openly proclaimed to be coming over to sound the Irish people on their sentiments with a view to their emancipation, when the North has subdued the South, and the Union, it is predicted, is to dictate to the universe! The strength of the great British Empire weighs nothing in the matter. American thunder, kindled by Irish retaliation, is to annihilate it. So childish do we hold those demonstrations that we should pass them by unnoticed did they not indicate a spirit so full of evil intention that might in certain cases be misconstrued, and had it not a palpable effect upon the American masses.

There lies before us at this moment a private letter from a large American city on the Pacific, no less a place than San Francisco, dated in the first week of January last. It asserts the extraordinary fact that public dinners had actually been given there to an Irish volunteer incendiary before he set off for Ireland, whither he had avowed he was proceeding to meet those who were of his own patriotic way of thinking. In other words, he was proceeding there to sound the friends of the cause of the Irish people against the government of England. We pledge ourselves to the truth of this statement, on the veracity of our correspondent, which we gather from a long intimacy in this country. Speaking first of the fear of a war, the writer goes on to say—the *Trent* affair was then pending—

“I would rather, for the sake of the Anglo-Saxon race and name, have had peace between England and America, if these two had to fight the rest of the world; but as the Yankees seem to hate England, and take every opportunity of insulting her, I hope they will get a thorough thrashing. If they don't, as soon as they have done with the South, they will try and get Ireland in arms—mark my words! The Irish ‘papistical’ element is strong in America, and causes the hatred, I verily believe, between England and the Union. A Mr. — leaves here shortly for Ireland, solely, it is my belief, to intrigue against the British crown in Ireland. He has had *public* dinners, and what not, given him by his party prior to his leaving, and I only hope the authorities will

keep an eye upon him when he arrives in England. His name is ———”*

We suppress the name for obvious reasons : such an attempt just now can only provoke a smile, but it speaks the *animus* that prompts it, as much as the ignorance that makes one almost think the Irish emissary was playing with Yankee credulity.

We know that the government and sensible men of America do not participate in these disgraceful doings, but repudiate them. The influence of the Irish demagogue has little weight with them. They look to the interest of their country, and have enough on their hands. Unfortunately the executive has not the power it should possess. The present troubles will we hope increase its strength in the end, for at present the wild will of the populace runs riot too often with impunity, and it is upon that populace the hundreds of thousands of half-civilised Irish emigrancy act to such an extent, as in many places to turn the scale in elections against the native American, until the latter begin to complain of it as a grievance.

In regard to the entertainments given upon such occasions as the above, we can only lament the bad taste of our American descendants, even of those who may be called the “rabble” in the country. What would be thought in the civilised nations of Europe, in a state of perfect peace with each other, if dinners were got up openly in one country to encourage the emissaries of rebellion and treason to proceed to another upon errands of mischief? It would not be tolerated by any people, and would be thought a hostile act and a flagrant violation of all peaceful intercourse ; in fact, a thing base and treacherous. In America, we are well aware the government has no power to control the acts of a State. The petty State governments alone regulate these things, and too often those governments cannot control incendiaries within their borders. Sometimes the masses and their State rulers feel a wonderful sympathy with each other, choosing to override even the State laws from political antipathies. Already some of the people on the Pacific are declaring they will pay none of the burdens of the present war between the North and South. What is it to them, who dwell three or four thousand miles away?

The Irish in America change little in manner or habit. They retain the old desire of mischief ; they learn no wisdom by their Transatlantic experience ; they rarely ever rise to eminence in the new country, and they seem to gain little local knowledge that avails them in bettering their condition. Is it that the vast store of learning they tell us Ireland and their ancestors once possessed has worn out the acquisitive organs of their posterity, that they are found unchanged under all changes of circumstance ! Whatever be the cause the effect is painful to contemplate, and it certainly becomes them in a new country, where they possess the very licentiousness of freedom, to exhibit some salutary alteration in their conduct and mode of life, if only to second Mr. Bright's admiration of the system under which they are self-ruled.

* We have transmitted his name to the proper quarter, because the intended visit is a *fact*, if his mission be ridiculous, and he was hoaxing the Americans to serve his own purposes.

In the midst of the rapid increase of Ireland in prosperity, almost in proportion to the diminution of its population, we are led to hope that a little time will show the country yet more prosperous. While we state existing circumstances regarding emigrants from the island, we do not apprehend troubles at home from the devouring of Yankee dinners by her more distinguished exiles abroad, we only deem the incidents worthy of record, coupled with the present prosperity of the country, as an exhibition of the probability that her existing healthier condition may, for the greater part, be owing to her abandonment by her more turbulent and wayward children.

It is the laborious and diligent hands that make great nations. Even looking at home, we see *three* millions of persons in Scotland return, from a territory one-third of it barren, the proportion of seventy-four to sixty-six returned by *six* millions of persons in Ireland, a far more fertile land. Whence arises this difference at home? and how is it that in America the same result is found to take place? The same want of desire to improve, beyond the return of daily labour? the same discontent and line of conduct in life, and the same restlessness under the governing power?—we must leave the answers to these questions to be returned by wiser heads than our own.

It occurred to us that the Irish champion who has been feasted as we have stated, might be playing off a hoax upon the Yankees, in order to obtain a decent dinner or two before he took a French leave of California. Should he be in earnest, and come over to sound the profundity of Irish loyalty, according to his avowed intention, and as announced by his revolutionary friends, we trust a certain prelate whom we could name will meet him, mitre on head and crosier in hand, and treat us with a scene between the solemn and ridiculous.

To be serious—there is a consideration, a propriety, a *bonhomie* observed in the intercourse of the rulers of nations with each other not less proper in the communication between individuals of different countries, however they may differ in opinion. It is painful to perceive that our American relatives do not always remember this, and discourage the conduct and language of renegades from old countries who impose upon them. No licentious Irish expatriation can palliate the conduct to which we allude, whether from the poor emigrant or the selfish demagogue of superior circumstances. The last is generally one favoured by the ignorance of his countrymen, who, both impulsive and superstitious, are peculiarly fitted to be used for the mischievous purposes of wary individuals. There have been meetings in Ireland, not long ago, which, of trivial import in themselves, give a colour to representations, no doubt magnified to the Americans. Never were the prospects of the sister kingdom better than at present—disturbance of moment there is out of the question. The wise, clear-sighted, and respectable of the Irish people will second this statement. Any attempt to disturb society in the old fashion is impossible, and could only be attempted by those who labour the more hopefully in consequence of the greater hopelessness of their task. We take it that this hopeful hopelessness is somewhat characteristic of the Irish, who are just now so eager for introducing the stars and stripes into Ireland, if they can achieve it with three thousand miles of salt water between. Yet who knows what St. Patrick, or the other

Irish saint, St. Piran, who sailed on a millstone from Ireland into Cornwall to make Christians of the people (by-the-by, St. Piran was a great tippler, says the legend)—who knows how hostile these saints may prove in case of a Yankee invasion of the Emerald Isle!

As to the vernacular vituperation directed towards this island by the Irish in America, words break no bones. We only advise any malcontents who may yet chance to remain in Ireland to ship themselves off to the cellars of New York or the ditching and draining of the aguish Carolinas, and while there to abstain from endeavouring to excite animosity between the descendants of Englishmen in America and the parent country. The Americans cannot fail to recollect that the men from the "old country" who first colonised their present territory were Protestant refugee Englishmen, not Irishmen. The Englishmen who landed at New Plymouth—the glorious "Pilgrim Fathers"—were men persecuted by those of the same creed as are now in America endeavouring to stir up the descendants of those "Pilgrim Fathers" against the parent country, who are incessant in their abuse of England and Englishmen, and who are in themselves the least instructed and most unreasonable and unscrupulous of self-exiled races in existence. They number tens of thousands in the States, and the classes with which they associate among the native-born Americans have no means of ascertaining the truth regarding Ireland, while they are the more liable still to be led into error by those of the native Irish who conduct or misconduct some of the newspapers published in that country.

We should be content to leave to the good sense of the American government, without the foregoing observations, the merit of the present question, but the attacks upon England have been gross and unprovoked, and but for the pressure which worthless Irishmen might bring to bear on the States government from the class to which they belong, they might be left to their own worthlessness. They influence, too, a great number of the lower order of the population all over the States. Even at the enormous distance of San Francisco, we find in a recent fire there, in which seventeen persons lost their lives or were seriously injured, that five were Irishmen, the rest principally women and children.

It is not to be marvelled at that such things force rejoinders from this side the water. The attacks made in the Eastern States came from the Northern party papers, to which party England had wished success. That this much of it, at least, arises from the Irish and their papal element, we do not doubt, and we know that "respectable" Americans do not side with it; but the masses in all countries are acted upon with too much facility, and in the States they run riot. We have not forgotten the unblushing falsehood charged against England after the conclusion of the war of 1814 in the American papers, namely, that we had butchered unoffending American prisoners in the Dartmoor prison—a piece of sheer invention, clearly the offspring of malice. We sincerely hope that the worthy part of our American brethren will reflect a little upon the irrational nature of these prejudices, and in the interim confidently rely upon the good feeling that exists between the two governments for the qualification of that invidious spirit of which we have just been speaking.

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G

CLAUDINE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

PART II.

THE ARREST.

MOVING Claudine remained, but now her gaze
 Dropped from the western glory; she was blind
 To all without—within thought turned its rays,
 And she was looking, but with eyes of mind:
 A distant scene enthralled her; strange the power
 Fancy exerteth in our waking hour,
 Bearing away the soul o'er vale and hill,
 And yet that soul the body's prisoner still.

Huge mountains tower'd around her—spires of rock,
 That with sweet mantling herbage ne'er had smiled,
 Splintered and riv'n by many a lightning-shock—
 A granite world by Chaos' hand uplaid;
 Peaks, mighty giants, starting from below,
 And daring Heaven with brows of changeless snow,
 The shining glaciers, eyes that coldly glare,
 The thunder-clouds their darkly-streaming hair.

Amid those Alpine solitudes she saw
 A human figure, like a speck, alone;
 He scann'd the mountain masses in deep awe
 And reverent admiration; he had grown
 Familiar with sublimity; and now
 An avalanche was dashing from the brow
 Of some grand steep, with thunderings that might be
 The whispered voice of hoar eternity.

He stood beside a rock, while yawned beneath
 A dark abyss, as opening into hell;
 A pine rose black—an image of grim death;
 The cataract in foam and fury fell;
 And o'er the roaring waters man had raised
 A toppling bridge, from which, as pilgrims gazed,
 Their brain grew dizzy, while they seemed to stand
 Half in the air, and half upon the land.

The wandering painter sketched, and quickly threw
 On canvas the wild glory of the scene;
 Claudine seemed with him, and in spirit drew
 Rapture from all where God's dread steps had been,
 And left their marks in mountains; where the earth
 Had ne'er been tamed or conquered since its birth,
 Looking primeval in Creation's face,
 And made for Titans, not our puny race.

Her spirit, like his own, was formed to soar,
 Charmed with the picturesque, the stern, the wild,
 And nursing warmest feelings, with a store
 Of bright-winged fancies—Nature's fervid child:
 This wove the bond between them; life's young dream
 Had lapsed away by Rhône's blue storied stream;
 They loved so deeply with truth's changeless heart,
 Each of the other's being seemed a part.

O first and early love! Earth knows no joy
 Like thy too blinding ecstasy; as years
 Romantic visions one by one destroy,
 And leave us to stern truth, and wisdom's tears,
 Our souls look backward, sorrowing yet resigned,
 Like pilgrims travelling East, the sun behind;
 Yet still love's heaven hath stars that brightly beam,
 Bliss still we draw from warm affection's dream.

Love to this pair appeared another life,
 In which both lived as they could never die;
 It strengthened with their strength, and still was life
 With hopes of hours where deeper raptures lie.
 Dupré the nymph of painting could adore,
 But the zoned Cyprian goddess worshipped more;
 Claudine her father loved, but passion threw
 O'er every thought, hope, scene, its rainbow hue.

Beside the fountain now that father paced,
 Not sad his eye, though brooding thought was there;
 And on his brow deep, anxious lines were traced;
 Backward he moved his silver-flowing hair,
 As his dimmed vision rested on the globe—
 The everlasting sun-god, in a robe
 Of saffron clouds, his golden wings unfurled,
 Like an archangel blazing past the world.

A soldier, he had stemm'd red battle's tide,
 But camps had long been left for quiet here;
 The wild-flower was the warrior's plume of pride,
 For cannon's roar birds warbled in his ear.
 Honour, ambition's crown, he never sought,
 Soothing his closing days with pensive thought,
 And musing on a world whose mysteries lie
 Beyond time's cares, in God's calm, holy sky.

Yet was his country loved; the piercing pangs
 She suffered, gored by revolution's brand,
 Oft caused him anxious grief; in sharpest fangs
 She still lay struggling with a tiger band.
 Calmly on this calm scene rose evening's star,
 But terror stalked, crime's thunders rolled afar;
 Here glided Rhône—a pure and azure flood;
 There the wild-gushing streams were human blood.

But twilight now was gathering softly round,
 On tree and river shadows greyly fell;
 The garden-fountain played with deeper sound,
 The silkworm slept, the bee was in her cell.
 The sire and child turned slowly; hark! they hear
 The whirl of wheels, and rapid steeds draw near,
 Whose headlong course is checked with straining hand;
 Now at the gate, all dust and foam, they stand.

Brief the men's greeting; armed with power they came;
 "A prisoner—false to France!" they muttered low;
 Who laid the charge, it was not theirs to name;
 Vain all his questions, vain Claudine's wild woe:
 As serpents dart, and coil around their prey,
 Swiftly they seized, and hurried them away;
 For she, fond weeper, midst her deep despair,
 His lot of shame or suffering prayed to share.

Terror had opened wide the door of hell,
 And demons issued forth, a grisly train;
 On Gaul's proud capital their fury fell,
 And Mercy to appease them strove in vain:
 Rancour, Injustice, darkened every scene,
 And Fear stood shivering by the guillotine;
 Woe over crouching Joy spread wings of gloom,
 And Vice and Virtue shared one common doom.

They suffered who no guilty deed had done,
 Their greatest crime refinement, gentle blood;
 Then private vengeance her black wishes won,
 And Murder daily poured her purple flood.
 E'en woman, all unsexed, to madness given,
 Shrieked shrill her wild applause to blushing Heaven;
 They struck for liberty, and hailed her fair
 Celestial form—her corpse alone was there.

The room was dull and sad; her anguished eye
 Beheld a prison frowning darkly near—
 House known full well to pining misery,
 And bowed despair, and white-faced, shrinking fear.
 From sombre windows gazing day and night,
 Though the loved prisoner could not bless her sight,
 Claudine could watch her father's dim abode,
 And by such vigil lighten sorrow's load.

Oft did she strive in that death-den to melt
 The gaoler by her tears, oft bend in prayer;
 But nought for filial woes stern duty felt;
 No glimpse was given of him who languished there.
 Still with each morn she saw the doomed led out,
 Ghastly and white, and heard the exulting shout,
 Shuddering with bloodless cheek, and scarce-drawn breath,
 Lest her loved sire should join that group of death.

She leant upon a seat, her pressing hands
 Covering her face, her massy, raven tresses,
 That woman's pride no more confined in bands,
 Reaching the floor: ye winds! whose soft caresses
 Late waved their beauty, could I tell ye now
 The anguish written on that lovely brow,
 Ye sure would sigh along the banks of Rhône,
 Pitying her misery borne—alone, alone.

To see a form so beauteous, once so proud,
 Crushed low in desolation, and to hear
 From the sweet lips of Virtue sobs so loud,
 And mark the heavy and slow-falling tear,
 While shiverings shake at intervals the frame—
 The body cold, the anguished spirit flame—
 We start, and ask God's thunder to lay low
 The mocking fiends who caused such deadly woe.

But where was he, the loved, at this dark hour,
 Whose presence might have lent one cheering ray
 To misery's night, where stars no beam could shower?
 Unknown her fate, he wandered far away;
 'Mid Alpine steeps the painter's raptured hand
 Was tracing scenes, the beautiful, the grand;
 But 'midst the glorious visions round him thrown,
 His own dear love, a brighter vision, shone.

The door was opened ; who beside her stood ?
 She gazed, and as she gazed, her cheek, her brow,
 Flushed hastily with rushing, crimson blood,
 But paler than pale ashes whitened now :
 He well was known, and dwelt where blue Isère
 Meanders to the Rhône—wealth's pampered heir ;
 Oft had he urged his suit, but pride and power
 Can buy not love, nor all wealth's golden shower.

"I've found thee in thy sorrows ;"—Hubin's eye
 Feigned sympathy and pity ;—"Ask me not
 What clue hath led me hither ; thy sad sigh,
 A daughter's tears have drawn me to this spot."
 The sidelong glance of passion which he threw
 Revived Claudine's old hate, her terror too ;
 Beneath the boa's gaze as cowers the prey,
 Shivering she stood, then mutely shrank away.

"I come to do thee service ; on thy brow
 Why darkens anger's cloud ? why hold thy breath,
 In needless terror turning from me now ?
 I know thy father's doom—that doom is death."
 At the last words, Claudine with flashing eye
 Gazed on him full, and slowly drew more nigh ;
 Eager she looked, still creeping on with dread,
 And all her dark aversion seemed as fled.

"Who his accuser ? What may be his crime ?"
 "These are deep secrets Robespierre only knows ;
 The days are rife with peril, but sublime
 Gaul yet will rise, triumphant o'er her woes :
 Robespierre speaks death—his word alone gives life,
 He more than king—the soul 'mid all this strife ;
 Robespierre can save thy sire—'tis not too late,
 Though, trembling in the balance, hangs his fate !"

Claudine sprang tow'ards him with a feeble cry ;
 Unconsciously his arm she wildly clasped ;
 Her eagerness was wrought to agony,
 And in hoarse whispers were the words she gasped :
 "Plead for him—seek some friend possessed of power
 To soften Robespierre at this dreadful hour ;
 Oh ! lose no moment—on thine errand flee,
 And I will kneel, bless, worship, even thee !"

Keen pleasure lit unpitying Hubin's face,
 As he beheld the lovely maiden bow
 Lower beneath him, till those limbs of grace
 Knelt on the floor—poor abject creature now ;
 And upward as she gazed with eyes that prayed,
 Eyes proud no more, and lips that sought his aid,
 The beauteous, stately flower seemed crushed more low,
 While he rejoiced, the deeper grew her woe.

"I need no friend to bid Gaul's leader be
 The saviour of thy father, for I call
 Our country's chief my friend ; a word from me,
 Death's shadow flies—the prisoner's fetters fall !"
 Flashed Claudine's eye from darkness—sorrow's shroud ;
 Like a full sun emerging from a cloud ;
 Joy's long-chained spirit seemed that hour unbound,
 And her wild laugh of rapture rang around.

She thanked him, bless'd him; Heaven upon his soul
 Would beam eternal smiles for this good deed;
 But o'er his face a strange expression stole,
 Wily and dark, and baffling eye to read—
 Half fierce, half fond, as if the spirit strove
 To curb its rage, and utter vows of love,
 Reckless if others' bliss his crimes destroy,
 So he might gain his own base, selfish joy.

"Claudine, I love you, but my suit and me
 Thou hast repelled;" he clenched his lifted hand;
 "I come not now a suppliant meek to thee—
 Life in my gift, and death at my command!
 I love you, and thy parent fain would save;
 Deny me not again the hand I crave;
 Swear thou'lt be mine—my heart, my wealth I give,
 And, freed from death's dark jaws, thy sire shall live."

She did not start, or vent her lofty scorn
 In loud upbraidings, but mute, shivering, rose,
 The pangs that pierced her bitterer to be borne
 Than e'en her late o'erwhelming, crushing woes.
 Came he for this? was this the scheme he planned,
 His dark device to seize, not win her hand?
 Guileless herself, she had no thought to find
 Such guile on earth, so cruel, black a mind.

She stood in silence, her young graceful form
 Raised to its height, unmoved her face and limb;
 Save that her curling lip with life was warm,
 And her large eye flashed out amid the dim,
 She looked as feeling, sense, ay, life had flown,
 Or by the grisly Gorgon turned to stone,
 Proud and yet anguished, free yet held in thrall,
 Her brow contempt, but lovely 'midst it all.

The glowing tresses down her shoulders streamed,
 Each dark lock, like her moveless figure, still;
 Her eyes were fixed in thought, and as they beamed,
 With deeper scorn and woe they seemed to fill:
 Her heart was struggling with a hate intense—
 Strife between filial love and rebel sense,
 Her spirit lost awhile to outer things,
 No power to act, though goaded on by stings.

Sidelong he viewed her from beneath his brows—
 A scrutinising look, and sternly cast;
 He cared not what strong passions he might rouse,
 If quailed her will, and bowed her soul at last:
 He knew her in his power, whate'er befel;
 So the fierce tiger eyes the wild gazelle,
 That writhes beneath his fang, and cannot flee,
 Finding no pity 'midst its agony.

THE EMPIRE OF BRAZIL.*

BRAZIL is one of those great regions of the earth which possesses a fertile soil, almost inexhaustible in natural resources, and a climate favourable for the growth of the most valuable productions—such as coffee, sugar, cotton, and tobacco—but yet is in want of a free labouring population to develop these resources. This is a great contrast with other countries which have a simply superabundant population, as China, or an artificial manufacturing population, as in England. The relations of fertile soils and available climates, and of the distribution of population, are far from being as yet in a natural condition. The hardy Britons, Teutons, and Scandinavians have as yet a free outlet presented to them in other vast regions, where the climate is less antagonistic, and the laws and religion not so alien as in Brazil. The Latin nations do not emigrate so much in modern times as they did in the middle ages, and when they do, the seductions of soil and climate, giving forth all the fruits of the earth with little or no toil, indispose them to exertion, and they either shelter their indolence beneath devotional practices, or sink into the impurities of a purely sensual life. Sometimes they even combine the two; and M. de la Hure tells us that “the private life of some of the Brazilian priests is scandalous: gambling, drunkenness, and other shameful passions place them in those respects even below the most reprehensible individuals.” In other words, the ministers of religion are worse than any of the people!

Brazil, with a climate that varies a good deal, according to elevation and position, cannot be said to be really adapted to European constitutions. To live there the European must be acclimatised. Now this is the description given by M. de la Hure of the acclimatised: “He has a pale face, his strength is diminished, his appetite fails him; he has undergone a general change, and his blood is thinner.” Such a radical modification of the constitution is not, to say the least of it, pleasant to contemplate. That scourge of the West Indian seas, yellow fever—epidemic elsewhere—has become sedentary in Brazil. The European arriving in that country (which he had better do from July to October) soon detects the climacteric influences in loss of appetite and depraved tastes. His thirst is incessant, he seeks for comfort in stimulants, the respired air is less easily oxygenated, the blood becomes carbonised, the veins enlarged, and the liver congested. Hence bilious diarrhoea supervenes, a chance if he is not struck down by yellow fever, or, if he escapes that, he will have intermittent fever or dysentery. If he survives he is acclimatised, but he is another person—almost half another race.

It is curious to find, in looking through a Brazilian bill of mortality, that pulmonary complaints are more fatal than any other kind of disorder. Thus, while the deaths from yellow fever vary from one to two hundred

* *L'Empire du Brésil Monographie complète de l'Empire Sud-Américain. Ouvrage dédié à S. M. I. Dom Pedro II. Par V. L. Baril, Comte de la Hure. Paris: Ferdinand Sartorius.*

per month out of a thousand, the deaths from pulmonary complaints are from two hundred and ten to two hundred and forty-nine. Without staying to remark upon so tremendous a fatality, it seems that death from pulmonary complaints is the most common fate of the acclimatised. Only from twelve to sixteen per thousand live to die of old age. The worst forms of rheumatism occur at Rio de Janeiro, where the climate being peculiarly hot and moist, such a degree of relaxation of the system is produced that girls cannot thrive: they eat chalk and even crockery-ware. Elephantiasis and bronchocele, or goitre, are also common; and Ewbank, in his "Life in Brazil," says, "That which most startles a stranger is the hydrocele. At first he will be inclined to think every third or fourth man he meets is ruptured." And then he adds, "Young men from Europe seldom escape a year or two." Yet this is a country in which emigration is not encouraged, "on account of the levelling spirit of the age, and a fear that both the Church and the throne would be endangered!"

The fact is, that without immigration the white races would soon be extinct. It is bad enough in the United States, where the present wars are being fought mainly by newly-settled men from the north-west, by Germans, Irish, and English, and where the whole physique and morale undergo a radical change with a Red Indian "proclivity;" or in Australia, where the first generation of what would be Creoles in the tropics become corn-stalkers in the Pacific; but in Brazil, while government and wealth are still in the hands of the whites, the mixed races already represent and maintain the land. As respects certain portions of the inhabitants, Ewbank says, "It is considered discreet in the authorities to say little; thus no reliable comparison of the numbers of whites and free coloured are given on account of the alleged overwhelming proportion of the latter. In the maritime cities and provinces the mixture of blood is obvious, but in the interior the preponderance of colour is awful!" (Wherefore so? It is the all-wise arrangement of Providence that it should be thus.) "In the city of Tejuco, the most *thriving* one in Minas and of the interior of Brazil, there are only five pure white families among twelve thousand inhabitants."

The fact is, that where a country is not adapted to European development, and yet the aborigines are in such a state of barbarism as to prevent their land being of any value to the general community of nations, Providence seems to work a gradual change and amelioration by the emigration of civilised people and the creation of mixed races. Nature seems, indeed, to have everywhere presented peculiar facilities to the propagation of such, and, if we are to believe Count Strzelecki—a sound observer and admitted authority—has even set its seal upon such, by rendering, for example, the Australian female who has cohabited with a European for ever after sterile to an Australian. It has been justly remarked of the negroes, that so great an exodus as that which has taken place from Africa to the west would not have been permitted by Providence without having wise results in view. We may fairly believe that it has been a part of the Creator's scheme for the population and cultivation of the earth; a part of that scheme which sent Asiatic hordes into Europe, and formed, by the admixture of nations, that race to which it is our pride to belong. "May it not be fair to suppose that a time will come," says Mr. Anthony Trollope, speaking of the West Indies, "when a race will inhabit those lovely islands, fitted by nature for their burning

sun, in whose blood shall be mixed some portion of northern energy, and which shall owe its physical powers to African progenitors—a race that shall be no more ashamed of the name of negro than we are of Saxon?”

As it is with the Southern States, with Mexico, with the West Indies, and with the Main, so it is with Brazil; only that in Brazil the degeneration of the European and the predominance of half-castes proceeds much more quickly. M. de la Hure says of the Brazilian half-caste that “he is distinguished by the quickness of his intelligence and by his intellectual powers (*la portée de son esprit*), as also by his facility in assimilating all European knowledge.” A higher compliment to a race destined to be one day dominant could not be paid to them. Yet they lie everywhere under the same ban. In Brazil a certain portion of half-castes are making their way gradually into society, but prejudices still abound that time alone can remove. This prejudice especially precludes their forming alliances, to which the position in society which they may have acquired would otherwise entitle them to.

One word more as to matters that are not always considered in a sufficiently eclectic and philosophical point of view. There is no doubt that in Brazil the Roman Catholic form of worship is more than anywhere else laden with superstition, bigotry, mummery, and credulity. To use the words of M. de la Hure, “their worship consists in a multitude of superstitious practices, and evangelic morals suffer the most serious infringement, without any importance being attached to the matter; yet with time and education such a state of things may improve, and it may be permitted to express a doubt whether the stern Puritanism that found so congenial a home on the iron-bound coasts of New England would have suited the climate of Rio Janeiro so well as the Roman Catholic form of worship. It wants reform, remodelling, purification. A new race of priests is being educated at the seminaries, and with increased facilities of communion much good may result. In the mean time, churches in which ceremony is brought in aid of doctrine, as in the Roman and Greek churches, are probably better adapted to win over converts to Christianity in Southern climates than the austere simplicity of a more single-hearted form of worship. The cleansing from mummery and superstitions can come afterwards: no reform in Church or State can take place till a nation is ripe to appreciate and to secure the advantages of such a change.

The houses of Brazil, except in the large towns, offer few conveniences. In the interior of the country few of them possess the luxury of glass windows. The windows, open all day, are closed at night by means of shutters. In small towns glass windows are often replaced by a kind of trellis-work, which is seen through from within but not from without. Furniture is very scanty, and is generally limited to chests, mats, stools, and beds. In a better class of houses tables and chairs, or benches, are met with. But even among the rich, and among those who enjoy high government appointments, so little furniture is used that the apartments have a very naked appearance. A carpet, one or two arm-chairs, a few cane-bottom chairs, a table, and sometimes a piano, constitute all that is met with in a vast room in which visitors are received. It is worse in the other portions of the mansion. Thus it is that even among the highest ranks the tendency to recede to the simplicity of savage life manifests itself. Country-people eat on the ground on a mat

which has the night before served as a bed. This Brazilian mat, which is called *esteira*, is an "institution." It is the family bed and counterpane, the table, the chair, the curtain, and sometimes the door.

The beds in ordinary houses consist of a boarding supported by four feet; people do not undress, but simply lie down on the mat with or without a counterpane. Among people well-to-do, the bed, however, is more ornamented than any other piece of furniture. Curtains and counterpanes are adorned with a fine cotton lace or fringe, manufactured in the country.

The clothes are all stowed away in the chests, that serve as seats or benches, and are arranged in lines along the wall. Country proprietors have almost always a town-house, in which they come and pass a few days at times of festivals (and these are frequent enough in Brazil); and upon these occasions the chests and mats, which constitute the essential part of the furniture, are transported by means of boats, pirogues, or carts, from one residence to the other. Pirogues are canoes hewn out of the trunk of a tree, or of one piece of wood. The carts are the most primitive things imaginable. The pirogues, when not in use, are drawn out of the water, and placed in a kind of shed called a *rancho*; when this is not at hand they are protected from the sun by leaves or grass. Pirogues are often replaced in the north by a kind of raft called *jangadas*, made of seven pieces of timber, of which two cross and hold together the other five. Yet do the natives sometimes navigate even the coast in these frail embarkations! They serve especially for fishing and transporting goods. The natives construct the best.

The chief occupation of the inhabitants of the coast is fishing. They manufacture their nets from the fibres of a kind of palm-tree. They are steeped in a description of turpentine, and a light root serves for floats.

The food of the Brazilians varies according to the localities. In the south, dried meat, fowls, and especially black haricots and manioc flour, predominate. In the centre, pork, maize, flour, and poultry constitute the chief resources. But in the north more fish is eaten, as also more fruits and vegetables, especially cocoa-nut. Dried fish is everywhere largely consumed. Oranges, bananas, and various preserves also make an addition to what we have before enumerated. Everywhere except in the towns bread is a luxury; the flour of manioc, which is substituted for it, is served up in plates in half a calabash, or even in little heaps upon the indispensable mat. In many places water is passed round to all alike in the same glass; in others, each helps himself out of a jar by means of half a cocoa-nut with a handle to it.

Women do not generally eat with the men; they either take their repasts before or afterwards, sometimes at the same time, but in another room; or if there is but one room, they eat at a distance, and always in readiness to wait upon their lords and masters. This is a social peculiarity of a decided retrograde character.

After the last repast of the evening, and before going to bed, the children and slaves appear before the head of the house, and receive his blessing. If there is a stranger in the house, a negro brings him a copper or wooden bowl with water in which to wash his feet. Sometimes the master of the house himself insists upon fulfilling this formality with regard to strangers to whom hospitality is proffered.

Hospitality is a patriarchal virtue still practised in Brazil, especially in such places as are more or less remote from towns.

The practices of religion are, as we have before observed, encumbered with mummeries, and the result is that these are gone through with a great want of respect, sprung from long habit and consequent indifference. The strangest costumes imaginable figure in the processions. There are long files of men clad in mantles of divers colours; children disguised as angels with butterfly wings; young girls dressed up as seraphims with gauze dresses like balloons; bands of drums, fiddles, and guitars; fire-works exploded in the broad glare of day, with great noise, at the spots where the procession stops; a numerous clergy more busy in preserving order in the crowd than in reciting prayers: the whole together, says M. de la Hure, has something in it that is most repulsive to a stranger, as it seems to him to be rather a parody in extremely bad taste than an act of religion.

Scarcely a person is ever seen at church with a book: on the other hand, it is a common thing to see penitents striking their breasts with compunction, while others are chatting and laughing with their neighbours close by. There are no seats in the churches; the women kneel down on the cold stones, the men remain standing. All, however, men and women, have the head bare. As it is almost the only place where the women meet, so it is also the only one in which they can display their finery in public, and it is not uncommon to see some decorated as if for a ball.

The duties of the priests are not more rigorous than those of the laity; many of them only say one "messe basse" (that is, not high mass) on the Sunday. While they are waiting for the time to begin they laugh and chat with those around them. There is no reading of the Gospel, and as to vespers, they never think of such a thing. Children are not instructed in their religious duties, and are not even examined on the occasion of their confirmation. Even adults are only visited by the priests to administer the last sacrament.

Many priests add to their ecclesiastical functions the possession of property, or the pursuit of some business with which to occupy their leisure moments, and these are very numerous. Out of church their dress differs in nothing from that of the laity, save in a white cravat bordered with red. Choristers are sometimes to be seen, whose sole dress consists in a not over-white chemise.

In the towns and among the better class of priests many are to be met with who fulfil their duties as zealous Christians. The bishops are chosen from among the worthiest, and give an example of truly apostolic virtues. But all their efforts to cure what is bad in the system, or even to remedy it, gradually fail in the presence of obstacles that time alone can conquer (if it does increase them): inveterate habits and difficulty of communication.

There are parishes in Brazil which are as extensive as some of the principalities of Europe, and dioceses as large as France. It would take the Bishop of Rio Janeiro years to visit all the parishes of his diocese, and he would have to undergo a thousand fatigues and dangers in the undertaking. What is equally bad and still more inconvenient, is that the registration of births, deaths, and marriages, as also of the transfer of landed and other property, is in the hands of the priests, and is so

neglected as to lead sometimes to the utmost confusion and the most serious losses.

In the large cities—as in Rio Janeiro, Recife, Bahia, Sao Luiz, Rio Grande, and Desterio—the practices assimilate more to what we see in Europe. The houses are well furnished, the ladies are well informed, good musicians, and delightful members of society.

With a population of 7,755,657 of Portuguese negroes, Guaranians, and mixed races, and which, compared to the extent of the soil, presents little more than one soul per square mile—with noble internal rivers, boundless forests containing rare timber trees, fruits, and the most valuable gums, spices, and medicinal substances, as well as caoutchouc, and other vegetable substances that have lately acquired a first-rate commercial importance—with mines of precious stones and useful metals—with a fertile soil and vegetative climate, and with boundless prairies, from which vast herds of cattle and horses obtain an easy subsistence, Brazil is, however, with the aid of its foreign dominating population and its stranger merchants, making a decided progress.

The chief objects of exportation enumerated in the order of their value are coffee, sugar, dry meat, cotton, tobacco, caoutchouc, mate, or native tea, brandy, cacao, rice, manioc, maize, tapioca, lard, and haricot beans. The various other substances, mineral, medicinal, and otherwise, are too numerous to enter upon.

The centres of population follow a certain progression. At their origin they are called *aldéas*—that is, villages; when they have attained the size of a large village, or small town, they are designated as *villas*, and the chief among these, or the residence of the governor, becomes a *cidade*; but as sometimes the *villas* are larger than the *ciudades*, we shall speak of them both under the name of town.

The province of Alagôas owes its name to the many lakes that it contains, yet it is not for that more unhealthy than other portions of the country. The chief town is Maceio, and it has river communication by the Rio de Sao Francisco do Norte. Bahia, a more prosperous province, possesses a railway from Bahia to Joazeiro. Bahia was once the capital of Brazil, and is still second in importance. Ceara, which derives its name from a kind of parrot, has been much troubled by epidemics, famines, and civil dissensions, but it has had a new future opened for it in the vista of optimists, by the introduction of camels as beasts of burden.

There are, it is to be observed, many colonies of Germans, Swiss, and others in Brazil, many of them Protestant, and most of them prosperous, and M. de la Hure himself acknowledges that their ministers give an example of virtue and devotion which presents a great contrast to the practices of the Brazilian clergy.

There are five colonies of this description in the province of Espirito-Santo, and a highway is about being opened, which will unite that province with Bahia by the Mucury, and with Minas Geraes by Minas Novas. Military colonies have been founded in other provinces, as in Goyaz, as yet in large part given up to forests, Indians, and wild beasts. There are a great many other colonies of different descriptions—some of them Portuguese—in the province of Maranhao, but they are not prospering. It is part of the system of Brazilian agriculture to consider all

land, even on the banks of rivers, to be exhausted after a few years' cultivation—hence, the people formerly dwelling in the Rio Itapicuru, in the latter province, have removed thence to where they have no longer any facilities of transport. Add to this, according to M. de la Hure, even the transport by water, at points where such is available, has become impossible in consequence of the want of slave labour, which was occupied in this transport. Deprived of means of transport, there are no means for the disposal of agricultural products, and production becomes useless.

There is steam-boat communication between Maranhao, the capital of the province, to the north, with Guimaraes, Tury Assu, Bragança, and Vigia, and to the south, with Acaracu, Granja, and Parahyba. The climate of the island of Maranhao, once the abode of the Tupinambas, then of the French, the Dutch, and the Portuguese, is said to be remarkable. There is only one season, and the nights and days are nearly of equal length the year round. The trees are always green, flowers bloom and fruits ripen incessantly. Tempests, fogs, cold winds, or drought are unknown. Only at one season, corresponding to our spring, it rains sometimes, with storms, accompanied by much thunder and lightning.

Decidedly the most remarkable province of Brazil is Matto Grosso, which is greater in extent than all Germany taken together. Vast forests still cover the greater part of this territory, inhabited by savages and by wild beasts. The former live upon the latter, especially upon the *Myletes senicalus* and caraya, two monkeys, the flesh of which is said to be very tender and succulent. Stags and deer, tapirs, pecaris, hayupas, sloths and ant-eaters, are also objects of chase. We often wonder that societies of acclimatisation (institutions much wanted in this country) have not introduced the peccary and the tapir into the society of the domestic pig. The birds present a variety of species, and a diversity of plumage such as is not to be met with in any other part of the globe. The turtle tribe also afford annually a vast supply of eggs, and the rivers abound in fish. The latter are chiefly shot with arrows, or caught by means of a narcotic called manuno.

When this vast region in which some of the greatest rivers of South America have their sources, shall be better known, and when it is united with the other chief points of the empire, and to the seaboard, as also to other countries by available roads, there can be little doubt that it will attain high importance. It produces almost all that the other provinces of Brazil produce; its natural resources, vegetative, animal, and mineral, are nearly inexhaustible, and it must, from its great elevation in places, present spots where one would think even European constitutions might direct tropical enterprises in safety.

The province of Minas Geraes derives its name from its abundant mines. It is woody and mountainous. The mines are of gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, quicksilver, iron, platinum, bismuth, antimony, sulphur, precious stones, and coal. There are two colonies in this province; good water communication and roads from Ouro Preto to Rio Janeiro, to Marianna and to Diamantina; from the latter to Rio Jiquitinbonha, as also from Passa Vinte, and Sao Paulo to Ouro Preto. Ouro Preto is the capital, and it contains about twelve thousand inhabitants.

The provinces of Amazonas and Para watered by the great river Marañon

or Amazon, are hot, but not reputed peculiarly unhealthy. The population of Amazonas is as yet mainly limited to natives; the days and nights are nearly equal. Vegetation is magnificent, and trees attain an enormous size, especially in the neighbourhood of flowing waters. Natural productions, such as cloves, cacao, balms, medicinal plants, valuable woods, and precious stones and metals are said to abound. Colonisation has not as yet succeeded, and even the efforts made for the civilisation of the natives have failed, owing to want of funds to support missions. There is in the whole province only one agricultural establishment deserving of notice, and that belongs to an Englishman, Robert Cullock by name (M'Culloch?). It is situated at Parana Miri da Eva, and produces annually about forty pipes of rum, or as M. de la Hure has it, "sugar-cane brandy."

It is to be hoped that the steam-boats that now ply upon the Amazon will open a new future to the provinces of Amazonas and Para. These go once a month from Belem, capital of Para, to Manaos, capital of Amazonas, touching at Breves, Gurupa, Prainha, Santarem, Obidos, Villa Bella, and Serpa. Another set of packets ply between Manaos and Tabatinga, touching at Coary, Tefé, Fonte Boa, Tonantins, and Sao Paulo. This line on the Upper Amazon, which it is proposed to prolong as far as Nanta, in the Peruvian Republic, is only in operation six times in the year. We are still in primitive times on the Amazons. Had the country been colonised by Tewtons or Anglo-Saxons it would have been otherwise.

Para, which comprises the mouth of the Amazons, boasts of its great islands, in some of which small colonies have been planted, with but indifferent success. The cultivation is as usual cotton, sugar, coffee, and rice. There is steam-boat communication within the province from Belem to Cameta, as well as up the Amazons. There are a good many towns doing a small business in the above articles of commerce, as also in natural produce, as cacao, caoutchouc, spices, gums, and medicinal substances, and to each we find the observation attached that it possesses a church dedicated to Nossa Senhora da Conceição, or Nossa Senhora da Sãda, or to some Sao or Santa.

In each province we are also rather grandiloquently informed that the Brazilian army is represented by a brigadier, "commandant des armes," of the province, a staff far more imposing by its titles than its numbers or efficiency, an "arsenal de guerre," and one or more battalions of infantry, a few artillerymen, and a squadron or so of cavalry, besides a militia of such-and-such a strength—when called out. In the province of Parahyba (where, in the absence of colonists, a professorship of practical and theoretical agriculture has been founded, from which great results are expected) we are told that the Brazilian army is represented by an adjutant-general (of the army is repeated), a captain of the staff, in command of the fort of Cabedello, a colonel of engineers, and half a battalion of Chasseurs. This, as there are eighteen towns besides the capital, is a small force whereby to preserve order and enforce the imperial decrees; but is not Brazil to be envied, that, removed by so wide a margin of ocean from European and North American broils, it requires no defensive army, and a consequent proportionate immunity from taxation?

The province of Parana takes its name from the great river by which it is watered. It has some good roads, as those of Antonina, Graciosa, Tropas, Assunguy, and Matta, and three colonies, one of which, that of Superagui, has made considerable progress. This being a southerly province, peaches, apples, and other European fruits prosper as well as the fruits of warmer climates.

Pernambuco was for a long time the third province on the Custom House list, but it has in recent times surpassed its rival Bahia, and occupies now the second place in the empire. This is almost solely owing to the progress made in agriculture. The cotton of Pernambuco is highly esteemed. The produce of coffee and sugar is on the increase, and the manufacture of rum keeps developing itself. The inhabitants excel in the manufacture of preserves, and they also make a fermented drink called wine of Caju. This province boasts of its railway, which extends from Recife to Val de Sao Francisco. Omnibuses also ply daily between Recife, Cachanga, Jaboatao, Olinda, Passagem, Varzea, and Apipucos. Recife, the capital, is one of the largest and most wealthy cities of Brazil. It boasts of a population of nigh 100,000 souls. The ancients would have called it Tripoli, for it is composed of three parts: Recife, or Pernambuco, the port; Santo Antonio, the government town, on an island in the Rio Caparibe; and Boa Vista, on the mainland. These three parts are united by bridges, and the whole are defended by five forts, Brun, Buraco, Picao, and das Cinco Pontas. It is very hot at Recife, especially at night, and up to ten in the morning. About that time, after a painful calm, the sea-breeze comes to refresh the atmosphere till sunset. There are four public associations at Recife, one, "do Biberibe," for the supply of water, the second, "Pernambucana," for steam-boat communication between Recife and Val de Sao Francisco, a third for gas, and a fourth for a railway from Val de Una to Tamandaré. What a contrast to London, where there is a company, with or without limited liabilities, sufficient, if distributed like saints' days in a Romanist almanack, to correspond to every day in the year.

The chief wealth of the province of Piahy lies in its cattle. The province of Rio Grande do Norte is as yet but little cultivated; Natal, the capital is, however, a populous seaport, doing a fair business. The province of Santa Catharina is chiefly remarkable for its colonies, of which the principal are Sao Pedro de Alcantara, Vargem Grande, Santa Isabel, Blumenau, Dofia Francisca, Belge, and Santa Theresa. Desterio, the port, is a place of some commercial activity, but M. de la Hure complains that of 763 vessels, of which 51 were strangers, that visited it in 1859, not one carried the French flag. "En revanche," there is an hotel kept by a Frenchman. The province of Sao Paulo is as remarkable as that of Santa Catharina for its colonies and general prosperity. Sao Paulo, the capital, and seat of a university, has about 25,000 inhabitants.

The province of Sao Pedro do Rio Grande do Sul is remarkable for its fine fertile plains in the centre, its forests and mountainous regions to the east and west, and its great lagunes in its lower part. It is an admirable agricultural country, and rich in beasts.

There are several flourishing colonies in this province. The capital, Porto Alegre, designated as the "Leal e Valorosa Cidade," has a popu-

lation of about 20,000 souls. The town of Rio Grande de Sao Pedro, on the river of same name, is, however, the chief port of the province: 448 vessels entered the latter port in 1859, of which 30 were from Monte Video, 22 from Hamburg, 27 from Liverpool, 2 from Salem, 10 from Lisbon, 9 from Setubal, 9 from Antwerp, 6 from Richmond, 8 from Oporto, 15 from Buenos Ayres, 29 from Cadiz, 1 from Baltimore, 10 from Newcastle, and 20 from divers other ports, but not one from unenterprising France, to the great grief of M. de la Hure. It is pleasant, however, to see the active connexion kept up with the mother country. The number of vessels from Newcastle is caused by the demand for coal—a state of things which M. de la Hure deprecates as most dangerous, in a chapter specially devoted to what he calls “*Question de la Houille*.” He quotes an anonymous British minister as having proclaimed that any nation which, in order to work, shall want English coal, will be the vassal of England, and he expresses himself very anxious to disfranchise Brazil from this imaginary vassalage!

There is considerable steam-packet activity in this province. One company plies between Porto Alegre and Taquary once a week; Laranjeiras and Guimares also once a week; and once a week to Rio Pardo and the Bar. The company União keeps up communication with Pelotas, Sao José do Norte, and Porto Alegre, as also from Rio Grande to Jaguarão. There are also steam-packets twice a week from Porto Alegre to Sao Leopoldo and to Rio Pardo by other companies. Sergipe is in great part a very arid province, in others wooded and mountainous. It has as yet no colonies, and although canals have been excavated to facilitate communication, its progress has been slow compared with that of other provinces.

Rio de Janeiro is the chief province of the empire, and yet it boasts only of five colonies: Vallão dos Veados, Santa Rosa, Independencia, Santa-Justa, and Corôas, and these only reckon by fifties or a few hundreds of colonists. Santa Justa, for example, has 32; Vallão dos Veados, the best, 450 colonists. Corôas has only four or five families, who, as in some of the colonies in the north, remain there from want of means to go elsewhere. Rio de Janeiro possesses its “*Imperial Institute Fluminense de Agricultura*,” and it is therefore expected that agriculture should flourish more there than elsewhere. This city of 300,000 inhabitants is, it is well known, situated on one of the finest harbours in the world, and it is defended by several forts. It has regular steam communication with Southampton and Bordeaux, and it is now brought within 24 days of the latter town, and 27 of London; 29 days to Havre, 23 to Lisbon, 29 to Liverpool, 28 to Oporto, 1 month to Trieste, Antwerp, Hamburg, and Marseilles; 1 month 10 days to Baltimore, and 1 month 7 days to Boston; 1 month 12 days to New Orleans, 1 month 11 days to New York, and 1 month 25 days to Valparaiso. It has its own communications in nine days to Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, besides steam communication with Bahia, Maceio, Pernambuco, Parahyba, Natal, Ceara, Maranhao, and Para to the north, and Santa Catharina, Rio Grande, and Porto-Alegre to the south. There are also other minor lines of communication. The port is annually frequented by about 4000 vessels, out of which 520 are steam-packets, and 280 yachts. It can be easily understood what countrymen the latter mostly belong to.

RECOMMENDED TO MERCY.*

In these days, when the press teems with works so light and ephemeral that they vanish away almost before the breath of criticism can blow upon them, it is something to have produced a book which, while bold enough to invite attack, is sufficiently solid to resist the shafts that may be levelled at it. Of such a character is "Recommended to Mercy." But though quite willing to pay a just tribute to its great and varied merits, we cannot conceal from ourselves, nor should we be justified in withholding from our readers, the fact that it is a startling and perhaps a dangerous book. The heroine, who is adorned with every fascinating and admirable quality, has been (and there is no attempt to disguise, and scarcely any to palliate, the offence) for several years, and at two separate periods of her life, the mistress of her seducer. That around this erring woman all our sympathies are attracted, and that for her fate, from first to last, our deepest interest is excited, is, in our opinion, a grave offence against morality, and one which no amount of excellence in the work itself ought to induce us to overlook.

But whilst speaking thus severely of the questionable morality of the book, it is only fair to add that its pages are not polluted by any descriptions of voluptuous love-scenes, nor by the demoralising details of genteel seduction; and it is refreshing to read through a three volume novel without the echoes of lovers' kisses in our ears, and the appeals of their tender platitudes to our sensibilities. Equally free is this strikingly original work from one of the most quickly surfeiting mental foods pressed by modern novelists upon their readers; for there are in "Recommended to Mercy" no oft-told details of Belgravian life, schemes of manœuvring mothers, and wearisome annals of West-end dissipation.

The plot of the story is extremely interesting, and is written with great skill and power, while thickly interspersed are passages of exquisite pathos. Throughout there is a vein of refinement and a delicate tact rarely met with, which, combined with a high order of feeling, have enabled the author to touch upon a subject that is generally and justly considered one not fit to be mentioned to ears polite. The avowed object of the work is to inculcate a purer and more enlarged spirit of charity in the hearts of women towards the frail and fallen, and thus induce the former to weigh the causes of, and probable excuses for, "an erring sister's shame" against the amount of guilt she may have incurred. Some of the characters are admirably drawn. Katie Reilly is, perhaps, as happy a delineation of the class she represents as has ever been attempted, though how far it may be admissible to introduce such a character at all may well be questioned. Johnnie Paulett, too, the high-bred, middle-aged roué, blasé, but still warm of heart, witty, brilliant, but wasted, is a lesson in himself. We could, if space permitted, quote many instances of vigorous writing, touching appeals to the heart and conscience, and racy, colloquial sallies; but having now to bid farewell to "Recommended to Mercy," we can only hope that the author may produce another work as clever, but free from the one fault we have been called upon to notice.

* Recommended to Mercy. Three Vols. Saunders and Otley. 1862.
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A DAY IN CAIRO.

ONE of the pleasantest reminiscences of my Eastern tour is the first day I spent in Cairo. As the train had been delayed for several hours at Alexandria for the passengers of the Indian mail, I reached the capital of Egypt after sunset. A travelling companion, resident in Cairo, quickly led me through the throng of porters, waiters, donkey-boys, camels, and omnibuses, congregated at the station door beneath the light of a hundred torches and hand lanterns, to a carriage, which bore us through the darkness along several broad streets, and across the Esbekieh-square to the Hôtel des Pyramides. The quickness of the drive and the darkness had allowed me to see no more of Cairo than a few camels' necks, some black-striped leaves and palm-tops that peered over the garden walls, and where a lantern or torch moved along, a white turban; and the supper-table at the hotel and the arrangement of the bedroom made me miss my native land but little.

The morning, however, produced other and almost magical impressions. Even in the silence of night I fancied I could hear distant singing to a solemn tune in the streets; and, indeed, the praise of Allah is chanted from the minarets of the principal mosques throughout the night. When I awoke, words smote distinctly on my ear through the open window; it was the Adan, or summons of the Muezzin to morning prayer. I walked to the window and witnessed a scene that harmonised with the sound. Beneath me, on a small triangular space, partly overshadowed by a thickly-leaved acacia, stood a cavass before a cloth spread on the ground, on the point of performing the genuflexions prescribed by Islam. A little farther on a shepherd, surrounded by his flock, was lying with his head in the dust. Above the roof of the house behind the tree rose some lofty palms, whose crowns, moved by the wind, bowed also in the direction of Mecca. Farther back rose three graceful minarets, lit up by the yellow shimmer of dawn. The cry that had aroused me came from the gallery of the nearest of them. On the others the Muezzins, with their white turbans and light blue caftans, were still standing, and singing down into the silent lanes and gardens their "Allah akbar!"

While I was mentally recording the main features of this picture, the yellow dawn was followed by the red, and lastly by the sun. The city was awake, and louder and louder grew the murmur of traffic in the streets below me. With the buzzing of the Semitic guttural tones, the donkeys, now beginning to collect before the houses, blended their ear-piercing braying; the market-folk flocked in and praised their wares with lengthened shouts; workmen walked towards the building-places with a melancholy song; a shrill female voice contended—and, as it seemed, victoriously—with a dozen masculine voices; goats bleated their complaints at being milked so roughly; buffaloes bellowed; camels grunted the bass to the concert, in which gradually joined the water-carriers with the tinkle of their brass cups, the street changers with the regular rattle of their copper piastres, the coachmen with their whips, and the runners who here bound before every vehicle with their incessant "Guarda, guarda, ya chowadja!"

A bell summoned the guests to breakfast, and I was again in Europe. The Oriental divans against the walls, the carved-work on the back windows, and a few turbushes did not harmonise, but the company at table was as European as any to be found between Hamburg and Venice. The situation of the hotel, immediately at the entrance of the main street of the Frankish quarter, which is the liveliest in the whole city, enabled me to carry out my plan of letting Cairo defile before me ere I entered the streets. The large bay-window of the dining-room was admirably adapted for the purpose, for I could stand here for hours and watch the heaving current below. On one side of the square, close to my window, was a cluster of donkey-boys with their animals—the cabs and strangers' guides of the Egyptian capital. While the donkeys were provided with red-cushioned saddles, and hung with tassels and brass ornaments, shaved all over, and in some instances gaily painted, the boys looked like walking rag-bags. Not one had shoes; few had more clothing than the blue cotton shirt of the lower classes, over which one or two had drawn an old military jacket or European coat, minus sleeves and collar. Though constantly quarrelling and fighting, on the approach of a foreigner they began swarming like a disturbed beehive. They flocked round him, praised their donkeys in broken English, French, and Italian, and, to show their value, leaped into the saddle and performed wild caracoles, until the stranger either yielded or forced his way through by the help of a stout stick.

On the other side of the square, under the great acacia which over-shadows the office of the Transit Company, a no less interesting group—a study for Murillo—had assembled. Near a chibouque-maker, who carried on his trade in the open air, crouched Fellah women with trays of bread, which they offered to the passers-by with shrill yells. Close to them lay a half-shaved head in the lap of a turbaned barber, who, holding the lock of Paradise in his left hand, the gleaming razor in the other, was busily engaged in producing the customary baldness, while behind him a girl's active fingers were performing an operation in the hair of a dirty brother, which needed a similar position, but no razor. Between these stationary groups in the foreground moved a mass of men and women, of pedestrians and riders on donkeys, horses, and camels, of white, yellow, dark brown, and black faces, of white, red, and green turbans, of uniform and striped cloaks, sulphur yellow and linnet-green caftans, of embroidered jackets, wide trousers, laced gaiters, tasselled hoods, veils, monks' gowns, ragged beggars, naked children and state coaches, cane baskets and sacks. It is evident that I am in the capital of a riding nation: nearly a fourth of those who throng past are in the saddle. Camels take the place of wains, donkeys of tracks. The rolling of wheels is hardly heard, for the few coaches visible drive over unpaved ground.

Countrywomen tripped past in dark blue chemises, with their head, shoulders, and back covered with a hood of the same colour, and their yellow faces sometimes hidden behind a narrow yashmak, but more frequently unveiled. One carried on her head a big-bellied two-handled jar, while a naked child sat on the shoulder of another, in the posture of a horseman. Among the unveiled women I noticed several whose chin and even cheeks were tattooed with blue dots. All wore broad silver bracelets, and the majority finger-rings of the same metal, with coloured

stones. The nails on the hands and feet, as well as the palms, were dyed a brick red with henna, and several had the back of the hand tattooed. The elder women were, without exception, hideously ugly, and the young, too, had little attraction in their features, save the fiery almond-shaped eyes; but the figure of the majority, which fashion does not forbid them displaying, was irreproachable.

Through the dark-robed band of women marched a troop of soldiers in white cotton jackets, over which were the white cross-belts, white knee-breeches, white stockings, gay girdles round their waist, flint lock muskets on their shoulders, and a red tarbush with a blue silken tassel on their shorn heads. They were all young fellows, with yellow faces and jet-black eyes, beardless, apparently weak, and badly set up. Near them a line of donkeys tried to force their way through, laden with dripping goatskin water-vessels, and which must inevitably upset a fat grey-bearded mollah who was trotting towards them, holding his rosary in his left hand, the reins of his mule in the other, and evidently lost in thought on some abstruse doctrinal subject. Behind the donkeys caravasses were leading a drunken soldier to the flogging-bench in the *saptié*, or guard-house, where he would probably receive the hadd, or eighty blows, prescribed by Muhammad for the cure of drunkards. Light blue fluttering cotton shirts, a yellow burnouse much embroidered and trimmed, a coal-black Abyssinian with snow-white turban and robe, a band of Amants in red and blue faced jackets, with a broad leathern belt round the loins, out of which a very magazine of murderous instruments, consisting of long-necked yataghans, crooked daggers, and silver-mounted pistols peeped, and a swarm of children, each with a dirty nose, and at least a couple of dozen flies on its eyelids, followed as spectators.

Ever and ever the life-current of the great city brings fresh pictures past the window. Greek dandies appear to lounge about the Esbekieh. The tall red cap sits impudently and self-assertingly over their right ear, and they have an inimitable knack of making the fustanelle fold gracefully round the knee. Copts follow in black caftans and dark-blue head-clothes, with the tin box of pens thrust like a pistol through the girdle, and paper in their hand, for they are the secretaries of the street population. Another wave brings up sheriffs, whom the green turban indicates as descendants of the prophet, and who are in Cairo at present largely represented, as about this time the small annuity is paid them which reverence for the sacred blood flowing in their veins procured for them. Then another wave brings before me a medley of Persians, with black lambswool caps, dervishes, who in their shaggy dilk, and with their fearfully matted beards, more resemble wild beasts than human beings; long-bearded, barefooted monks in brown robes and black standing collar coats, in which smooth-shaven English missionaries wander about. Among these ride or walk other persons in European garb, with a rhinoceros whip in their hands, and their heads bound up in the kuffish, a striped yellow and red cloth, terminating in long lace. With them came Englishmen, whose helmets tell us they are bound for India, and English ladies, everywhere distinguishable by their blue and green veils.

A harem rides out to enjoy the air. The donkeys of the great ladies are covered with carpets, and all the dames, without exception, have their eyes and forehead covered by a white veil, and are attired in the chabarah—

a black silk mantle—which the wind puffs out like a balloon. Under these may be seen parrot green, pink and yellow tunics and trousers, clocked stockings and pointed shoes. By the side of each lady walks a valet, to hold her in the saddle, which she bestrides after the fashion of a man. The ladies get out of the way of a running footman, who, with multitudinous cries, warns them of the barouche behind them, in which the Armenian or Greek bishop is taking a drive. At the spot where the barber recently sat a half-naked Nubian, with his hair growing like a mane down his back, is offering for sale broad straight swords, such as the Barabras wear near the Nile cataracts. Close to him a Beduin, from Sinai, is selling sausages, made of dates and almonds, sewn up in gazelle hide. Proudly rides past him another son of the desert, armed with a long lance, whose plain brown burnouse and lean horse form a marked contrast to the splendid Turkish bey following at his heels on a well-fed steed, and whose cloth jacket is so covered with gold lace that the foundation cannot be seen.

A little on one side a white and a red turban are saluting each other. They join their right hands, then raise them to their lips and forehead, and then lay them on the breast, while mutually exclaiming, "Peace be with you;" or, "I wish you much good fortune." A little farther on death forces its way through the living crowd, in the shape of a funeral procession. First come six poorly-clad men, in two rows, incessantly repeating the Muhammadan Confession of Faith. Then follow the relatives of the deceased, his friends, and several dervishes, with the red flags of their order. Behind the latter walk several boys, on whom bears, on a reading-desk of palm-wood, a copy of the Koran, covered with an embroidered cloth. They sing in a shrill voice a hymn of thanksgiving to God:

"Praised be the perfection of Him who created everything that has shape, and subjugated His servants through death. They will all lie in the graves. Praised be the perfection of the Lord in the east, the perfection of the Lord in the west, the perfection of Him who lit the two candles, the sun and the moon. His perfection, how merciful He is! His perfection, how great He is."

Then comes the dead man on the bier, head first, with his hands laid on his bosom, covered with gay shawls, and carried by four friends. Next follow a band of veiled women, with dishevelled hair, weeping and uttering loud lamentations. Some have bedaubed their head, brow, and bosom with mud and dust. They are hired mourners, who from time to time utter a shrill, inarticulate yell, to which they wave their handkerchiefs, while the real mourners of the family evidence their grief by outcries such as "Oh my consolation! oh my father! oh my lion!"

The passers-by turn their faces to the procession and murmur, "God is very great!" The body is first carried to the Morgue, where a sort of funeral service, consisting of chapters of the Koran and prayers for the deceased, is held, after which the khialib summons the congregation to give their testimony about the dead man, which is done with the formula "He was one of the righteous." Prayers are again recited, and the procession then sets out for the cemetery, where the body is deposited in the ground without further ceremony. The procession has passed, and round the corner press the head of a camel followed by others. The caravan

draws near, and the ugly though so useful animals pass one after the other, with their snake-like necks, their pendulous lips, and their warty and abraded bodies. Some carry large mill-stones in cocoa fibre nets; others are loaded with mountains of grass and clover; others, again, with chests and sacks. Their rough growl is audible for a long time after they have passed, above the exclamations of the street salesmen who have now congregated in front of the hotel.

"The lupins of Nubali are sweeter than almonds!" a blue caftan, with a sack on his back, announces. Soon after is heard the cry of a water-carrier, "May God requite it to me!" accompanied by the clatter of cups. Almost at the same moment I heard the cries, "May God grant that I easily get rid of them, oh lemons!" and "Fragrance of Paradise," with which the dealer in henna-blossoms tries to induce the passers-by to purchase. "Oh arouser of compassion, oh Lord!" a beggar grunts, and a member of the same guild, possessed of greater self-respect, shouts almost simultaneously, "I am the guest of God and of the Prophet!"

Then appears the sherbet-seller, who carries on his head a round copper tray, on which cans of cooling date-juice stand. Then comes a man, also carrying on his head a heavy basket of pipe bowls, which he declares to be of Syceet manufacture. Then appears sundry dellals, or street brokers, who for a certain per-centage dispose by public auction of any goods a private person may wish to get rid of. Near the Nubian, who is now chaffering with two Englishmen for a sword, which in the German factory, whence it indubitably came, cost a dollar, but will here, I presume, be sold for a couple of sovereigns, as made at Habesch, a ragged fellow is squatting, whose shapeless feet show that he is tortured by elephantiasis. Close to the cripple a brown woman, of the race of the Ghawaggi, is performing, to the sound of a drum and small brass castanets she strikes above her head, those sensual dances which the monuments of Thebes tell us date from the time of the Pharaohs. On her head she wears a tarbush, adorned with gold coins; her eyelids are stained of a dark colour, and wide yellow and red striped trousers are visible under the fluttering blue chemise, which only half covers her bosom. The performer on the drum is her husband, and procurer. Mehemet Ali banished these wretches to Upper Egypt, but they have since crept back, and the passers-by exclaim, "Aliah Keriar! God is kind and merciful! and the present pasha's government is also merciful."

Very surprising is the number of blind and one-eyed persons who pass, and I am almost inclined to believe the assertion that of the five hundred thousand eyes in Cairo, at least one hundred thousand cannot see the sun. At any rate, among the party of blue and brown caftans, now passing the water-pipe from mouth to mouth beneath the acacia, five eyes out of twelve are closed; and since I began my observation, I have noticed many begging Belisarii, who, led by little girls, groped their way through the crowd.

I had been looking into the street for several hours without feeling the slightest weariness. Suddenly I heard at a distance Arab music, the clang of cymbals and the sound of flutes and drums. It was a marriage procession, passing from the Esbekieh to the interior of the city. Such a procession is formed to conduct the bride to the bath. It usually takes place at twelve o'clock before that day on which the bride-

groom receives the bride's veil, and as Sunday evening is selected by preference for that ceremony, usually on a Saturday. The procession I am about to describe was got up by rich people, and, as frequently takes place, the circumcision of a boy had been combined with it.

The procession opened with two mountebanks, busy with long sticks in knocking the three-cornered hats off each other's heads, and followed by a third on stilts. Then came a barber, with a small box, containing the instruments for the circumcision, and which was of the shape of a semi-cylinder, ornamented in front with pieces of glass and brass bells. Behind the barber walked four barefooted musicians, in blue shirts and white turbans, and after them the boy on a horse, held on by two footmen. He was a short, stout, ill-tempered lad, with a female turban on his head, covered with gold coins. The bridle and saddle-cloth were also richly decorated with gold, silk, and precious stones. He held to his mouth an embroidered handkerchief, probably to guard himself from the evil eye, which alarms all respectable mothers in Egypt as it does in Italy and Greece. As a further protection the boy wore a triangular neck-amulet, wrapped in paper. After the little horseman came other musicians, one with a dervish flute, whose sound can be best compared with the squeak of a new-born child, and a second with a drum, like ours in shape, but not producing so deep a tone.

After these came the bridal procession proper. First stalked two footmen, carrying in silver salvers the bride's bathing appliances. After them came a third, swinging a censer; and a fourth, who scattered rose-water over the passers-by from a porcelain can. Then came twelve white-veiled maidens, to judge from their stature very youthful; and then the red-and-yellow striped canopy, under which the bride generally walks. This canopy, of silk, only open in front, and about the size of a small marquee, was borne on poles by four men. The bride generally wears a small coronet of gilt pasteboard, but I did not see it, for her whole form, from head to ankles, was wrapped in a bright red shawl. Probably to prevent her from falling, the young lady was supported by two elder women. Behind the canopy walked several female relatives, who, from time to time, burst forth into a piercing, tremulous yell of joy, not unlike a horse's neighing, and which quite drowned the sound of the instruments. Four musicians, with drums and tambourines, closed the procession, which reached the bath, in a side street no great distance from the hotel.

Towards evening my friend invited me to take a stroll with him on the Esbekieh. This square, formerly a lake for one half the year and a swamp for the other half, was drained by Mehemet Ali, and converted into a very pleasant promenade. Walks of splendid leafy acacias, between whose trunks the white walls of lofty acalie houses, several large hotels and palaces, and two or three minarets are visible, run round plantations of tamarisks, sycamores, and mimosa. On one side Greeks have erected various arbours and booths, before which the swells smoke *tchibouks* or *nargilahs*, and drink coffee, or a glass or so of *rakih* when the police are not looking on. Further a field the lower classes amuse themselves with swinging, or a mountebank, with a learned donkey or ape, collects a circle of blue caftans and yellow faces to admire his tricks.

When we came forth and seated ourselves in front of a coffee-stall, that

orange-coloured light which leaves the foliage its hue streamed over the bushes. Soon after it was changed into a pale pink, in which the lower part of the trees turned quite black. At length this last gleam was extinguished, and the feather crown of the palm-tree, which is said to have been planted by Napoleon himself in the garden of the French Consulate, also became quite black. The intoxicating aroma of the mimosa flowers floated in the tepid air, while the mild Schiraz tobacco exhaled its fragrance around us. On the road, a few white and red paper lanterns seemed like glow-worms; lights were visible from the windows, and the stars of Orient shone down on us from the light-blue sky.

All had become silent around us, and I gradually fell into a reverie, from which the shrill whistle of the locomotive and the noise of the carriages and horses dashing into town from the station scarcely aroused me.

When all became quiet again, the magic of the warm, odorous night regained its full might over me. The stars turned pale, and the moon rose between Napoleon's palm-tree and a minaret. High in the trees above us a nightingale began singing, and I felt no surprise, for I had long before forgotten that it was January. Bulbul continued her song, and, when she ceased, a companion began in the next tree the same song of love and roses in the same melodious voice.

Such were my first impressions of Cairo. I regret to say that, ere long, all the romance was knocked out of me, but I shall never forget the first day I spent in the capital of Egypt.

A POLISH NOVEL.

I WONDER have my readers ever heard of the celebrated Korzeniowski? I fancy not. Let me inform them, therefore, that he is *the* Polish novelist, and should Warsaw happen to boast of a Mudie, I have no doubt that he regularly advertises his subscription for so and so many hundred copies of the aforesaid Ski's last new novel. As I presume that Polish is not one of the languages usually taken up by the aspirants at competitive examinations, and as I think that my readers will owe me thanks if I furnish them with an idea of the light literature of a comparatively unknown land, I purpose to analyse for them this author's very last novel, and, with a tender regard for their jaws, will refrain from giving its title in the original.

At the outset we are introduced to one Mr. Plachta, the tip-top man in the village of Ozapliniec, situated somewhere in Volhynia. He rejoiced in the possession of some seventy "souls," famous grass lands, a well-stocked fish-pond, and a productive mill. Unfortunately, he had, in his youth, been the factotum of a great lord, and hence acquired "*comme il faut*" manners. As a natural result he married a lady whom I may fairly regard as a Polish Mrs. Sparsitt. Mrs. Plachta was rather good-looking, but was also so unfortunate as to have been brought up in a noble mansion. She never called her husband other than "*Monsieur*,"

and indulged in an unlimited amount of French phrases, in which she confused genders, always laid the accent on the penultimate after the Polish wise, and made the most astounding use of the particles "en" and "y." "En voulez vous du café, Monsieur Jacob?" she would say, for instance, to a bachelor friend, whom the scandal of the village declared to be even more than a friend. Mr. Plachta probably considered this extremely "*comme il faut*," because Mr. Jacob visited the house of the Princess W., and sang exquisite ballads to his own accompaniment on a real Spanish guitar. The two daughters, Zenobia and Crispina, plump, good-looking girls, were called by their mother Zenoby and Cryspin, after the French style; their father addressed them as "Medmosell," while Mr. Jacob affectionately termed them Einiú and Piniú.

The mansion of the Plachtas was of considerable size, but there was a gaping hole in the roof, the stucco fell off the walls in patches, the missing window-panes were papered up, and the farm-buildings were in a most rickety condition. When it rained heavily the daughters, if they wished to avoid anabaptism, were obliged to emigrate with their beds from one corner to the other, while the poor calves frequently stood up to their middle in water in the percolators that represented cow-houses. The imitative *comme il faut* was also visible in the ladies' toilette. Mrs. Plachta always appeared in company with a velvet dress and a plumed toque, but time had somewhat bedraggled the feathers, changed the colour of the threadbare gown, and the waist had become rather short, in spite of Mr. Jacob's vociferations that it gave her the appearance of a queen. The daughters flashed about in silk dresses obtained on credit from Schlome, the Jew dealer, and in satin slippers, which traitorously showed the holes in their stocking heels. To these they added false pearls, with a coppery gilt snap, and artificial roses and peonies. Of course, such a noble family must have an ornamental footman. Strizka was, therefore, rechristened George, and thrust into a ragged tail-coat with a dirty yellow stripe on the collar, but, when waiting at table, he could not break himself of the habit of wiping his nose with the back of his hand. I need scarcely add that the furniture corresponded with the rest: an air of faded elegance prevailed, the silken curtains were greased, and the hay peered out of the threadbare sofas.

The author introduces us to the house of these continental Irish on the evening of a grand party, to which all the notabilities of the village were invited, and he bites in their idiosyncrasies in a very acrid manner. First in order comes Mr. Birucki with his wife and daughters, a stout man who was afraid of only two things in the world—an empty bottle and his spouse. The Birucki was thin, and acidulated in temper, and sincerely detested the Plachta. The next to arrive was Mr. Skrenkits, with his wife and children in a britzka. He, too, was not on the best of terms with his neighbours, because any pigs or poultry that strayed on to his farm always disappeared without leaving a sign. But the most anxiously-expected guests were the brothers Remigius and Paul Smyczkowski, who had an estate and a public-house in common. They were on the most affectionate terms, and Mr. Plachta eagerly desired their presence because Remigius played the fiddle and Paul the clarinet, though the two instruments did not always accord so lovingly as the performers on them.

I have not space to describe the *soirée*, although it throws a wondrous light on the manners and customs of the Polish gentry. I may remark incidentally, however, that when coffee was served the brothers displayed their breeding by stealing the sugar out of the cups, or shaking the table till they spilt the coffee. For these boyish tricks the ladies punished them by tapping their hands with spoons, or throwing cream in their faces. It also appears in evidence that a Polish "kettle-drum" must essentially terminate with a roast pig for supper. We will leave the guests to their enjoyment, and form the acquaintance of a new and important character. The president Zagartowski, a rich parvenu, was also a landowner in the village. His father had been steward to a wealthy magnate in Podolia, and, as a natural consequence, his son possessed five villages situated around Czaplinskie, and in order to put a ring fence round his estate, the president determined to buy up the latter village by hook or by crook. The scheme he employed was certainly ingenious if not creditable. His chief confederate was Schlome, the Jew dealer, and with his assistance the president set to work. In the first place, he allowed another Jew to open a store in a house belonging to him in the main street of the village. This person sold spirits, wine, clothes that had not yet been worn, and, under the seal of secrecy, whole pieces of linen and calico. Mortko was a short, polite, and obliging Jew: his brandy was stronger and cheaper than that sold at the public belonging to the brothers Remigius and Paul, and the wine-bottles actually had labels on them, which pleased Mr. Plachta, as being remarkably *comme il faut*. Mortko very soon gained the hearts of all the gentry by supplying them with everything they wanted on credit, and never asking for money. I need hardly add that he acted thus against his Hebrew nature by order of the president.

The brothers did not at all like this state of things, and punished their sons severely if they ever visited Mortko's bar, but this was of little use. The president took advantage of the nature of the Pole, for he knew that, like a child, if offered anything he coveted, and credit for it in the bargain, he would kick over the traces of prudence. Schlome, to whom the majority were already largely indebted, began to grow clamorous and requested payment. His debtors sought assistance from their new benefactor, who received them with open arms, and expressed his readiness to advance thousands. Mr. Plachta had his furniture newly covered, his wife procured two new silk dresses and a fresh toque, and induced her good man to exchange their open sleigh for a covered one, which Mortko procured as if by magic. Of course the new furniture must be shown off, hence numerous parties were given, at which a considerable number of labelled bottles were emptied. In this manner the landholders of Czaplinskie within a few weeks owed Mortko some thousands, but it did not occur to one of them that the money would have eventually to be paid to the president. The latter, in the mean while, had by Mortko's help bought up sundry "souls" and scattered fields from the poorer village nobles, and in this way his land bordered the estates of the brothers Paul and Remigius, Mr. Plachta's garden, and the outbuildings of Mr. Skrentski. The president, however, was regarded as an excellent and kind neighbour; he conversed most affably with all when he drove down from his château, praised the beauty of the children playing in the open air, even wiped their noses with his own pocket-handkerchief, and always

had sugar-plums for them. He was considered a pattern president, and this fact emboldened Mr. Skrentski to ask him for a loan. The president consented, and as it was between friends only took five per cent. interest. Of course the news of this spread like lightning through the village, and all ran to bleed the rich man, whether they wanted the money or not; the president only charged five per cent., and, as a matter of business, asked for a little bill as security. Of course, not one of the nobles thought of settling Schlome's or Mortko's account with the money: the majority paid a visit to the county town, shook their elbow at the gaming-table, and came home with empty pockets.

While thus enjoying themselves, none of the landholders noticed how the president passed the winter in bringing building materials into the village. But when spring arrived, an army of bricklayers invaded the village, and new buildings began springing up on all sides. After a while the nobles began to have their suspicions aroused. The brothers Paul and Remigius discovered, to their horror, that a new inn was being built within fifty yards of theirs, while Mr. Skrentski's equanimity was disturbed by the fact that a distillery had sprung up close to his cow-sheds. Poor Mr. Birucki had to endure his wife's bitter reproaches because a forge was established under their very drawing-room windows, while as for Mrs. Plachta—But here I will let my author speak for himself.

One day Mrs. Plachta was sitting in the balcony, bending a melancholy glance on Mr. Jacob. They were conversing about bygone times, and the lady referred to the Princess Polinia, and Count James, and the president, who had often invited her to his house, and was wont to gaze on her in so peculiar a manner, that really—

"What can the president be building at the back of your garden?" Mr. Jacob remarked, pointing to an edifice, on which only the roof was wanting.

"Perhaps a gallery to walk in," the lady replied, with a smile.

Hersupon tea was brought in, and Mr. Jacob took up his guitar to delight his audience as usual. But, soon after completing the first strophe, he was interrupted by an interminable bleating of sheep and lambs. All sprang up to discover whence the noise came, and saw an enormous flock of sheep being driven into the unfinished building. It was therefore no promenade for gallant purposes, but simply a sheep-stall. Mrs. Plachta was the more furious, because a malicious smile played round Mr. Jacob's lips.

"That is really frightful!" Miss Zenobia ejaculated. "A sheep-stall under our very noses! We shall be unable to go into the garden."

"Or speak a word in consequence of the incessant bleating," her sister remarked.

"It is low," Mrs. Plachta said, with aristocratic indignation. "I shall not be able to close an eye with that intolerable noise under the windows of my sleeping apartment."

Mr. Plachta, too, did not consider it at all *comme il faut*, but being naturally of a peaceful nature, he did not rush like a second Ajax at the sheep, but resolved to negotiate like a real diplomatist. Hence nearly all the landowners proceeded to the president to lay their complaints before him, on which occasion Mr. Skrentski spoke loftily, Mr. Remigius

somewhat fiercely, and Mr. Plachta very *comme il faut*. The president pressed all their hands, spoke of the necessity of making some use of his land, assured them of his best sentiments, and ended by giving them a copious breakfast, with an entire battery of champagne bottles, which were bravely assailed. Our friends quitted the president with flaming faces and sparkling eyes, and filled with renewed confidence in their benefactor. In the mean while, though, the building went on uninterruptedly, the public-house and the forge gradually assumed a more distinct shape, the copper was already put up in the distillery, and the sheep bleated peacefully, although Mrs. Plachta's eyes lost their lustre through want of sleep, and her daughter's cheeks their bloom for want of the fresh garden air. It was now evident that the president was mocking them, and this produced no little excitement, which, however, was changed into apprehension when the hitherto so obliging Mortko suddenly asked for money. What landholder has any money in spring, when the fields have hardly turned green. The Jew spoke about hard times, and, after considerable hesitation, consented to take bills in payment, with an additional ten per cent. interest. A few days later Schlome also paid his respects, and as his accounts had been so long outstanding, he had certainly a right to ask for bills with an addition of twenty per cent. Schlome, who stood on friendly terms with all the officials, was capable of selling the green crops, and hence the nobles were compelled to bite at the sour apple. The enlightened Jew placed the stamped documents in an elegant pocket-book, offered his white hand to each of the gentlemen, and left their houses with a respectful bow and a smile on his lips.

A short time after, all the gentry were assembled at a *déjeuner à la fourchette* in Mr. Plachta's house, when a messenger from the president was announced, who handed a note to each of the gentlemen, and then retired. They broke open the despatches with a hesitating hand, and, after perusing them, unanimously burst forth into execrations of the president, although he was their benefactor. The letters were all in the same style, were written by the same hand, and the neat rows of figures alone varied. The letter very politely drew attention to the fact of the bills speedily falling due, with the remark that the president had been obliged to take their acceptances from Mortko and Schlome in cash payment, that he was very short of money, and hoped they would not force him into the unpleasant necessity of appealing to the law. Each of the gentlemen sat with the letter in his hand in deep silence, like the Roman senators in their curule chairs when they awaited the Gauls. The result of their reflection was the recognition of the Livian adage: "Fear from without is the greatest bond of concord." All at once the truth struck them, and they simultaneously remembered that Mortko, the creature of the president, had offered to act as middle man should any of them feel disposed to part with their estates. Thereupon they formed a confederation, to oppose these cabals with all their force. Mr. Skrentski delivered a highly figurative speech, in which he showed up all the Satanic cunning of the president.

"He wishes to reduce us to beggary," he said, in conclusion, and smote the table so that the windows rattled again. "Shall we surrender without a fight? Can we not sell the produce of our fields beforehand? Can we not banish all luxury? Can we not go afoot, sleep on straw, dress our-

selves and our family in cotton blouses, and eat dry bread, in order to keep the estates of our fathers? What we need is union."

"Certainly we must be united," was the universal cry; and they shook hands in solemn compact.

"Let us now proceed to choose a chairman," Skrentski continued, with a blush, for he hoped to be elected unanimously. But the village Cicero was deceived in his expectations: all had listened to his philippic, and very much applauded it, but when it came to the election, each began thinking of the old sins. Messrs. Zarzycki and Cepowski proposed Mr. Plachta, in remembrance of their pigs and geese that had disappeared in Skrentski's court-yard. They were opposed by Birucki, who, through fear of what would await him at home if he voted for Plachta, put up Mr. Remigius. On this occasion, strange to say, his own brother opposed him, and the result was that Mr. Plachta was elected by a considerable majority. Next Tuesday was appointed for a general meeting, to decide on the measures to be taken against the common foe, but destiny decreed differently.

After the enthusiasm had worn off, Mr. Skrentski remembered the humiliation he had experienced, and looking accidentally out of window, he saw his people quarrelling with others belonging to Mr. Zarzycki for the possession of a goose, which both parties claimed with fierce yells. This was too much for Mr. Skrentski, so he rushed out with a big stick, put the opposite party to flight, and the goose was straightway executed in the kitchen. This insignificant accident entailed grave consequences, for the long-suppressed wrath broke out on both sides. Mr. Zarzycki threatened to pull him up for the assault, and straightway sent off his son to complain to the nearest commissary of police. Mr. Skrentski sat himself down to write a long letter of explanation to the magistrate, and at that moment his eye fell on the neatly-written document he had received from the president. He at once ordered his horse to be harnessed, and the original proposer of the confederation was the first to offer his estate to the president. The latter naturally received him with open arms, paid him what he asked, and kept him to dinner. Mr. Skrentski's only stipulation was that the affair should be kept secret for a couple of months, which was willingly conceded. On the self-same day it was found that somebody had written in large letters on Mr. Plachta's door, "Sheep-stall;" on Mr. Birucki's, "Forge," which produced a conflagration, as either lady accused the other of the act, although it is highly probable that it was due to the president. At any rate, he derived all the profit from it, for Mrs. Birucki entreated her husband to remove her from this offensive vicinity, and as an obedient man he also sold his farm to the president, under the seal of secrecy.

A few days after, Mr. Remigius called on the Jew, who tenanted the inn, the common property of the brothers, for the last quarter's rent. The Jew was beside himself at this demand, for he had already paid Mr. Paul. Remigius thought of his brother's defection at the election of the chairman, and vented his spleen on the poor Jew.

"Well," the latter said, "Mr. Paul is very angry, too, for he says that you did not give him a farthing of the last quarter's money."

"I'll show the pair of you what I mean to do," Mr. Remigius shouted. "As for you, I shall turn you out."

"I won't go."

"You won't go, rapscallion. Remember your agreement, you dog," he shouted, and accompanied the words with his pipe-stem on the Jew's back.

The latter ran off to Mr. Paul, but found himself out of the frying-pan into the fire, for the latter also vented his anger with his brother on the Jew. The poor fellow ran home yelling, and, to his horror, found men, under Mr. Remigius's orders, preparing to take off the roof of the public.

"What are you doing?" the unhappy Jew shrieked.

"As you won't pay me my money, I am going to take down my half of the house."

"I will play you another trick," Mr. Paul said, when he heard of the affair, and sold his share in secret to the president.

In this way more than one half the village got into his hands, no one but the sellers knowing anything about it. Mr. Zarzycki could not understand why Mr. Skrentski bowed to him with an ironical smile, and Mrs. Plachta was surprised that Mrs. Birucki made her a deep curtsy when they met. It also seemed to Mr. Remigius, very surprising that his brother made no allusion to the demolition of the public. Of course the general meeting was not held, and Mr. Plachta told his wife, with a diplomatic smile, the trick he intended to play his neighbours. In fact, he also went quietly to the president and sold his estate which was the largest in Czaplíniéc. After this the president threw off the mask. He warned people off his property, and ere long they had to go a mile to get across the road, and he thus inflicted considerable injury on the few landowners who still held out. The last blow was dealt by the falling due of the acceptances; and before the end of the summer, and before the harvest could help them out of the scrape, the last of the nobles declared their readiness to sell, and the president became the unopposed lord of Czaplíniéc.

As to the future career of our friends, I will only mention so much as will show in what way the author deals out poetical justice. The president, afflicted by severe pecuniary losses, tortured by deceived expectations, perhaps by stings of conscience, all at once had a fit of apoplexy, which straightway put an end to his life. His noble-minded daughter—sole heiress of his large fortune—sought before all to compensate the nobles of Czaplíniéc for the injustice they had endured. With the help of Schlome, who was equally ready to support the good as the evil principle, she sought out the scattered landowners, and offered to give their daughters dowry, and educate their sons at her expense, which offer all naturally accepted with the liveliest gratitude. Messrs. Skrentski and Birucki had each taken a small farm, and necessity taught them to be economical. Messrs. Zarzycki and Cepowski become stewards to rich magnates, and, rendered wise by experience, managed the property of strangers better than they had done their own. As for Mr. Plachta, he resided in the nearest county town, which was assuredly very *comme il faut*, because many of the great lords passed a portion of the year there. Messrs. Remigius and Paul, who had long before become reconciled, sought the hands of the Misses Plachta, and when the dispensation of the Bishop of Luzk arrived, the marriage ceremony was celebrated in the most *comme il faut* manner that circumstances permitted. The combined

dowry of the young ladies enabled them to take a large farm together, at which Mr. Plachta certainly spoke a good deal about his *comme il faut*, but fortunately left the management of affairs in the hand of his sons-in-law.

I do not think I need offer any comment on this tale, for the moral is most obvious. I have selected it as a curious illustration of Polish life and manners; and though not very brilliant, there is internal evidence of the truth. I wonder, by-the-by, whether, in more civilised countries, the same scheme is ever employed to make an estate compact?

MEDIÆVAL MANNERS AND SENTIMENTS.*

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT has done good service to the cause of history and literature in this his latest publication. Largely as we are indebted to him for his antiquarian researches into the Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon elements of our nationality; his just discriminations of what is due to each, whether in race, language, or art; and to his now generally accepted views regarding the origin of our Bardic poetry; we are not sure if an illustrated history of domestic manners and sentiments in England during the middle ages, such as he now presents us with, is not of equal, if not more real value, as enabling us to appreciate rightly the motives with which our ancestors acted and the spirit which guided them.

Domestic manners and sentiments grouped into historical periods—that is to say, epochs in which all the different phases of social history for that period are included, present certain well marked and distinct eras. It is true that every succeeding epoch borrowed from that which preceded it, and hence, in treating such a theme historically, and not according to each particular division of the subject, as costume, domestic architecture, military antiquities, religious rites and ceremonies, &c., an author has much to do to avoid repetition; but still every epoch so considered has its peculiar features, and it is precisely in eliminating these that, in our judgment, the main value of Mr. Wright's researches lie, and that his industry and talent may be said to cumulate.

Thus, during the Anglo-Saxon period, the social system, however developed or modified from time to time, was strictly that of our own Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and was the undoubted groundwork of our own. The Norman Conquest, on the other hand, brought in foreign social manners and sentiments totally different from those of the Anglo-Saxons, which for a time predominated, but became gradually incorporated with the Anglo-Saxon manners and spirit, until, towards the end of the twelfth century, they formed the English of the middle ages. The

* A History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. &c., with Illustrations by E. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A. Chapman and Hall.

Anglo-Norman period may thus, as Mr. Wright remarks, be considered as an age of transition—it may, perhaps, be described as that of the struggle between the spirit of Anglo-Saxon society and feudalism.

Thus also it was that the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries became, as it were, the English middle ages in respect to social and domestic condition, and may be considered as the age of feudalism in its English form. Hence has Mr. Wright very properly been induced to devote a considerable space to the illustration of this marked and important epoch in our history.

The fifteenth century forms, again, a distinct period in the history of society—it was that of the decline and breaking up of feudalism, the close of the middle ages. We come finally at the Reformation to a new and concluding transition period—the transition from mediæval to modern society. It is true that a still more recent epoch—that of the English Commonwealth—had much to do with eradicating the last lingering remnants of the traditions of the middle ages, and that it also did much towards inaugurating English society as it now exists, but Mr. Wright has judiciously regarded the previous epoch as bringing his subject to a conclusion. Indeed, if he had ventured into the latter, we do not see why he should not likewise have gone on further, and passed from the historian into a reformer himself, pointing out how much that there still is that is mediæval and semi-barbarous, not only in our costumes, domestic architecture, military practices, and religious rites and ceremonies, but even in our domestic manners and sentiments—down to our cookery!

There is a further advantage in Mr. Wright's having thus judiciously stopped short at the epoch of the Reformation, that the reader can, if he is so inclined, fill up this amusing portion of the inquiry for himself by the comparisons which Mr. Wright's detailed descriptions and Mr. Fairholt's numerous and correct illustrations will so readily supply to him. There are, indeed, several ways in which a work like the present is calculated to interest the general reader as well as the student of history, but none, perhaps, is more prominent than the feeling of curiosity which is common to all of learning something of the manners and sentiments of former days, in order that they may see the contrast with those of our own time, and discover in them the origin of many of the characteristics of modern society.

It is not adding anything to the literary or intellectual merits of a work to announce that it is handsomely and appropriately brought out, but it is always a source of gratification to be able to say that a work of permanent interest and utility, and which should be in every library, has also been rendered in all respects suitable for the modern drawing-room table.

HOW WE ARE GOVERNED.*

ALTHOUGH Englishmen are generally agreed as to the merits of their government, and would be sorry to exchange it for any other form—except, perhaps, when some gross misprision makes them sigh for an hour of enlightened despotism—it is remarkable what very crass ideas Englishmen possess about their glorious constitution. The reason for this, however, is very simple: as they enjoy perfect liberty and their rights are never encroached upon, and as, moreover, the constitution is the result of a system of compromise and not a loan from a monarch who may take it into his head to recal it—as the Elector of Hesse Cassel has been so long attempting—Englishmen, as a rule, do not trouble themselves about the basis of the governmental system, being quite satisfied so long as it works properly. The Germans, on the other hand, study the constitution of England very closely, as an encouragement and excitement, and hardly a year passes but some new and comprehensive work is produced in that country, in which the merits and defects of our system are impartially discussed. Of such is the work which forms the staple of our article, and though our space will not allow us to deal with so vast a subject *in extenso*, we will here and there excerpt passages, either quaint or curious, which Dr. Fischel's indefatigable research has enabled him to exhume from the buried stores of our statutes.

England, as our author justly observes, is the land of the greatest social inequality, and of the greatest legal equality. There is not an English girl, however low her origin may be, who could not with the Queen's permission marry the Prince of Wales to-morrow, and her children would have a perfect claim to the succession. On the other side, England possesses the proudest and most energetic aristocracy in the world; but it is a political institution, not a political caste. As the English nation has its roots in the lowest strata, it has remained thoroughly aristocratic in manners and history. The nation also owes a debt of gratitude to the aristocracy, as an institution, for the preservation of the national freedom. The families of the great barons have died out, but the necessity that impelled them to appeal to the common law of England against a despot has preserved the aristocracy, at the same time as it defended England against the tyrannies of small dynasts, and the revolution of one class of society against another. The inequality existing in England, therefore, is not decided by the rank, so much as by aristocratic customs and the amount of fortune, and, under such circumstances, it is natural that the needy man should be excluded from the government. As a distinguished English author has remarked: "In England to be poor is the same as to be vicious." But it is not the less true that the equality before the law, which continental nations only gained after lengthened contests, has existed in England for centuries. This equality is the cardinal point of all English constitutional rights, and the fact that it has practically become the exclusive possession of the wealthy classes, does not deprive the principle of its majesty. According to a German chronicler of the

* Die Verfassung Englands. Dargestellt von Dr. Eduard Fischel. Berlin: F. Schneider.

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fifteenth century, at the coronation of Edward IV., there were only two English dukes existing out of fifteen. After the battle of Tewkesbury, it has been said that a Norman baron was as rare in England as a wolf now is. When Henry VII. summoned his first parliament—only twenty-nine temporal peers appeared: of these only five families exist at the present day, and of these the Howards are not of Norman blood. Nothing, therefore, says Dr. Fischel, is more comical than reading the fictitious genealogies to be found in our peerage. The family of Lord Holland, according to Collins, existed in England prior to the Norman conquest. The family itself, however, is more modest, and merely claims to be descended from a certain Palafox, cast on the British coast from the Spanish Armada in 1588. The real origin of the family is dubious; some writers say that its founder was a chorister at Salisbury cathedral in the reign of Charles II.; while others state that he was footman to the same king. Hence, the majority of the English nobility have reason to show the genealogical microscope. Thus, the heiress of the Percys, Elizabeth, daughter of Algernon, the last Duke of Somerset in the younger line, married in the reign of George II. Sir Hugo Smithson, the grandson of a coachman. This Smithson obtained the title of Duke of Northumberland, which his descendants still hold. George II. was wont to say that the best gentleman in England was Lord Denbigh, because he was descended from the Count of Hapsburg. Still the nobility retained their social position, because they were constantly recruited from the talent and wealth of the country, and in this way they have retained the necessary "nimbus," which has frequently sufficed to render equality before the law illusory. Under George II. it was regarded as a great concession to public opinion that Lord Ferrers was hanged for murder. The king, who belonged to a new dynasty, insisted, and his lordship was hanged—with a silken rope.

Serfdom existed in England up to the reign of Richard II. Through the growth of the towns many villeins became free, who either went to them with their master's permission or secretly. If a serf remained in a privileged town for a year and a day without being claimed he became free. How quickly serfdom died out is proved by the fact that the rebels under Wat Tyler (1381) demanded the abolition of serfdom, while the followers of Jack Cade (1450) did not include this among their demands. Thomas Smith, private secretary to Edward VI. and Elizabeth, states that he had never known a trial relating to the recovery of a serf. Under the Tudors, the only serfs to be found were on the estates of the Church, monasteries, and bishops, but this slavery was often voluntary. The serfs on the crown estates were emancipated by Elizabeth in 1574, and the last traces of personal serfdom are found in the reign of James I. For all that, though, the free labourers and liberated serfs were not entirely free. The plague of 1348 had rendered labour dear, and the state interfered on behalf of the landowners. A statute of Edward III. arbitrarily regulated wages; every labourer was bound, when called upon, to work for a certain daily wage. Even artisans and members of guilds were forced to help in getting in the harvest for a stipulated payment: if such a workman went off without permission he was put in prison and branded. When a noble competed with a commoner for hiring labourers, the latter was obliged to give way. This system remained in force for two hundred years, and was rendered severer in the

reign of Richard II. by a decree that no workman was to leave his hundred, or wapentake, without letters patent under the royal seal. By 7 Henry IV., c. 17, only such persons could apprentice their children to trades who possessed an annual 20s. ground-rent.

Modern English law, we need hardly say, only recognises free men. All Englishmen are equal before the law, and there are no privileges of rank, those possessed by peers and peeresses being merely personal. By law the son of a peasant can attain the highest dignities in Church and State. A *mésalliance* between noble and commoner is as strange to the English law as freedom of taxation for the great nobles. An obsolete statute forbade the marriage of a noble ward with a man belonging to the citizen or peasant class, but if she were fourteen years of age at the time of her marriage, and had married without pressure, it was valid. Elizabeth, in order to prevent *mésalliances*, ordered that no peer should marry without her sanction, but this statute was also repealed under the Stuarts. The English nobility do not represent an estate but an office. In addition to the seat in the Upper House which an English peer can occupy, he has the right of being tried by the House of Lords on charges of treason and felony, but this is only a result of *Magna Charta*, which declared that every Englishman accused of treason and felony should be tried by his peers. The greatest peer of the realm, however, can be tried for misdemeanour by a jury of commoners. Scotch peers also possess this privilege, whether they sit in the House of Lords or not. Irish peers enjoy all the privilege of English peers, unless they are members of the House of Commons, and in that case are tried as commoners. English peers who are not of age, and consequently have not got a seat in the House of Lords, can only be tried by a jury of their peers. Bishops are not reckoned among the nobility, and are tried for any offence by the ordinary courts. Peers and peeresses, moreover, cannot be arrested for debt, but this privilege solely emanates from their office as permanent advisers of the crown. Lastly, any insult to a peer is a "*scandalum magnatum*." With these three things the principal privileges of the nobility are exhausted. In a court of law, for instance, a peer who, in the House of Lords gives his evidence upon his honour, is sworn as witness like any other Englishman.

The peerage is hereditary in the male line, and women can succeed in default of male heirs, and hand down the title to their children. The title dies out in the case of the last holder being succeeded by several daughters, but the king can grant the title to one of several sisters, and can also make any lady he pleases a peeress in her own right. In this way Canning's widow was raised to the peerage. There have been no cases of ladies being raised to the peerage for life since the reign of George II., and Lord Brougham considers such appointments illegal, owing to the long non-usus. A peeress by birth does not lose her rank if she marry a commoner. If she has attained her rank by marriage, however, she loses it by re-marriage with a commoner. If a duchess—no matter whether so by birth or marriage—marry another peer, an earl or baron, she remains a duchess, because her husband is noble, and all noblemen are equal, or peers. The king can create new English and Irish, but not Scotch peers. The peerage is lost by death or bill of attainder. In the reign of Edward IV., George Neville, Duke of Bedford, was degraded by act of parliament for his poverty, which prevented

him supporting his rank, but this instance is isolated in history. The eldest son of a peer, unless he sit in the House of Lords—as is often the case with the eldest sons of dukes, marquises, and earls, and has twice been so with the sons of simple barons—is a commoner, and has legally no more privileges than a costermonger. Every Englishman who does not sit in the House of Lords is consequently a commoner, but in the stricter sense every man is a commoner who has a vote.

The Saxon king was chief of a free confederation, and as such bore the title “Basileus of Britain, King of all its Nations, the Monarch of Albion.” The crown was only hereditary under certain conditions, and minors could not succeed. Alfred based his claims on his father’s will, an agreement with his brother Ethelred, and the assent of the people. He excluded the sons of his elder brother from the succession. William the Conqueror claimed possession of England as legal successor of the Saxon king, and thus expressly recognised the common law of the Saxons, although his government was the most perfect negation of it. But the *de facto* absolute monarchy broke down as the strong princes disappeared and the barons had to decide between pretenders and usurpers. According to English authorities, the restriction of the royal power and acts, through the law, commenced with the Plantagenets. The axiom that “the king can do no wrong” does not represent majesty as so sacred as not to be able to do wrong, but that the law has so arranged matters that the king is unable to do it. Hence, any one who obeys the king against the law, and thus affords a reason to violate this principle, is criminal. The Stuarts were the first who attempted to import the Byzantine ideas of royalty. The consequences of this theory were two revolutions and the downfall of the Stuarts.

The title of the kings has been repeatedly altered. William I. and Henry I. called themselves *Rex Anglorum*; Henry II. *Rex Angliæ, Dux Normaninæ*. Under Henry VIII. the crown was called imperial and the kingdom an empire, in order to indicate the power of a king freed from all foreign supremacy. Henry called himself “By the Grace of God, King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith and the Church of England, and also of Ireland, on earth the Supreme Head.” The title of King of France was borne by English kings up to January 1, 1801, and the lilies were at that time abolished from the royal arms. Up to that time England had recognised in diplomatic communication a most Christian king, but not a King of France. Even James II., when at St. Germain’s was titular King of France by a fiction. Louis XVIII. was, therefore, the first King of France with whom England entered into diplomatic intercourse. The title which George III. assumed, in 1801, of “*Dei Gratia Britanniarum Rex, Fidei Defensor*,” is still retained. The king is the representative of the state, externally and internally, and is the fountain of all offices, dignities, and justice. According to a fiction, he is personally present in all the law courts, and is the prosecutor in all state and criminal trials. He is the visible Head of the Church, and all the revenues of the commonwealth are his. Parliament is also only an emanation from his might; he summons and closes it; appoints peers, and dissolves parliament. He is the actual bearer of the legislative power, and his assent makes bills binding laws, which he cannot alter, however, once that he has accepted them. In the same way, he cannot tax his subjects without their assent.

The feeling of the English nation, with the exception, perhaps, of a portion of the ruling Whig classes and some radical elements in the towns, is strongly monarchical, and in the king's person the symbol of authority is far more enthusiastically honoured than it is on the Continent.

The natural allegiance of an Englishman to his monarch begins with the birth of the former, and cannot be got rid of by emigration, because the relations cannot be altered by one of the parties. The English crown is hereditary according to the law of the land and not by right divine. Hence there is no absolute right of succession. The king and parliament can exclude any one from the throne, and summon by law more distant relatives to succeed. The Exclusion Bill, rejected by the Lords in the reign of Charles II., was not rejected because its legality was doubted, but merely its necessity. William and Mary, and Anne, attained the throne, not by inheritance, but by "descent and purchase." All efforts were made, however, to combine the succession and the revolutionary title so far as possible. The Tories, in the reign of Queen Anne, tried to show the queen's right of succession as coming direct from Edward the Confessor. In this way she was enabled to cure scrofula by touching, which her revolutionary predecessor had not even deigned to attempt. Coronation does not give the king any rights he did not previously possess, for the king never dies, and hence no interregnum is possible; nor is the coronation required to give the king his rights. By the coronation, however, any doubts as to the legality of the king are removed, while the oath he takes confirms the relations between prince and people. If the king refused to take this oath, or to be crowned, that refusal would be regarded as an abdication. All acts, however, which the king had passed prior to coronation would remain valid. As the King of England must be a Protestant, his joining another creed would also be regarded as an act of abdication. In the same way, if the king married a Catholic, it would lead to the loss of the crown.

The queen consort enjoys certain privileges which do not fall to the share of ordinary women. She can sell, inherit, and let land without requiring her husband's consent. She can appear in court as plaintiff or defendant without the king; and, in short, the law generally regards her as a "femme sole." Sir Edward Coke gives, as a reason for this exception from the common law, that the king must not be troubled with domestic affairs. She cannot, however, dispose of palaces and matters left her for her life; but she pays no customs dues, and is free from pecuniary fines. In those cases where the law does not make a special exception on her behalf, her legal affairs must be settled according to the common law. With regard to the personal protection of the queen consort, it is the same as for the king. It is high treason to kill or injure her. If the queen consort be guilty of adultery, she, as well as the adulterer, is punished for high treason. After a statute passed upon the execution of Catharine Howard, it is high treason for a queen to have been unchaste prior to her marriage. The coronation of a queen consort is not regarded as absolutely necessary. No one is allowed to marry a queen dowager without the permission of the king. If she marry a peer or a commoner, however, she retains her royal title. Plots against her life, criminal attempts on her person, and concubinage, are not regarded as high treason. Any plot against the heir-apparent, his consort, and the

princess royal, as well as adultery committed with these two princesses, is high treason. The king has the right to look after the education of his grandchildren, even if their parents be still living. By the Royal Marriage Act of 12 Geo. III., no prince or princess, descended from George II., can marry before the age of twenty-five without the royal assent. When beyond that age, should the king refuse his consent, the privy council must be informed of the fact. If the Houses of Parliament do not object within a year, they can legally marry without the assent.

The privy council is a very ancient institution. In the sixteenth century it generally consisted of the five ministers, who formed a sub-committee, two bishops, and twelve other lords. These five ministers were: the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, the Marshal of England, the Chancellor, and the Treasurer. The privy council generally sat in the presence of the king, from eight to nine A.M. It discussed first the affairs of the king, and then legal affairs. During the reign of the Lancasters many complaints were made of the interference of the privy council in the government, and the members were generally instruments of the king. Under the Stuarts the number of the privy council was at first twelve, but when Sir W. Temple reconstructed it, in 1679, Charles II., by his advice, nominated the fifteen highest officials, ten lords and five commoners, members. At the present day the number is unlimited, and any Englishman can become a member, but no naturalised Englishman, as was stipulated by the Act of Settlement. Still parliament can make exceptions, as in the case of Leopold of Belgium and the late king consort. The revolution of 1688 led once more to government by a committee of the privy council or cabinet, which has since obtained the entire authority. This change met at first with violent opposition. Somers called the cabinet an innovation invented by bad ministers. It was an unheard-of thing that such affairs as war and peace should be discussed by a secret cabal, and passed *pro forma* through the privy council, in order to obtain from the nation the necessary authority for the resolutions of a cabal. By the Act of Settlement the standing practice of cabinets was declared illegal, and the privy council sprang once again into full authority by the death-bed of Queen Anne. Bolingbroke and the majority of his cabinet had already decided on the recall of the Stuart, when the Dukes of Argyll and Somerset entered the room where the cabinet had assembled uninvited, but in their character of privy councillors. The privy council was then summoned, and the Hanoverian succession was settled by a majority of votes. The cabinet hides its existence from the nation, and, as Sir G. C. Lewis declared, in a speech he made on July 20, 1859, in reply to a member who wished to learn the members of the new cabinet, the constitution of England does not recognise a cabinet, and the House of Commons never acknowledged the existence of such a council. Macaulay, though a zealous defender of the cabinet government, and though he called its opponents "old-fashioned politicians," was obliged to concede that a cabinet is strange to our laws. Coxe even goes further, and says distinctly, "I am glad that the expressions minister, premier, cabinet, and administration, are as strange to our language as to our laws." Legally, therefore, the privy council has retained all its privileges, and the Queen in council issues all important proclamations, declarations of war, &c.; but the cabinet has settled all

these matters beforehand, and they are merely sanctioned as a matter of form by the council.

The House of Lords is the next institution which claims our attention. Its members are unsettled, for the crown has the right to create as many peers as it pleases. As Lord Lyndhurst said, "The king can legally summon one hundred peers at once, and raise a battalion of guards to the peerage." The present peerage is, as we have seen, very young. Henry VII. began his government with twenty-four temporal and five spiritual peers. Henry VIII. raised the number of temporal lords to fifty-one; and Elizabeth created seven new peers. Under the Stuarts the Upper House was recruited from the most distinguished landed gentry and jurists. The most powerful noblemen of the century that preceded the civil war, the Dukes of Somerset, Northumberland, and Buckingham, the Earls of Leicester and Stafford, Lords Seymour and Burleigh, had all been commoners, and owed their elevation to court favour or their parliamentary importance. James I. created ninety-eight, Charles I. one hundred and thirty, Charles II. one hundred and thirty-seven, and James II. eleven new peers. After the Revolution, William III. summoned forty-six, and Queen Anne forty-seven new peers. When Lord Oxford created twelve new peers at once, he was accused of having improperly strengthened the crown, and this was one of the charges in his impeachment. In consequence of this, George I. proposed, in 1719, to close the peerage, and only allow the king to create fresh ones in lieu of those that died out. This measure was admirably adapted to convert the nobility into a caste, and reduce the English state to an imitation of the Swedish, Polish, and Venetian oligarchies. Robert Walpole violently attacked the bill, and it was rejected by a considerable majority. The House of Hanover afterwards made the most extensive use of this prerogative. George I. created sixty, George II. ninety new peers. From 1761 to 1821, three hundred and eighty-eight persons were raised to the peerage. An assembly like the present House of Lords is, therefore, merely a collection of notables, distinguished by birth, fortune, learning, or official position.

In the Upper House sit the two archbishops and twenty-four English bishops, the Bishop of Sodor and Man being allowed to sit, but not to vote. The junior bishop has no seat, but the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester, must always be in the House of Lords. Since the union with Ireland, one archbishop and three bishops also sit, who relieve one another by rotation of sessions. All bishops are lords of parliament, but not peers. They are allowed to vote upon a bill of attainder when it is not a case of life and death. Coke assumes that the bishops sit in the Upper House as representatives of their baronies, which formed part of their bishoprics, but the more generally received opinion is that of Bishop Warburton, to the effect that it is a privilege which has grown connected through custom with the episcopal dignity.

In 1860 there were one hundred and ninety-three Irish peers, among them the King of Hanover, as Earl of Armagh. Seventy-one of these are peers of the United Kingdom. In the House of Lords there are twenty other peers, elected for life according to the act of union. Those Irish peers are eligible who do not sit in the House of Commons. The number of Irish peers who are not peers of the United Kingdom can always

be raised to one hundred. At the present time twenty-two Irish peerages have expired, and by the act of union the Queen can only create one new peerage for each three that expire. When an Irish peer sits in the Lower House he loses his privileges. Since the union with Scotland, sixteen Scottish peers sit in the House of Lords, who are elected by their fellows for the term of parliament. As the crown can create no new Scottish peers, they form a close electoral body. When summoned to elect representatives they dare do nothing else, under the penalty of *præmunire*. At each dissolution of parliament they are summoned to a fresh election. In 1856 the attempt was made to create life peerages, but such a case had not been known for four hundred years. Coke certainly acknowledges the right of the king to appoint these peers, but such an opposition was raised against the measure, which was thought to imperil the independence of the House of Lords, that government gave up the attempt.

Any bill affecting the privilege of the House of Lords must be introduced in that House, and cannot be amended by the Commons. The peers are also free from arrest during the parliamentary session. According to the *Charta de Foresta*, 9th Henry III., any lord, when passing through the royal woods, is allowed to kill two deer. The peers as a corporation still form the highest council of the crown. Formerly they frequently met of their own accord to advise the king; and each lord has the right to advise the king, and for this purpose can request an audience, which must not be refused. The Irish and Scotch peers, even if they do not sit in the Upper House, possess the same right. No peer can take his seat till he is of age. The right of voting by proxy sprang up in the reign of Edward I. At that time the plenipotentiaries of the peers were mere letter-carriers; but, in the reign of Henry VIII., peers began to represent each other. During the reign of Charles I. the Duke of Buckingham once held fourteen proxies, and, in consequence of this, a regulation was made that no peer should have more than two. The holder of a proxy is not bound to vote in accordance with it. Under Henry III., the protests of outvoted minorities sprang up, and every peer possesses the right of inserting his reasons for a dissenting vote in the Journal of the House. Three peers form a House, and it is generally very empty. On April 7, 1854, the bill creating the new Court of Probate passed by seven votes against five. The Lord Chancellor is Speaker of the House of Lords. If he is not a peer, he is only allowed to attend to the rules, but not to take part in the debate. This was the case with Brougham and Sir Edward Sugden before they were raised to the peerage. The chief official of the House of Lords, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, is appointed by the Queen. He summons the Commons to the bar, and arrests persons guilty of breach of privilege. His subordinate is the yeoman usher, whom he himself nominates.

The Lower House is regarded as the representative of all the Commons of England, but, practically, only certain corporations, counties, and cities are represented. As, during the middle ages, taxation was merely a contract between the corporations represented and the king, the omission of market towns was regarded not as a humiliation, but a privilege. Towns frequently petitioned for the right of being excluded from the representation. Up to 8th Henry VI. universal suffrage seems to have prevailed in the counties; but this act regulated that the knights of the shire should henceforth be elected by 40s. freeholders, about equal to

12*l.* in Queen Anne's reign, and 20*l.* at the time of the Reform Bill. The number of knights sent by the counties varied : being two, three, and four. As each county, however, appeared at the old parliaments as a unit, and the representatives had to obey their instructions, the number of members made but little difference. The representatives of the counties gradually became a strange confusion owing to the changes of land tenure that took place. In 1685, there were one hundred and sixty thousand small freeholders, but they eventually disappeared, and their place was taken by farmers. In this way sprang up a very strange disproportion between electors and representatives.

The towns, as we have seen, were arbitrarily summoned to parliament and as arbitrarily released from the obligation. At the twenty-third parliament of Edward I., all the cities, and many boroughs and towns, were represented, which at a later date returned no members. In the reign of Henry VI., York and Scarborough returned members, and the sheriff answered that no other towns in Yorkshire were capable of electing representatives. Under the Tudors many towns were ordered to return members, but they were generally places dependent of the crown. When the right of returning members began to attain a value, many towns asserted their claims. With the Stuarts the House of Commons was closed, and from 1673 up to the Reform Bill no town obtained the right of representation. It was not the population, but the corporation of the town that was represented in parliament. It is true that, in 1623, a committee of the House declared that in boroughs all those persons who had a house possessed the right of voting ; but this right gradually passed into the hands of the municipal government. At Grimsby, Bristol, and Hull, the right of voting was attained by marrying a citizen's daughter. Many such marriages took place before an election : in 1790 there were sixty in Grimsby alone, and the vote was regarded as the girl's dowry. Up to the reign of William III., the Warden of the Cinque Ports had the right of returning a baron for each of them. The result was, that the House of Commons remained for a hundred and fifty years a close, oligarchical body, which was called theoretically "the democratic portion of the English constitution."

The rotten boroughs occupied a grand place in the electoral system. These places, which owed their existence to the desire of the Tudors to possess a servile majority, passed with time into the hands of families, who returned one or more members at a pretended election. It is true, though, that very talented men at times entered parliament through the system : we may instance Pitt and Sheridan, who both sat for rotten boroughs in 1781. The most notorious of all was Old Sarum. This old chalk-range, on which at the time of the Reform Bill only five or six poor houses stood, was a deserted place in the reign of Richard I., still it retained up to 1832 the right of returning two members, though an author of the sixteenth century calls it "*omnino desertum*." The residents in the five houses were at the end twelve : an attorney or servant of the owner generally elected the two members. Through Governor Pitt, the possessor of a large diamond, Old Sarum passed into the hands of that celebrated family. "His descendants," says an author of the last century, "have as good an hereditary right to a seat in the House as the Earls of Arundel to sit in the House of Lords." It is said of Lord Camelford, who nominated Horne Took for Old Sarum, that he

threatened if the House of Commons was not satisfied with his choice, to return two chimney-sweeps for Old Sarum. The rotten boroughs were openly bought and sold; although Jews and Catholics could not sit in parliament, no one could prevent them buying these boroughs, and exerting a decided influence in politics. So far back as 1714, Lady Montagu writes to her husband: "The best thing would be to entrust a certain sum to a safe friend and buy a small Cornish borough." In 1761 nabobs made their first appearance as buyers of seats, and in 1766 Sudbury was put up to public auction. In 1784 Winchelsea had three voters, and was in the possession of a rich nabob. Bossiney, in Cornwall, had only one elector, and a borough the sea had swallowed up was still represented. The owner of the beach on which it used to stand would row out in a boat with the three electors, and perform the farce of an election. In 1790 there were thirty boroughs with three hundred and seventy-five electors, who sent sixty members to parliament, among them being Tiverton, with fourteen electors. In Tavistock ten freeholders, at St. Michael's seven scot and lot voters, elected a member a piece. The disproportion between members and population was even more remarkable: London, Middlesex, and Westminster, with a land-tax of 307,140*l.*, only sent eight members, while Cornwall, that paid 31,976*l.*, sent forty-four representatives. Prior to the Reform Bill the House of Commons was thus composed:

87 English peers nominated	218	members
21 Scotch	31	"
36 Irish	51	"
	300	"
123 large landholders	171	"
The ministry directly	16	"
The independent	171	"
	658	"

As Sydney Smith complained, the country belonged to the Duke of Rutland, Lord Langdale, the Duke of Newcastle, and twenty other borough owners. The aristocratic constitution of the House will be seen by the following analysis of the parliament of 1789:

Irish peers and sons of English peers	216
County squires	190
Officers of the army and navy	50
Members connected with the East India Company	35
Lawyers	36
Merchants	31

The electoral system in Scotland and Ireland was even worse than in England. Edinburgh and Glasgow had only thirty-three electors. The right of voting in the counties was based on what were called *super-marials*, which were openly sold. In 1831 there were only two thousand five hundred county voters, and no county had more than two hundred and forty, of whom only a very small minority voted. In the county of Herts, within the memory of man, only one voter had appeared, who returned himself. The Scotch lords nominated nearly all the members, and sold themselves with their protégés to the ministry. In Ireland, two-thirds of the hundred members were nominated by fifty or sixty influential members. The thoroughly aristocratic character of the House

of Commons in the eighteenth century explains its similar tendencies. In 1617 a Sibthorp, member for Lincoln, preached passive obedience, and we find the same family representing the same district at the present day. In the parliament of 1714 there sat :

A Drake	for Amersham
„ Musgrave	„ Carlisle
„ Cholmondeley	„ Cheshire
„ Bathurst	„ Cirencester
„ Lowther	„ Cumberland
„ Wynn	„ Denbigh
„ Foley	„ Hereford
„ Eliot	„ St. Germain's
„ Berkeley	„ Gloucestershire
„ Hinchinbrook	„ Huntingdon
„ Walpole	„ Lynn
„ Wentworth	„ Malton
„ Cartwright	„ Northamptonshire
„ Vernon	„ Stafford
„ Cecil	„ Stamford, &c. &c.

whose descendants nearly all sit in the present parliament, like hereditary representatives, and have survived the Reform Bill like the Sibthorps.

This assembly of oligarchs could only be moved by two methods : through bribery and the desire of the members to become popular. Such a powerful esprit de corps was developed in the Lower House that it became to some extent a counterpoise of the autocratic supremacy. At a later date the control of publicity was added, and many an aristocratic member sought to strengthen his power inside the House by external influence. But the House was so little a representative of the people that George II. could fairly answer, when Pitt told him that the House of Commons desired mercy to be shown Admiral Byng, "You have taught me, sir, to seek the opinion of the nation elsewhere than in the House of Commons." As only one hundred and forty English members were really elected prior to the Union, and these members formed the balance between the two aristocratic camps, the elections were fiercely contested in these towns. Bribery was the rule, and the first known case occurred so far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In 1571 a certain Thomas Long bribed the borough of Westbury with 4*l*. : the mayor and aldermen, however, were compelled to refund the money. Long lost his seat, and Westbury was disfranchised. In the eighteenth century bribery prevailed in every borough, except those depending on the aristocracy, where it was superfluous. Thus there was immense bribery at the election of 1761, and Foote makes an elector say in one of his comedies, "When I first became voter I could only obtain thirty guineas for a pair of riding-boots, while my neighbour opposite was so lucky as to get a fifty-pound note for a pair of leather breeches." In 1790 a gooseberry-bush was sold for 600*l*. Such were some of the ingenious ways in which the law against bribery was evaded. In 1768 the mayor and aldermen of Oxford offered to re-elect the old members if they agreed to pay the debts of the corporation. They consented, the election duly took place, and the House of Commons sent the voting body to Newgate for five days. On the other hand, in 1826, the corporation of Northampton employed a portion of the city funds to return a ministerial candidate. Other means beside bribery

were employed : thus, in 1784, two Catholics of high family became Protestants, in order to be returned to parliament.

The poll lasted at contested elections for forty days. During this time all the public-houses were open to the voters, who were regaled at the expense of the candidates. Thus the expenses became enormous : in 1784 the election for Westminster cost Fox 18,000*l*. The Earl of Spence, in 1768, spent 70,000*l*. over an election at Northampton. At the same time the value of the rotten boroughs increased immensely : in 1767, Lord Chesterfield writes to his son that they could be had for 3000*l*. to 5000*l*., but they soon rose to 9000*l*., and before the election of 1774, Gattos fetched 70,000*l*. In 1830, Lord Monson is said to have paid 180,000*l*. for this borough, which returned two members, and as it was disfranchised two years later by the Reform Bill, it was a very unfortunate investment. Under such circumstances things must have been very bad for a borough to be disfranchised ; but this was the case with Shoreham, which belonged to a rich Indian nabob. When the bill to this effect was introduced, Lord Chatham said, " I am glad that Shoreham has returned from Bengal to its old place in Sussex." Another nabob's borough—Cricklade—was also disfranchised in 1782.

In the eighteenth century the power of the court was only employed in bribery, removal of customs, and dismissal of employées, when court and cabinet were agreed. But under the Tudors and Stuarts the crown openly interfered in the elections with all its authority. Thus Edward VI. ordered the sheriffs to see that persons recommended by the Privy Council were returned, and Mary, in 1554, instructed them to elect good Catholics. So far back as Edward I. interference by force of arms and personal interference was prohibited, and the Bill of Rights, while declaring that elections should be free, confirmed the old law.

Such a defective electoral system could not fail to attract criticism at an early period. Even in the reign of Elizabeth people talked about rotten boroughs, and Cromwell disfranchised in favour of those cities which were not yet represented. The Restoration, however, brought back the old state of things, and the attacks upon it were also renewed. We have seen how far it diverged from Chatham's principle, that representation and taxation must hang together, and that great statesman was not indisposed to parliamentary reform, and even proposed to add one hundred county members. After this scheme failed, in 1760, and the Duke of Richmond had proposed, in 1780, universal suffrage and annual parliaments, Pitt, in 1782, brought forward a motion to appoint a committee to inquire into the representation of the country, which was defeated by 161 against 141. Burke declared in a private letter that parliament was now, and had ever been, what it ought to be, and that any one who tried to reform it would be attempting to overthrow the constitution. The French Revolution put a stop to all attempted reforms by turning the higher classes away from the movement, until Lord Russell's bill was passed in 1832. We need not dwell on this subject further, or the attempts made to introduce fresh reforms since, which our author, however, describes most correctly. After alluding to the still existing inequalities, he adds, " To create something better, without endangering the entire building of the constitution, is immensely difficult, and perhaps impossible under existing circumstances." Would that our political tinkers would only act on this suggestion.

We will pass over Dr. Fischel's account of the system of petitioning against a return, as familiar to our readers, and string together a few facts perhaps not so well known. The only instance of refusing the Chiltern Hundreds to a member was offered by Lord North, in 1775; but no member can resign of his own accord, which explains the difficulty that has just taken place in Lambeth. The House of Commons also reserves the right of expelling members whose election is not contested. Thus, in 1581, Arthur Hall, member for Grantham, was expelled for publishing an absolutistic book, sent to the Tower, and fined five hundred pounds. In 1679 Colonel Sackville was expelled for ridiculing the Popish plot. In 1698 a Mr. Wollaston was expelled, but after his re-election, took his seat again in the same parliament. Robert Walpole was turned out, in 1711, for notorious bribery, and declared unfitted for election, but for all that, was returned again. When Mr. Taylor, the candidate of the minority, petitioned against this re-election, it was declared valid. In 1721 Aislabie was expelled for corruption in the affair of the South Sea Company; and in 1727, John Ward, of Hackney, for forgery. In 1714, Steele was expelled, for a pretended seditious pamphlet, "The Crisis." Blackstone, however, stated in the first edition of his work, that parliament had no right to exclude a properly elected member. In the second edition, however, he altered his views, and accepted a new parliamentary custom as law. From that time it became the fashion at opposition banquets to drink to the "first edition of 'Blackstone's Commentaries.'" This change in Blackstone's views was effected by the measures the ministry took against Wilkes. Wilkes, who in 1762 had been illegally persecuted by parliament for an article in the *North Briton*, in which he reproached Bute with his treachery to Frederick the Great, was returned for Middlesex in 1769. The king, however, wrote to Lord North, "I consider it most necessary to inform you that Wilkes's expulsion appears very expedient, and must be effected." This expulsion took place on February 3, 1769, on account of a libel, which parliament declared to be "an impudent and unfounded calumny." Wilkes being excluded, parliament declared that Luttrell, the candidate of the minority, was duly elected, and allowed him to vote. Lord North only defended this measure "on the grounds of expediency." In 1782 the resolution against Wilkes was solemnly erased from the parliamentary journals, after he had ceased to be disagreeable. In 1814 Lord Cochrane was expelled for spreading false reports on 'Change, by a majority of 140 against 40. He was, however, re-elected for Westminster, and the new election was not declared invalid. The House of Commons is competent when 40 members are present. Prior to the Union with Ireland, a house of 508 members was considered one of the fullest. On June 10, 1859, only 21 members were absent, and Lord Derby's administration was overthrown by a majority of 323 against 310. As a rule, the House is only too often extremely remiss in its legislative functions. Thus there were only 44 voters present at the passing of the highly important Nuisance Removal Bill; but, then, it was not a party question.

Parliamentary law is a portion of the unwritten law of the land. In 1704 both Houses agreed that neither House could create new privileges or make any regulations, except regulations of existing privileges which were already guaranteed by the law and custom of parliament. Parlia-

mentary privileges refer either to the corporation or to the members. In the former capacity, parliament is the highest adviser of the crown. While every peer, however, has the right to demand an audience, the Lower House can always demand access to the king, but only *in corperi*, and with the Speaker at its head. The ideas of the omnipotence of parliament are not new. The Mad Parliament of Oxford declared, in 1258, that it was the highest authority in the land. Sir Matthew Hale remarks: "Parliament is the greatest and highest court. No jurisdiction in the whole kingdom stands above it. Should it ever give way to abuses, the subjects of this kingdom have no help." Lord Chancellor Burleigh says: "England can never be ruined except by a parliament." What the parliament does—the king, of course, included—parliament alone, and no other power on earth, can destroy, for it has, according to Blackstone, absolute authority, and is omnipotent. De Lolme lays down that parliament can do anything that is not impossible. "Hence it cannot make a woman of a man or a man of a woman." Either House, in questions of privilege, can emancipate itself from all protecting forms, and arrest people by means of a resolution. In its quality as legislator parliament can punish any man in person, life, estate, and honour by a legislative act which does not require to be preceded by investigation. When local institutions are deficient, it necessarily interferes in administrative matters. Parliament alters the cab-fares and orders the Thames to be filtered. The same body which to-day declares against the two sentries that guard the booth of Buddha, in Ceylon, which passes laws that are binding on the followers of Vishna, and to-morrow quarrels with the printer of a hole-and-corner paper, will on the next day enter the lists where the various railway and canal interests are contending. Hence, there is hardly a sphere of English social life in which parliament cannot display its omnipotence. In questions of privilege parliament is judge in its own cause, and allows no interference of the law-courts. The judges have, during the present century, frequently defended the independence of justice against parliamentary attacks. The celebrated case of *Stockdale versus Hansard* is one of the most remarkable of the conflicts between parliament and the courts, and, after a very lengthened squabble, which our readers will probably remember, the matter was settled by an act being passed through the House declaring the parliamentary printer irresponsible. Still, the present position of the question of privilege is most unsatisfactory, as parliament puts forward claims which the judges refuse to recognise.

Questions of privilege have before now sprung up between the two Houses of Parliament. The House of Lords, sitting in appeal, declared that electors had a right to bring an action against a returning officer who interfered with their electoral claims. The Lower House, however, in 1704, declared that such a complaint was a breach of privilege. In the same year, however, five burgesses of Aylesbury brought such an action against the town constabulary for preventing them from voting. The plaintiffs and their solicitors were sent to Newgate by command of the Lower House, and a *habeas corpus* writ was refused them by the judges. The matter was taken up by the Lords, but as the prorogation intervened it remained undecided. When parliament prosecutes persons it has houses broken into, and the civil and military authorities must lend their assistance. In 1810 the house-door of Sir Francis Burdett was

forced by the troops, who conveyed him as a prisoner to the Tower. Sir Francis brought an action against the Speaker and the sergeant-at-arms, but both were acquitted, and Lord Ellenborough on this occasion expressed his opinion that parliament has as much right as any court of law to punish contempt of court. Parliament loftily overrides the ordinary forms: a man arrested by its orders is not let out on bail, nor is his offence specified in the warrant. When parliament feels aggrieved with the printer of a newspaper, a copy must be produced by the informer. At the present day most breaches of privilege are connected with the press, because in this case antiquated resolutions are obstinately adhered to. In order to protect itself against the crown the Lower House declared, on July 13, 1641, that no member could print a speech or give a copy of it away without permission of the House. On March 28, 1642, the publication of parliamentary debates was expressly prohibited. A standing order of the House of Lords, dated February 27, 1698, declares it a breach of privilege to print or propagate anything relating to the discussions of the House without its permission. In 1728 and 1738 the Commons resolved to proceed with extreme severity against the publishers of parliamentary reports, but for all that they were printed. The *London Magazine* gave them as "Debates in the Political Club," the *Gentleman's Magazine* as "Debates of the Senate of Lilliput," and the public soon learned to recognise the English faces behind the Roman masks. In 1770 more extensive reports began to appear, published by a Mr. Miller, a liveryman of London. When summoned to appear at the bar of the House he stayed away, and the City arrested the sergeant-at-arms for a breach of its privileges. For this, mayor and aldermen were sent to the Tower, but the opposition wore out the majority by twenty-two divisions on this case of privilege, and Miller was not troubled any further. From this year it became the practice to ignore reports of the debates. The reporters, however, were not allowed to make any notes, and in 1807 a reporter was denounced for writing down the debates in the gallery. Since 1836 permission has been given to publish the division lists, which in 1696 was denounced as one of the gravest breaches of privilege that threatened to destroy the liberty and rights of parliament. At the present day many more members speak for the purpose of satisfying their partisans out of parliament than for the sake of convincing their opponents inside the House.

With equal jealousy parliament, which was wont to recognise no power on earth, closed its doors against strangers and listeners. Still the former at times got into the house, and, in 1771, one of them was even counted in a division. Since the middle of the eighteenth century the practice has become laxer gradually, though, at times, publicity is formally excluded. Thus, on May 14, 1770, all spectators were turned out of the House of Lords, with the exception of sons of peers and members of parliament, and on December 12 of the following year even the latter were excluded from the House of Lords. The Lower House avenged itself by excluding peers and other strangers present; and this was carried out during the entire session. Towards the end of the American war, Lord North carried a measure that the House of Commons should be entirely closed to strangers. This lasted for a session and a half, but as at that period of excitement thousands of clubs were

started to satisfy the public demand for political debates, the House at length restored the old state of things. In 1831 the Lords had a gallery made in their chamber, and thus formally sanctioned the publicity of their debates. Still secret meetings at times take place, as, for instance, in 1849, when a privy debate lasted for two hours. Strangers, who formerly remained in the gallery during a division, were always arrested; and such a case took place in 1833. Since 1853 strangers have been allowed to remain in the gallery of the House of Commons, and since 1857 in that of the House of Lords.

Through the still existing right of excluding strangers at any moment, and while parliamentary reports are contrary to the laws of the House, and their publication can be punished as before, parliament has it in its power to keep the reporters of the press within bounds. Up to the present the *Times* has had to endure the greatest contests on account of inaccurate and unpleasant reports. Thus, O'Connell brought a charge against that paper in 1832 for having reported a speech of his in a way he had not spoken, and which must draw down on him the hatred of his constituents. The *Times* at first promised to report his speeches more faithfully, but presently refused to give his speeches at all, unless he withdrew his charge that the reports it gave were false. As O'Connell broke down with all his charges against the *Times*, he suddenly remarked that strangers were in the gallery, which was contrary to the privileges of the House. They were removed, the *Times* reporter included, and the House was closed against strangers for the whole evening. The *Times* was naturally compelled to give way.

Parliament has always most zealously defended itself, its members, and persons in whom it took an interest, against libel. In the reign of James I. it had a man flogged through London streets, and condemned him to a fine of 500*l.* and imprisonment for life, for merely speaking disrespectfully of Frederick of Bohemia, the Winter King. In 1721, the House of Commons sent the printer of a Jacobite pamphlet to prison, without any declaration that he had been guilty of a breach of privilege. Any libel on a member or a House is still regarded as an insult. Thus, in 1831, the printer of the *Times* was fined 100*l.*, and sent to prison for an undetermined period, because he had called the Earl of Limerick "a thing with human pretensions." While a prorogation of parliament does not liberate prisoners of the House of Lords, as they must suffer the penalty inflicted on them, the close of the session terminates the arrest of any person sentenced by the House of Commons.

Since 1606 the Lower House has imposed no pecuniary fines, but both houses send their culprits to Newgate or the Tower. Any man brought before the bar of either house, on frivolous accusations, is compensated for cost and damages. In former times, when an accused party was ordered to apologise, or agreed to do so, he was compelled to repeat the dictated words on his knees. When Mr. Murray, in 1750, refused to hear his sentence on his knees, the House resolved that he should be kept at Newgate in close confinement, without paper, pens, and ink, and no one would be allowed to see him without special permission of the House. In 1772, however, the House resolved that, when kneeling was not expressly ordered, no prisoner should be compelled to assume that degrading posture. The House of Lords has also recently given up this custom.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS OF THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

Chinese Sungaria and Russian Sungaria—Province of Semipalatinsk—Foundation of Serguiopol—Occupation of the Territory of the Seven Rivers—Foundation of Kapal—Occupation of the Trans-Ilian District—Conversion of Alma-ti into the Fort of Vernoié—Hostilities of the Khirgiz Tribes—Interference of the Russians—Establishments on the Issyk Kul—Forts Kasteik and Ilüsk—Explorations—Buddhist Monastery of Sambah—Chinese Towns—Aspect of the Country—Quadrupeds and Birds—Traces of Ancient Civilisation—Tribes of the Buriats or Khirgiz.

Our attention was attracted a short time back by the following paragraph in the letter of a correspondent to one of the daily papers from St. Petersburg :

"The *Ivalide* contains a highly interesting correspondence from the fortress of Vernoié, in the Tartar country of Tian Chan. The district forms part of High Tartary, and is a new addition to the Russian territory. Both from its position in the centre of Asia, and the warlike but genial character of its inhabitants, the possession of the province is of paramount importance from a political point of view. The Russians have, of course, discovered that the Tartars are at present in a very unhappy condition, smarting, as they do, under the nominal government of China, and suffering from occasional inroads of the Mussulmans of Kokand. It is equally needless to say that, acting upon the dictates of his wonted benevolence, the Czar resolved to annex the unfortunate natives, and place his outposts in a province, the southern frontiers of which are formed by the Himalayas. Nothing is said as to the exact limits which the Russians have reached in the newly-acquired land; but there are symptoms showing that the country has been incorporated as far as the immediate vicinity of Kashgar, a distance of about two hundred miles from the nearest point of British India."

The statement here made set us to work to consider what was the real position and extent of the province of Tian Chan, and of its fortress Vernoié, which the Russians were here said to have acquired for themselves in Central Asia, and what relation had these acquisitions to other neighbouring tribes and countries as yet unsubjected by the Muscovite Colossus?

The task presented to us by this inquiry was far more difficult than we had at first anticipated. With the exception of our own countryman, Atkinson, whose explorations extended over several years, and the dates of which are not very clear, few or no travellers had, previous to those we shall have to notice in connexion with the occupation of the country in question by the Russians, even been near the great central lake of

Issyk Kul, or "Warm Lake," and which is situated in the very heart of the Asiatic continent.

The country around this lake, and which is marked in most modern maps as belonging to the Chinese Empire, constituted formerly a portion of the old kingdom of Sungaria or Zungaria, the political existence of which ceased in the middle of the last century when it passed into the hands of the Chinese.

This region is now, at the time we are writing, divided into two portions: first, Chinese Sungaria, commonly called Tian-chan-pi-lu, or the "country north of the Celestial mountains," and which comprises the provinces of Ili (the great easterly affluent of Lake Balkash), of Turbagatai, and of Kobdo; and, secondly, of Russian Sungaria, or the province of Semipalatinsk, as it is now officially designated, and which comprises the districts of Alata-u or Alatu, of Kapal or Kopal, and of Aya-guz or Serguiopol. This territory is, like the lake in its centre, in the very heart of High or Central Asia, and at nearly equal distances from the Black Sea and the Yellow Sea, from Cape Severovostochnoi and Cape Comorin.

A further acquaintance with this region, so remarkable in an ethnological and physical point of view, has been long a desideratum in geography. The persevering efforts of Baron de Humboldt and of the geographer Ritter, founded upon Chinese data, supplied and elucidated by learned sinologists, as Klaproth, Abel Remusat, Stanislaus Julien, Father Hyacinthe, and others, failed to furnish what was wanted, and their critical studies and laborious researches remained, according to their own admissions, in the region of conjectural geography. Scarcely a European had penetrated into this mysterious region, and even Atkinson only skimmed the southerly districts, or viewed them from a distance. Marco Polo proceeded on his overland journey to China by the route of the Celestial Mountains. Carpin (1246), André Lonjumeau (1249), and Rubruquis (1252), appear also to have traversed Little Bokhara, proceeding towards Karakorum, at that time the capital of the Mongolian Khans, and still for difficulty of approach the Timbuktu of Central Asia. This was the same route that was followed by the Princes Yaroslav, Alexander Nevsky, and the Armenian Prince Hatur, who went on a mission to the Grand Khan in the thirteenth century. The accounts they have left of their journeys are, however, so imperfect as to be of no use whatsoever in a geographical point of view. It is the same with regard to the Itinerary of Baikof, sent to Peking in 1654 by Alexis Mikhailovitch, who passed by Lake Zaisan and the sources of the Kara Irtysh or Black Irtysh, and kept along the borders of Sungaria till he reached the great wall at the Chinese town of Huhhoton.

In 1793, Sievers, a Russian naturalist, penetrated as far as Tarbagatai, and brought back the first positive information obtained with regard to the northern portions of the region in question. A Russian merchant, Putimtsev, succeeded in 1811 in reaching the two most flourishing towns of Sungaria, Kulja (Kouldja of the Franco-Russian reports) and Chuguchak, or Tchougoutchak. The narrative of this journey, translated by Klaproth, was of the greatest assistance to Ritter in his description of Central Asia. The "*Sibirskoi Vestnik*," or, "*Siberian Messenger*," pub-

lished by Spaseky, contains also the record of a journey made by the miner Smeghireff, from Tarbagatai to Chuguchak, in the search for gold placers. This was at the end of the eighteenth century. An account of an adventurous journey made by a gentleman of the name of Madatof is also preserved in the archives of the city of Omsk. This traveller left Semipalatinsk in the first years of the nineteenth century, and directing his way by the Issyk Kul, he crossed the Celestial Mountains and Little Bokhara, and succeeded in reaching India. The merchant Boubéninof likewise travelled, in 1821, from Semipalatinsk to Kaskar. Meyer visited, in 1826, the Arkat Mountains, Janghistan, and the district of Karkarinsk, in the steppe of the Kirghiz. As to De Humboldt, the extreme point reached by the illustrious traveller was the Chinese port of Baly, on the Irtysh.

Atkinson, after exploring the mountains of Tarbagatai, visited the great lakes of the same region—the Ala Kul, Bulkalsi Nur, and Ayar Nur, each with its more or less numerous tributaries, which fertilise the otherwise barren lands, and afford pasture to the vast herds of the Khirgiz and Mongolian Tartars, or Tatars. Crossing the Alata-u, he reached the long valley of the Ili, which pours its flood into the Balkash Nur or Tengiz Kul, south of which, and at the foot of the Celestial Mountains, is the great Issyk Kul. Mr. Atkinson also explored to a considerable extent the district of Kobdo, the chief features of which are the lakes Zeisan, Kizil Bash, or “red-head,” Uki Aral Nur, and Ubas Nur, with their affluents, the Zeisan giving origin to the great river Irtysh, as also the lofty Tangnu mountains.

The Russians proceeded, as usual, upon a totally different system. They scarcely care to explore; they stretch forth their Cossack, or Kaseak stations like the feelers of an insect in search of its prey, yet apprehensive of danger. As early as the year 1831 the foundations of the station of Aya-guz were laid on the banks of the river of the same name, and which is a tributary to Lake Balkash—almost an inland sea. This is now the town of Serguiopol, and the Great Horde, having for chief Sultan Suk, son of Ablai Khan, is now subject to Russia. This combination of favourable circumstances not only opened the Balkash to travellers, but also permitted them to explore the mountainous regions of Sungaria. Thus, in 1834, the astronomer Fedoroff reached the river Lepsa, in 46 deg. 20 min. 30 sec. north latitude, and he also succeeded in visiting the western shore of Lake Zeisan, and determining trigonometrically the heights of the Tarbagatai.

In 1840, 1841, and 1842 the competent Russian travellers Karéline and Schrenk also penetrated into the mountainous parts of Sungaria. Karéline explored the valleys of the Lepsa, of the Sarkan, and of the Baskan up to the snow-line, whilst his companion, after having explored the Ala Kul, traversed Mount Alata-u and the Chinese frontier near the sources of the river Tentek; he pushed his explorations on the one side towards the town of Chuguchak, and on the other to the mountains that border the river Kak-su, and south-west of the Balkash towards the river Chu, or Tchu.

Two years subsequently, the Khirgiz of the Great Horde having made their submission, the Russians were enabled to occupy militarily that beautiful portion of Sungaria which is known under the name of Semi-

rechni, or the "Country of the Seven Rivers," in consequence of its being watered by that number of affluents to the Balkash. In 1846, the foundations of the town of Kapal were laid in a fertile plain at the foot of the Sungarian Alata-u, under the auspices of Prince Gortschakoff, at that time Governor-General of Western Siberia. The creation of the town of Kapal materially assisted the development of the relations previously opened by the Russians with the Chinese limitrophal province of Ili. Commercial interchanges with the western frontier soon extended themselves, thanks to the neighbourhood of the towns of Kulja and of Chuguchak, although it maintained a contraband or smuggling character, —as the Western Chinese, or Si-jui, could only negotiate clandestinely with the Russians under the pretence of their being Khirgiz. As the latter were now enrolled as Cossacks, the subterfuge was a very nominal one. It had the effect, however, of bringing about the expedition of Colonel Kovalevsky, in 1851, to Kulja and to Chuguchak, where Russian factories were established, and a treaty of commerce was concluded with the Flowery Empire. Concluded on the 25th of July (6th of August), 1851, this treaty was not made public by the Imperial Government until the 28th of February (11th of March), 1861, or nearly ten years afterwards.

The creation of the town of Kapal, which flourished greatly, thanks to the development of agriculture in its neighbourhood by means of irrigation, did not, however, suffice to protect the Khirgiz, who had submitted to Russia, from the attacks of their countrymen, the Kara Khirgiz, or Black Khirgiz, who wandered in the valley of Lake Issyk Kul and near the sources of the river Ili. The town was situated on the northern limits of the territory of the Khirgiz, whose southern frontier beyond the Ili remained open. This state of things obliged General Hasford, at that time Governor of Siberia, to occupy the trans-Ilian country comprised between the river Ili and the snowy chain of the trans-Ilian Alata-u, so as to bring the left flank of the Khirgiz steppe, subjected by Russia, into contact with the Pacific frontiers of China and the line of mountains.

This great and decisive movement was put into execution in 1853. The first Russian detachment which crossed the Ili, under Colonel Gutkovsky, met with serious opposition on the part of several tribes of the Great Horde, hostile to Russia, and who were enabled to hold their own by withdrawing to the stronghold of Sultan Tutchu-Beg, or Touthou-Beg, on the river Keskelen. (The Turkish Bey, a prince, is pronounced by the common people Beg, and it becomes admittedly so in High Asia, where Tagh, a mountain, becomes Tag, and Gül, a lake, Kul.) The following year, however, the whole region was occupied by the Russians under Colonel Peremychlsky, the stronghold of the Khirgiz was razed to the ground, and one-half of the nomades submitted; the rest withdrew towards the frontiers of Kokan, on the banks of the Talas, and the Syr Dariah, or Jaxartes. The Russian detachment wintered in the defile of the river Talgar, and, finally, the old commercial and once flourishing town of Alma-ti, "the place of apples," situate in a picturesque spot at the foot of the trans-Ilian Alata-u, in a valley clad with orchards of apples and apricots, was converted into the Russian fort of Vernoié.

The occupation of this fertile trans-Ilian region, so admirably adapted

for gardening and agriculture,* and blessed with a mild and healthy climate, put an end to the attacks of the Buriuts against the Khirgiz of the Great Horde. Soon afterwards, indeed, Burambaï, or Burambeg, great manap or sultan of the Bugu, a tribe which belonged to the family of the Buriuts, and was domiciled between the Celestial Mountains and the trans-Ilian Alata-u, near the Issyk Kul, the sources of the river Ili, and the Chinese highway which leads to the defile of Mussart, meeting with no aid from the Chinese, upon whom he nominally depended, against the attacks of the warlike tribes of Sary Baghish, sent in his submission to General Hasford, and claimed his protection against the assaults of the neighbouring tribes.

A Russian detachment was accordingly pushed on from Fort Vernoié towards the Issyk Kul, in order to reconcile the inimical tribes, and at the same time to reconnoitre the valley of the Issyk Kul. Colonel Homentofsky, who commanded the expeditionary column, and Major-General Baron Silverhelm, who led the levies of Khirgiz Cossacks recently raised in the newly-created province of Semipalatinsk, were the first Russians who had the gratification of contemplating the great lake and the snowy summits of the Tian Chan, or Celestial Mountains, the object of the long-continued studies of Baron de Humboldt, and which that illustrious traveller had been so desirous of exploring himself. Unfortunately, the critical position of the Russian column, placed between two tribes, one of which was openly hostile, and the other only problematically allied, necessitated its withdrawal, and the topographers and engineers who accompanied it were unable in consequence to penetrate into the interior of the chain of the Celestial Mountains. The most southerly point attained by Lieutenant Yanovski was the sources of the river Za-uka.

The Imperial Geographical Society of Russia sent an expedition to explore the less known parts of Central Asia in the year 1856. Sémenof was placed in charge of this important mission, which arrived at Fort Vernoié two months after the return of the expeditionary column to the Issyk Kul. This did not prevent his proceeding, with an escort of only a dozen Cossacks, to the eastern limits of the lake, and on the 9th of September he first discerned from the heights of Cape Kuka Kulusun the majestic chain of the Celestial Mountains, stretching from the sources of the Jirgalan (Djirgalan of the Franco-Russian reporters) to the opposite limits of the lake. This portion of the Celestial Mountains is marked in Atkinson's map as the Mussur Tagh and Mussur-ula-Tagh, and it prolongs the Syan Shan, or Tian Chan, by the Mussur Daban to the trans-Ilian Alata-u, which separates the sources of the Syr, or Jaxartes, from the Balkash Nur and the valley of the Chu. It is probable that the name was given to our countryman from the defile or pass described by the Russians under the name of Mussart, and by which a Chinese highway leads to Kokan, Khojend, Tash Kand, and the other

* Sir Roderick I. Murchison, speaking, in his Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society, May 27, 1861, of Venuikof, says, "This gentleman has, to a great extent, dissipated the illusions hitherto entertained by some persons in Russia as to the great fertility of the country in the vicinity of the Ili river, and its adaptability to cultivation, and especially in reference to colonization."

great commercial towns on the Jaxartes on the one side, and to Kashkar, Yarkand, and the other centres of commerce and consumption on the Tarim on the other.

Séménof, after returning to Vernoié, started thence for the pass or defile of Boam, at the sources of the river Chu, and at the western extremity of the Issyk Kul, and by which pass he was enabled to reach, in company with forty Cossacks, the country at the foot of the Celestial Mountains. Here he fell in with the tents of the Sary Baghish, who had only recently had a sanguinary engagement with a column sent from Vernoié, on the banks of the river Chu. These poor mountaineers received the expedition with hospitality, notwithstanding; but the leader of the expedition wisely deemed it best not to venture farther into the mountains for fear of reprisals on their part, for they had sustained severe losses, we are told, in their engagement with the imperial troops.

Etymological inquiries, when mixed up with geographical descriptions, are generally so many impertinences; but in this case it is of importance, as we have got in the Sary Baghish to a new class of names, to explain the meaning of the word Sir, or Sar, adjectively, siri, or sari, and which in High Asia, as in Persia, Kurdistan, and other districts of the East, is the equivalent for "high," "lofty," "great." It is applied by some to a mountain, by others to a high priest. But in the district we are now in it denotes alike a lofty mountain and the sources of a river when at a great elevation. The Sir, or Syr, for example, is, with the addition generally made of Dariah, "valley," the name of the Jaxartes, as the "Head River." The Amu Dariah, or Oxus, has its sources in the Sari Kul, a noble lake situated on the Bami Dunya, or "terraced roof of the world," at an elevation of 15,600 feet above the sea (Lieutenant Wood, in *Journal of Royal Geographical Society*, vol. x. pp. 535, 536). The editor of the journal opines that the Sari Kul is the head of the Sir or Jaxartes, confounded by Lieutenant Wood with the Amu or Oxus. There is no reason for any such a supposition, since the word Sir, or Sar, applies to other mountains, streams, and lakes besides the Jaxartes. Sira, or Syra, is the name of the Indus itself, from Sehwan upwards (See Sir Alexander Burnes, in *Journal of Royal Geographical Society*, vol. iii. p. 132), and the word does not so much mean north, as contradistinguished from Lur, as it means the upper river, or head of the river; we have also the well-known old fort of Sircote, properly Sir-Kut in the Himalaya; we have the word in military rank as Sirdar, and combined with another of the same meaning, as Sir-Bash, an affluent of the Caspian, equivalent to "Head Head." We shall now understand the origin of the name of the Sary Baghish—mountaineers dwelling in the fertile but high valleys between the Alata-u and the Celestial Mountains. It is not a little curious, and at the same time illustrative of the difficulties we have to fight with in Oriental orthographies, where no system is adopted, that the name is written in the Russo-Frankish reports before us, S'ary Bagisch, Sara Baghish, and Sary Bagish—actually, sometimes, in three different ways in the same page.

The struggle between the two tribes of the Sary Baghish and the Bogu recommenced in the spring of 1857 with greater fierceness than ever. Nevertheless circumstances singularly favoured Séménoff on a new exploratory journey which he made to the Celestial Mountains. He pre-

sented himself at the A-ul, or encampment of Burambai (Atkinson writes the word Aoul—Sabir Aul. It is, however, pronounced A-ul), at the head of twenty-five Cossacks and eight hundred Khirgiz of the Great Horde, who had reinforced the traveller's party, under the command of Sultan Teseek. This gave rise to a report that a strong Russian detachment had gone to the aid of the Bogu. The Sary Baghish abandoned, in consequence, the plunder which they had carried away from the Bogu, and fled across the Mus Tag or Mussur Tagh to the country watered by the upper tributaries of the Syr-Dariah or Jaxartes. The Bogu, who had been driven from their territories by the Sary Baghish towards the Chinese frontier, were thus enabled to return to their pastures, and attributing this good fortune to Sémenof, they assisted him as much as lay in their power in the accomplishment of his objects. Thanks to this assistance, Sémenof, after coasting the southern shore of the Issyk Kul, was enabled in July, 1857, to traverse the gigantic defile of Za-uku-Davan, and to reach the sources of the Naryn, one of the tributaries of the Syr-Dariah, still occasionally called the Yaksart, of which Jaxartes was the classical corruption.

Taking an easterly direction thence, he penetrated further into the Celestial Mountains, and ascended the Tengri Tag—the culminating point of the whole chain, and crowned with perpetual snow. Sémenof is also said to have discovered upon this occasion the sources of the Sary Jax, in the glacier of the Tengri Tag. This new Sary is a tributary to the Tarim Kula, or Urgayu (also written Erghéou and Erghén), whose other tributaries are the rivers of Kashkar and Yarkand. Little Bokhara, or Syan Chan Nanglu—as Atkinson calls the country—depends for its existence upon this river and its tributaries. It is also the most central of all the important rivers of the Asiatic continent, and loses itself in the unexplored Lob Nur. To those who view with distrust the progress of Muscovite power in Central Asia, it is equally curious to think, that with a good glass, and under favourable circumstances, the snowy summits of the Bulur Tagh, and of the Tsungling; or Kara-Kurum Mountains, if not of the Hindhu Kush, or Indian Caucasus, and of the Himalaya itself, might have been visible from the same culminating point.

Another Russian explorer, designated as Sultan Valikhanof, carried his explorations the ensuing year beyond the point reached by Sémenof. He crossed the Celestial Mountains and visited Kashkar and Yanichar (Yeni-Shahir, "new town"), but he was unable to cross the sandy desert that extends between the latter and Yarkand, on account of the disturbed state of Kokan, and which reacted upon Kashkar. Sultan Valikhanof took part in the first expedition of the Russians to Issyk Kul in 1856, he afterwards resided three months at Kalja, and is said to have explored all that portion of Sungaria, which is comprised between Lake Ala-Kul and the Celestial Mountains, of which he also effected an ascent by following the valley of the Jirgalan.

Sultan Valikhanof is described as the son of a Khirgiz Sultan, and a descendant of the famous Janghiz Khan. He first brought home news of the murder of the unfortunate Adolphe Schlagintweit, massacred at Kashkar a short time previously to his (the said Sultan's) arrival at that city. Some doubts have been expressed as to the Russian traveller having acted in a manner likely to procure a kindly reception to the

unfortunate Prussian who was travelling in British interests, and who came from the Kara-Kurum, whilst the descendant of Janghiz Khan was coming from the Celestial Mountains. These may, however, have no other foundation than the extreme susceptibility of parties having different interests. The name, however, has been ridiculed, with much apparent reason; Vali Khan is as well known a Persian name as the terminal "of" or "ov" is Russian. The Sultanate is, we have seen, in High Asia.

With the lapse of time the Russian topographers succeeded, not only in mapping down the two chains of mountains parallel to the Alata-u, which run to the north of the Issyk Kul, but also of the more imposing portion of the Celestial Mountains, from the source of the river Tékés to the road which leads by the defile of Za-ukirisk to Kashkar, and which is noticed by Séménof and Valikhanof under the name of Za-uka Davan. Lake Issyk Kul did not, on its side, escape the investigations of the Russians, and the staff of the Siberian army carried out the most minute explorations from 1854 to 1860. On the other hand, the Emperor Kien-lung despatched missionaries to survey the Chinese frontiers, which were thus being incorporated with Russia. These important labours were carried out under the direction of the Jesuits Felix d'Aroc and Hallerstein.

A distinguished sinologist, Zakharof, formerly member of the ecclesiastical mission in China, now consul at Kalja, prepared, in 1858, a map after Chinese data, which he had obtained at Pekin. In the list of places fixed astronomically by the Jesuits, Zakharof is said to have only found two which belonged to the western portion of the trans-Ilian country, recently occupied by Russia; one, the mouth of the river Kunur Ulan—or Kounour Oulen, of the Russo-French reports—where it empties itself into the Issyk Kul; the other, a point on the river Kara-tal, in the district of Kapal.

The imperial staff-officers found themselves, then, under the necessity of sending expeditions in different directions in the newly-acquired territory. One of these was organised in 1859, with the co-operation of the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg and was placed under the charge of Captain Golubëf. Another was organised, under the direction of Veniukof, the indefatigable explorer of the Ussuri, or "Oussouri," of the Franco-Russian reports. We are indebted to the latter explorer for the first correct details obtained of the Issyk Kul and of the configuration of that remarkable lake situated in the very heart of the Asiatic continent.

It appears from Veniukof's observations that the Issyk Kul is 169½ versts long by 57 versts in its greatest width. (Golubëf made it 161 versts in length by 50 versts wide, with a superficies of about 120 square miles; Ritter made it 180 versts long by 50 versts wide.) According to Veniukof, its superficies is 116 square miles. It receives seventy-two rivers, which are all frozen for three months in the year, but the lake itself is never entirely frozen over, although it is 5200 feet above the level of the sea. Hence its name, Issyk Kul, or "Warm Lake," is very appropriate. It is the same with regard to another name it is known by—Tuz Kul, or "Salt Lake," for its waters are as salt as those of the ocean, but without having the same bitter and disagreeable flavour. Its depth is unknown, but it is supposed to be considerable;

for the bottom of the lake is formed by the prolongation of the slopes, generally very abrupt, of the surrounding mountains, more especially at the centre of the lake opposite to Kas (Ras? point) Sanghir and the river Tu Sar. It is, however, said that a sand-bank occurs in the middle of the lake, and there is also a tradition of a mass of stones, or the ruins of a town, having been seen beneath its waters. Veniukof accepts these statements with all due reserve until more ample information shall have been obtained. He believes that they had their origin in a legend connected with a Russian deserter, who is said, in 1840, in the time of the Manap Urman, to have navigated the lake on a raft, and first perceived houses at the bottom of the water. The Khirgiz who accompanied Golubëf spoke likewise of a town which once occupied the site of the Issyk Kul, and said that the inhabitants having given an asylum to a noted sinner, the new Gomorrah was swallowed up, and its place occupied by a lake. In 1840 the lake is said to have cast up two copper vessels, which were presented to the Khan of Kokan. A number of human bones were also thrown up by the waters of the lake, and found on its northern shore, near Tura Aighir; but it was not determined if these bones belonged to the dwellers in the doomed city, or merely to warriors who had fallen in some combat that had taken place on the shores of the lake.

Golubëf started from St. Petersburg on the 12th of February, 1859, in company with Motkof, an officer belonging to the corps of topographers, and he proceeded by way of Omsk, Semipalatinsk, Ayaguz, and Kapal to the fort of Vernoié, where he was detained by indisposition till the 22nd of April.

Fort Vernoié, in 43 deg. 15 min. north latitude, and 76 deg. 59 min. 30 sec. east of the meridian of Greenwich, is, as before observed, almost in the centre of Asia, and is at present the most southerly point of the Russian possessions in that part of the world, as it is also the nearest point to the British possessions in India. In less than five years it has become the centre of activity among the Khirgiz, not only in an administrative, but also, we are told, in a moral, religious, commercial, and political point of view. Vernoié, which is united to the town of Kapal by posts and villages of Cossacks, is thus considered, by the beneficial influence which it exercises upon the surrounding nomadic populations, as one of the most important advance-posts of civilisation in the steppes of Central Asia. It is situated at an elevation of 2500 feet, according to Golubëf, or 2430 feet, according to Obukh (to whom the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg recently voted a silver medal for a year's barometrical and thermometrical observations made at this place), above the level of the sea. It is thus below the level of the lake from which it is 80 versts distant.* The maximum of the thermometer is in June, when it attains 26 deg. of Reaumur, and the minimum in January, when it falls as low as —12 deg. of the same scale. The mean of the barometer is 0.4450.

* Earl de Grey, in his Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society, May 28, 1860, says that Captain Golubëf ascertained that the Issyk Kul "has an absolute elevation of about 5000 feet; while Fort Vernoié, a modern Russian fortification, about 55 miles to the northward, lies 2700 feet below the level of the lake."

Golubëf left Fort Vernoié, with an adequate escort on the 22nd of April, 1860, and directed his explorations towards the eastern side of the Issyk Kul. The banks of the lake had been at first occupied by the Bogu tribe of the Black Khirgiz, under the protection of the Russians. Quarrels with the Sary Baghish had, as before alluded to, driven away the first, who had removed their tents and herds to the river Tékés, in Chinese territory. The shores of the lake were in consequence uninhabited except at the western side. But shortly before Golubëf's arrival, the Sary Baghish wishing to revenge the murder of their manap by the Bogu, had obliged the latter tribe to return from the river Chu to the banks of the Issyk Kul.

A Russian detachment had, in consequence of this disorganised state of things, taken up its station at the point where the river Tuba falls into the lake, in order to defend the Bogu from the assaults of the Sary Baghish, who, as before observed, are tributary to the Khan of Khokan, a very powerful tribe, and exceeding hostile to the Russians. Part of the mission of this detachment was also to protect a Russian caravan which was expected from Kashkar, attesting to the slow but steady progress of Russian commerce in that direction. This untoward state of things obliged Golubëf to change his itinerary, and to proceed first with the exploration of the country east of the river Karkara. After having traversed the river Chilik, or Tchilik, and the defiles, or passes, of Sairak Tash, Ayr (6300 English feet of absolute elevation), and Tük Tash, he reached on the 4th of May the table-land of Karkara, which he found to be elevated 5900 feet above the level of the sea. Our explorer proceeded thence by the valley of Kéghen, coasting the salt-lake of Boro-Dab-sun-nur, and thence crossing the Kara-ta-u Mountains, he reached the Buddhist monastery of Sumbah, or Soumbé, on the banks of the river of the same name, also called the Al-vaa, and a tributary of the Tékés. This monastery enjoys a high reputation among the Kalmuks of the neighbourhood, and even officials of high degree make pilgrimages to it, from Kulja, at certain seasons of the year.

The monastery of Sumbah stands upon a lofty plateau, at an elevation of 7200 feet, in the midst of mountains, from the tops of which the gigantic peak of the Tengri Tagh may be seen on clear mornings, dominating the chain of the Celestial Mountains. Its elevation is estimated at 21,000 feet.

The expedition descended from Sumbah to the valley of the Tékés, which, at an elevation of 5700 feet above the level of the sea, is well watered, with magnificent meadows, where the Bogu were at that time encamped. Farther off, at the foot of the Celestial Mountains, the Kalmuks wandered, and still farther off a Chinese post was seen, defending the pass of Mussart, as yet untrod by any European.

Golubëf returned to the banks of the Karkara on the 16th of May, and selected the point where that river empties itself into the Kégher, which forms the present limit of the Russian possessions, for astronomical determination, and he subsequently joined the station so determined with the monastery of Sumbah, and a point on the left bank of the Tékés, where it receives the Urtun Mussart river (Ourtoun Moussart of the Report.) As to the mouth of the river Karkara, he resolved to unite it with a point selected on the east bank of the Issyk Kul, a proceeding which he carried out at a subsequent period.

On the 18th of May Golubëf left the banks of the Karkara, and after having traversed the pass of San-tash, celebrated in the campaigns of Tamerlan, he arrived on the 21st of May on the shores of the Issyk Kul, encamping at the mouth of the river Tuba, near the tomb of Isa Beg, and in the centre of a fine plain. Golubëf united this point trigonometrically with Vernoïé and with the river Karkara. In the course of this last expedition the same traveller crossed the cols or high passes of Tobulgutin, Chun Balak (16,400 feet), and Tur-gan, covered with snow, and on his return the pass of Kurmati, or Kourméty, also covered with snow, and one of the most difficult of all in the trans-Ilian Alata-u to effect a passage across it.

In order to effect this passage, the party had to start early in the morning, descending at first to the elevated plateau of Dala-jik (7900 feet), towards the river Chilik. It was with much trouble that a ford was effected across this deep and rapid torrent. The ascent of the mountain was then commenced, following at first the bed of the Shinota, and then that of Kurmati. At first the road did not present any very great difficulties, but it was in places obstructed by timber felled on purpose by the Khirgiz, to defend themselves against the attacks of hostile tribes. The cold was felt severely when they attained the region of perpetual snow. The path became at the same time more scarped and dangerous. The horses, deceived by the level surface of the snow, fell frequently into clefts between the rocks. A dense fog added to the painfulness of the ascent. They succeeded at last in reaching the crest of the pass, and descended thence into the valley of the Issyk Kul, by a very fatiguing slope. Rolled stones and tumbled down rocks impeded their progress at every step, and it was necessary to dismount and help the horses over such a chaos. It was late at night before they obtained shelter in a cavern at the foot of the mountain, which was known to the guides.

The next day Golubëf joined the Russian detachment, which was stationed at the mouth of the river Tuba. As a short time previously a strong column of infantry and Cossacks, with a numerous artillery, had effected a recognisance of the valley of the Chu, and had obliged the Sary Baghish to leave the northern shores of the lake, and to go and encamp beyond the river Jirgalan, on the southern bank, Golubëf conceived the project of fixing the astronomical position of the river Kutamalda, whose mouth constitutes the western limits of the lake, just as the mouth of the Tuba forms its eastern end. Many tumuli were met with on the northern side of the lake, and the remains of a rampart also exist near Tuba. Golubëf obtained four skulls of Black Khirgiz from a tomb, and two others near an abandoned Kokandian post. He proceeded from the mouth of the Kutamalda, by the passes of Tur Aighir and Dura Assy, to the valley of the Kébine, a large tributary to the Chu. Hence he crossed the northern chain of the trans-Ilian Alata-u, by the pass of Kerkelen. The latter, with an elevation of 12,400 feet, and, like that of Dura-Assy, buried in perpetual snow, presented many difficulties. The expedition lost seven camels in effecting the passage of the two defiles. This is a fatality which seems to attend upon all caravans, for the whole road seemed like the track of the Mormons across the so-called prairies, strewed with bones of animals and of human beings, and the fat and well fed birds of prey serve as guides

to the travellers, and point them out the way followed by their predecessors.

Golubéf returned to Vernoié on the 25th of June, and made a short excursion to the newly-established fort of Kastek, about eighty vests from Vernoié, in order to fix its position. He also determined the position of Fort Ilusk, established on the left bank of the Ili.

Leaving Vernoié on the 1st of August, our traveller went by Kapal to the country of the Seven Rivers, determining the longitude of Altymenil and of the village Kuk Su, "Blue water," whence he took his departure for the Chinese town of Kulja. To effect this he joined a caravan, which was conveying silver to the Russian factory, and which passed by the defiles of Yogen Tash and Kara Sai to Burugudjir, the first Chinese post or station. Thence they proceeded, under the protection of a Chinese escort, to Kulga, situated on the right bank of the Ili, a prosperous commercial city, the residence of a high official, and with a population of 76,000 souls. Golubéf determined its position astronomically, and Motkof made a plan of the town. On the 23rd of August the expedition returned by the same road to Kapal, whence an excursion was made to Verkh-Lepsinsk and to Chubar-Agatsk. On his return to Kapal Golubéf was attacked with severe illness, from the frequent use of quicksilver in his astronomical observations, as also when filling his mountain barometers, and he was hence detained there till winter was so far advanced as to prevent any further exploration, beyond a branch excursion to Aya-guz and Chuguchak.

It only remains to us now, after having given some account of the first slight notices obtained of these regions, of their gradual occupation by the Russians, and of the subsequent scientific explorations and recognisances, of which they have been the theatre, to give some account of the nature of the country itself, and of the character of its inhabitants.

Séménof considers the plain, which extends between lakes Ala Kul and Balkash, and which at the time of the overflow of the first, establishes a water communication between the two, as the natural limit of the Khirgiz steppe; and beyond which is Sungaria, with a soil, a flora, and a fauna, which present a particular character.

But the so-called Sultan Valikhanof, does not entirely coincide in opinion with this view of the matter. The flora of the plains, he says, does not differ from that of the southern portions of the Khirgiz steppe; as to the flora of the mountains, it, with some exceptions, resembles that of the Altai. It is only in the living creatures that a sensible difference is perceived.

In relation to the distribution of the latter, Sungaria may be divided into three zones: that of the mountains, that of the sub-alpine region, and that of the plains.

Quadrupeds, peculiar to the elevated regions of Southern Siberia and to the Khirgiz steppe, are to be met with in the mountain regions of the Sungarian Alata-u and of the Tian Chan: namely, the *Cervus elaphus*, the *Ibex Sibericus*, the *Ovis argali*, the wolf and fox. According to the Khirgiz the Chiburi is also met with, an animal between the wolf and the dog, yet not the jackal. It is presumed to be a kind of mountain wild-dog. Among the most common birds of prey are the *Gypaetus barbatus*, the *Vultur fulvus*, the *V. mellagris*, the *Aquila chrisaïs*, *Falco peregrinus*

and subbuteo. The most numerous game birds are the Tetrao Caucasicus and Perdrix saxatilis.

In the sub-alpine zone we meet with tigers, panthers, wild boar, and antelopes, especially the Jairan (*Antilope gytturosa* Pallas); among birds, the Phasianus colchidus, Otis tarda, Columba aenas, and turtur and others. The same animals and birds are also met with occasionally in the plains.

The forests of the sub-alpine region are especially rich in birds. Among the more interesting are the Corvus Dauricus, Coracias garrula, Merops Persica, Tichodroma muralis, Sitta Uralensis, Hirundo alpestris, H. lagopoda, Parus Sibiricus, P. Cyanus, Fringilla orientalis, Coccythraustes speculigerus, Accenter Altaicus, A. montanellus, Cinclus leucogaster, Turdus Sibirica, Pyrrhula rodochlamys, and Emberiza rustica.

Aquatic and wading birds are by no means so common either in the mountain regions or on the plains, as Mr. Atkinson's narrative would have led us to believe. The Anas rutila is the most characteristic of its tribe.

In respect to inhabitants, Sungaria, especially that portion which now belongs to Russia, is looked upon by the population of Central Asia as a classic land. Abulgazi, according to the reports, tells us that Abulja Khan, son of Japhet, and progenitor of the Turkish races, encamped on the shores of the Issyk Kul, and on the banks of the rivers Talas and Chu.*

According to the Chinese, the tribes that descended from the vast table-land of Gobi, selected this region in preference to all others, and remained there till new and more powerful tribes came to expel them. This can be the more readily understood, when we consider that Russian Sungaria presented all the advantages required for a nomadic existence; the elevated valleys present cool and fresh encampments during the summer heats, and cattle could pasture tranquilly and untroubled by flies, in rich and far-spreading pastures; in autumn they descended to the plains to gather in the harvest, and in winter they sheltered themselves in the river valleys amid the sandy hills of the steppe of Balkhash, where the saksaul,† which supplies them with an excellent combustible, abounds. The latter point was one of no small importance, for on the Gobi the tent even of the Grand Khan was only warmed with dry dung.

Although Russian Sungaria was more particularly the country preferred by the nomade tribes, who were ever disputing its possession with one another, as we see was the case with regard to the Sary Baghish and the Bogu, upon the occasion of the first interference of Russia;

* Abulgazi, who identifies the Ararat of the Bible with the Jebel-Judi, north-east of Nineveh, makes "Japhis" go forth from the Ark to dwell on the Atell and the Jaigik. The patriarch left eight sons, the chief of whom was Turk, called also Japhis Oglany, or Japhet's son, and who settled on the Isach Koll, or Issyk Kul. "Histoire Généalogique des Tatars traduit du Manuscrit Tartare d'Abulgasi Bayadur Chan." Leyden, 1726, p. 24. According to Abulgazi, all the first Grand Chams or Khans dwelt in this neighbourhood, whether in the submerged city, or not, is not told.

† Annabasis Ammodendron, C. A. Mey, described by Ledebour in his "Flora Altaica." It is also particularly described in Basiner's "Reise durch die Kirgisen-Steppe nach Chiwa." St. Petersburg, 1848, p. 93. Saksaul of Khanikoff.

traces of civilisation have also been met with, which date from remote times. The first notions upon this point have been supplied to us by the Chinese, who have records of the existence of a city called Chitu, or Tchitu, on the eastern shores of the Issyk Kul. The towns of Alma-lik, now a village of Turkmans, Khonak-ai and Kainak, which exist in our own days, as also Alma-ti (Vernoïé), were renowned in the middle ages for their commerce and population, being situated on the high-road, followed alike by the Genoese merchants on their way to China, and the Kipchak ambassadors when proceeding to the court of the Grand Khan.

What is still more interesting is that, in olden times, there existed several Nestorian (Chaldean), and Monophysite or Jacobite congregations in this part of the Asiatic continent, and the Syrian Jacobites possessed a convent on the borders of the Issyk Kul, which boasted of relics of St. Matthew. Christianity so extended itself there that it became the object of virulent persecution. In the sixteenth century, the valley of the Issyk Kul became the seat of numerous Muhammadan foundations. In the present day all traces of ancient monuments have utterly disappeared: the Khirgiz have destroyed them, as they only saw in them the vestiges of Lamaist, or Buddhist temples. A Chinese, who visited the shores of the Issyk Kul in 1820, declares having seen there a colossal statue of stone. It is in vain, however, that travellers have sought in the present day in these regions for any of these remains of a past civilisation; among the ruins of ancient Alma-lik alone, some curious objects in gold and a few interesting coins have been discovered.

Sangaria is peopled in the present day by the Busuts, or Buriats, or the Black Khirgiz (Dikokamennoi of the Russians), who are divided into many tribes, almost always at war with one another.

The Kara Khirgiz, or Black Khirgiz, are divided into two wings, *on* and *sol*—that is to say, right and left, corresponding to the Boranagar and the Jungar of the Mongolians. The right wing is subdivided into two fractions: Adhana and Tagai; the last is the most considerable, and comprises the following tribes, mostly at war with one another; the Sary Baghish, the Bogu, the Sultu, the Sayak, the Charik, the Chun Baghish, and the Bassyz.

The Khirgiz of the Adhana branch cultivate the soil in the valley of Firgan, near the towns of Marghilan and Ocha, as also in Kokan, where they serve in the army, and where their chiefs occupy important positions at the court of the Khan of Kokan. Thus the existing Kokandian minister, Alim Beg Dashka, is a Khirgiz bey who assisted the present Khan Malla in rendering himself master of Kokan. There is in these incessant warrings of tribes and disputed successions plenty of opportunities for the interference of a more powerful power, which can readily obtain paramount influence by siding with the weakest, and ensuring its success at the price of its independence.

The left wing comprises three little tribes that wander on the banks of the river Talas. Their chiefs are related to the khans of Kokan, who are of Khirgiz origin on the female side.

All the Khirgiz, with the exception of the Bogu, now under the protection of Russia, and the Tur-aighir Kipchak, who dwell in the neighbourhood of the Kashkar town of Tash Malik (King's stone), under the protection of the Chinese, acknowledge the supremacy of the

Khan of Kokan, and pay him a tribute (*ziakat*) of one horse out of every hundred. The Kokandians have erected numerous forts at the points where their tributaries encamp to collect this per-centage. There are Pish-pak, Tok-mak, and Mirka on the banks of the Chu; Avlia Ata (formerly Tarag), on the Talas; Kurtka and Truz Tarai, on the Naryn; Kelmen Tupa, or Teppah, and Jungal, on the river of latter name; and, lastly, Bustan Terek and Tash Kurgan, on the Pamir.

In the present day the influence of Kokan is everywhere giving way before that of Russia. Quite recently, in consequence, it is said, of a hostile movement on the part of the Kokandians, the Muscovite forces crossed the river Chu, and assaulted the forts of Pish-pak and of Tok-mak, which were captured after a slight cannonading, and razed to the ground. It is true that a short time afterwards the Kokandians came down in force, it is said to the number of twenty thousand men, and attempted to revenge themselves upon their powerful adversaries, hoping to conquer them by their numbers, but European artillery and discipline soon showed their irresistible superiority over these undisciplined hosts of Asiatic nomades, and it is thus that the Russian government, profiting by the errors committed by their turbulent neighbours, keeps incessantly extending its power more and more in the very heart of Asia. Considering the position of the Russians on the Sea of Aral and at the mouths of the Oxus and Jaxartes, as also their existing relations with Sayid Muhammad Khan, of Khiva, in connexion with their position on the Issyk Kul and river Chu in their newly-acquired possessions in Sungaria, and a footing already obtained in Tash Kand, the fate of Kokan cannot be far removed. The question that interests us most is, are Kashkar and Yarkand to follow?—are the Russians soon to settle at the very sources of the Indus, and are the two great European powers in Asia to be in future only separated by the Himalaya? The commercial communications which we have seen have already been opened between Kashkar and Yarkand, and the new province of Semipalatinsk would seem to point to such a state of things as being not only probable, but that not remotely so.

The hostile relations of Sayid Muhammad Khan, of Khiva, and of Malla Khan, of Kokan, are sufficiently attested by the long perpetuated hostilities between the two countries, and which led some years back to the Kokandians depriving the Tanghi Dariah, one of the mouths of the Jaxartes, of its supply of water by means of a dyke seen by the unfortunate Captain Conolly, and described by Khanikoff, merely because the inhabitants of the Khanat of Khiva intended to plant colonies on the banks of that river. The hostilities of the Persians against the Affghans of Herat and the Turkmans of Bokhara, of the Khivans against the Kokandians, and of the latter against the Khirgiz, are so many elements of discord capable of being turned into elements of aggrandisement by a powerful and wary neighbour.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE NINTH.

I.

SIXTY POUNDS TO OLD JEKYL.

STANDING on the covered terrace outside the dining-room at the bank, in all the warm beauty of the late and lovely spring morning, surrounded by luxuriant shrubs, by the perfume of flowers, the green lawn stretching out before her, the pleasant sitting-room behind her, its large window open and its paintings on the walls conspicuous, was Maria Godolphin. She wore a morning dress, simple and pretty as of yore, and her fair face had lost none of its beauty, scarcely any of its youth. To look at her, you would not think that a month had elapsed since she came there, to her home, after her marriage: and yet the time, since then, would not be counted by months, but by years. Six years and a half, turned, it is, since her marriage took place, and the little girl, whom Maria is holding by the hand, is five years old. Just now Maria's face is all animation. She is talking to the child, and talking also to Jonathan and David Jekyl: but if you saw her at an unoccupied moment, her face in repose, you might detect an expression of settled sadness in it. It arose from the loss of her children. Three had died in succession, one after the other; and this one, the eldest, was the only child remaining to her. A wondrously pretty little girl, her naked legs peeping between her frilled drawers and her white socks; with the soft brown eyes of her mother, and the Saxon curls of her father. With her mother's eyes the child had inherited her mother's gentle temperament: and Margery—who had found in her heart to leave Ashlydyat and become the nurse of George's children—was wont to say that she never had to do with so sweet tempered a child. She had been named Maria; but the name, for familiar use, was corrupted into Meta: not to clash with Maria's. She held her mother's hand, and, by dint of stretching up on her toes, could just bring her eyes above the marble top of the terrace balustrade.

"Donatan, why don't you use that big ting, to-day?"

Jonathan looked up, a broad grin on his face. He delighted in little children. He liked to hear them call him "Donatan:" and the little lady before him was as backward in the sound of the "th," as if she had been French. "She means the scythe, ma'am," said Jonathan.

"I know she does," said Maria. "The grass does not want mowing to-day, Meta. David, do you not think those rose-trees are backward?"

David gave a grunt. "I should wonder if they was for'ard. There ain't no rose-trees for miles round, but what is back'ard, except them as have been nursed. With the cutting spring we've had, how be the rose-trees to get on, I'd like to know?"

Jonathan looked round, his face quite a sunshine compared to David's: his words also. "They'll come on famous now, ma'am, with this lovely weather. Ten days of it, and we shall have 'em all out in bloom. Little miss shall have a rare posy then, and I'll cut off the thorns first."

"A big one, mind, Donatan," responded the young lady, beginning to dance her feet about in anticipation. The child had a particular liking for roses, which Jonathan remembered. She had inherited her mother's great love for flowers.

"David, how is your wife?" asked Maria.

"I've not heard as there's anything the matter with her," was David's phlegmatic answer, without lifting his face from the bed. He and Jonathan were both engaged nearly at one spot: David, it must be confessed, getting through more work than Jonathan.

They had kept that garden in order for Mr. Crosse, when the bank was his residence. Also for Thomas Godolphin and his sisters, the short time they had lived there; and afterwards for George. George had now a full complement of servants—rather more than a complement, indeed—and one of them might well have attended to that small garden. Janet had suggested as much: but easy George continued to employ the Jekyls. It was not often that the two attended together; as they were doing on this day.

"David," returned Maria, in answer to his remark, "I am sure you must know that your wife is often ailing. She is anything but strong. Only, she is always merry and in good spirits, and so people take her to be better than she is. She is quite a contrast to you, David," Maria added, with a smile. "You don't talk and laugh much."

"Talking and laughing don't get on a man's work, as ever I heered on," returned David.

"Is it true that your father slipped yesterday and sprained his ankle?" continued Maria. "I heard that he did."

"True enough," grunted David.

"'Twas all along of his good fortin, ma'am," cried good-tempered Jonathan. "He was so elated with it that he slipped down Gaffer Thorpe's steps, where he was a going to tell the news, and fell upon his ankle. The damage ain't of much account. But that's old father all over! Prime him up with a bit of good fortin, and he's all cock-a-hoop."

"What is the good fortune?" asked Maria.

"It's that money come to him at last, ma'am, what he had waited for so long. I'm sure we had all give it up for lost: and father he stewed and he fretted over it, a wondering always what was a going to become of him in his old age. 'Tain't so very much, neither."

"Sixty pound is sixty pound," grunted David.

"Well, so it is," acquiesced Jonathan. "And father he looks to it to make him more comfortable than he could be from his profits; his honey, and his garden, and that. He was like a child last night, ma'am, a planning what he'd do with it. I told him he had better put it into the bank here: it 'ud be safe then."

"So it would," replied Maria. "Tell him I say so, Jonathan. It will be safe here. He might be paid interest for it."

"I will, ma'am."

Maria spoke the words in hearty good faith. Her mind had conjured up a vision of old Jekyl keeping his sixty pounds in his house, at the foot of some old stocking: and she thought how easily he might be robbed of it. "Yes, Jonathan, tell him to bring it here: don't let him keep it by him, to lose it."

Maria had another auditor, of whose proximity she was unconscious. It was her mother. Mrs. Hastings had been admitted by a servant, and came through the room on to the terrace unheard by Maria. The little girl's ears—like all children's—were sharp, and she turned her head, and broke into a joyous cry of "Grandma!" Maria looked round.

"Oh, mamma! I did not know you were here. Are you quite well? I was busy talking to Jonathan and David, and did not hear you. Old Jekyl has come into a little money. I tell them not to let him keep it by him to be lost, but to bring it to the bank."

Mrs. Hastings withdrew within the room, and sat down. Maria followed. She fancied her mother was looking dispirited.

"Yes, child," was Mrs. Hastings's reply to the question. "We have have had news from Reginald this morning, and the news is not good. He has been getting into some disagreeable scrape, over there, and it has taken a hundred pounds or two to get him clear. Which of course they come upon us for."

Maria's countenance fell. "Reginald is very unlucky. He seems always to be getting into scrapes."

"He always is," said Mrs. Hastings. "We thought he could not get into mischief at sea: but it appears that he does. The ship was at Calcutta still, but they were expecting daily to sail for home."

"What is it that he has been doing?" asked Maria.

"I do not quite understand what," replied Mrs. Hastings. "I saw his letter, but that was not very explanatory. What it chiefly contained were expressions of contrition, and promises of amendment. The captain wrote to your papa: and that letter he would not give me to read. Your papa's motive was a good one, no doubt—to save me vexation. But, my dear, he forgets that uncertainty causes the imagination to run loose, and to conjure up fears, worse, probably, than the reality."

"As Reginald gets older, he will get steadier," remarked Maria. "And mamma, whatever it may be, your grieving over it will not mend it."

"True," replied Mrs. Hastings. "But," she added, with a sad smile, "when your children shall be as old as mine, Maria, you will have learnt how impossible it is to a mother not to grieve. Have you forgotten the old saying? 'When our children are young, they tread upon our toes; but when they get older they tread upon our hearts.'"

Little Miss Meta was treading upon her toes then. The child's tiny shoes were dancing upon grandmamma's in her eagerness to get close to her, to tell her that Donatan was going to give her a great big handful of roses, as soon as they were blown, with the thorns cut off.

"Come to me, Meta," said Maria. She saw that her mamma was not in a mood to be troubled with children, and she drew the child on to her own knee. "Mamma, I am going for a drive presently," she continued. "Would it not do you good to go with me?"

"I don't know that I could spare the time this morning," said Mrs. Hastings. "Are you going far?"

"I can go far or near, as you please," replied Maria. "We have a new carriage, and George told me at breakfast that I had better try it, and see how I liked it."

"A new carriage!" replied Mrs. Hastings, her accent betraying some surprise. "Had you not enough carriages, Maria?"

"In truth I think we had, mamma. This new one is one that George took a fancy to, when he was in London last week ; and he bought it."

"Child—though of course it is no business of mine—you surely did not want it. What sort of a carriage is it?"

"It is a large one: a kind of barouche. It will do you good to go out with me. I will order it at once if you will go, mamma."

Mrs. Hastings did not immediately reply. She appeared to have fallen into thought. Presently she raised her head and looked at Maria.

"My dear, I have long thought of mentioning to you a certain subject; and I think I will do it now. Strictly speaking, it is, as I say, no business of mine, but I cannot help being anxious for your interests."

Maria felt somewhat alarmed. It appeared a formidable preamble.

"I and your papa sometimes talk it over, one with another. And we say"—Mrs. Hastings smiled, as if to disarm her words of their serious import—"that we wish we could put old heads upon young shoulders. Upon yours and your husband's."

"But why?—in what way?" cried Maria.

"My dear, if you and he had old heads, you would, I think, see how very wrong—I speak the word only in your interests, Maria—it is, to maintain so great and expensive an establishment. It must cost you and George, here, far more than it costs them at Ashlydyat."

"Yes, I suppose it does," said Maria.

"We do not know what your husband's income is——"

"I do not know it either," spoke Maria, for Mrs. Hastings had made a pause and looked at her, almost as though she would give opportunity for the information to be supplied. "George never speaks to me upon money matters or business affairs."

"Well, whatever it is," resumed Mrs. Hastings, "we should judge that he must be living up to every farthing of it. How much better it would be if you were to live more moderately, and put something by!"

"I dare say it would," acquiesced Maria. "To tell you the truth, mamma, there are times when I get into a thoughtful mood, and feel half frightened at our expenditure. But then again I reflect that George knows his own affairs and his own resources far better than I do. The expense is of his instituting; not of mine."

"George is proverbially careless," significantly spoke Mrs. Hastings.

"But, mamma, if, at the end of one year, he found his expenses heavier than they ought to be, he would naturally retrench them for the next. His not doing it proves that he can afford it."

"I am not saying, or thinking, that he cannot afford it, Maria, in one sense: I do not suppose he outruns his income. But you might live at half the expense, and be quite as comfortable, perhaps more so. Servants, carriages, horses, dress, dinner-parties!—I know you must spend enormously."

"Well, so we do," replied Maria. "But, mamma, you are perhaps unaware that George has an equal share with Thomas. He has indeed. When Mr. Crosse retired, Thomas, in his generosity, told George it should be so for the future."

"Did he! There are not many like Thomas Godolphin. Still, Maria, whatever may be the income, I maintain my argument, that you keep up unnecessary style and extravagance. Remember, my dear, that you

had no marriage settlement. And, the more you save, the better for your children. You may have many yet."

"I think I will talk to George about it," mused Maria.

Of course the past seven years had not been without their changes. Mr. Crosse had retired from the bank, and Thomas Godolphin, in his generosity, immediately constituted his brother an equal partner. He had not been so previously. Neither had it been contemplated by Sir George in his lifetime that it was so to be, yet a while: the state maintained at Ashlydyat took more to keep it up than the quiet way in which it was supposed George would live at the bank, and Thomas was *the* representative Godolphin. But Thomas Godolphin was incapable of any conduct bordering in the remotest degree upon covetousness or meanness: they were the sons of one father; and though there was the difference in their ages, and he was the chief of the Godolphins, he made George's share equal to his own.

It was well perhaps that he did so. Otherwise George might have got into shoals and quicksands. He appeared to have no notion of living quietly: had he possessed the great purse of Fortunatus, which had no bottom, we are told, and was always full of gold, he could not have been much more careless of money. Rumour went, too, that all Mr. George's wild oats (bushels of which, you may remember to have heard, Prior's Ash gave him credit for) were not yet sown; and wild oats run away with an awful deal of money. Perhaps the only person in all Prior's Ash, who believed George Godolphin to be a saint, or next door to one, was Maria. Best that she should think so. But, extravagant as George was, the suspicion that he lived beyond his income, was never glanced at. Sober people, such as the Rector of All Souls' and Mrs. Hastings, would say in private what a pity it was that George did not think of saving for his family. Ample as the income, present and future, arising from the bank might be, it could not be undesirable to know that a nest egg was accumulating. Thomas might have suggested this to George: gossips surmised that he did so, and that George let the suggestion go for nothing. They were wrong. Whatever lectures Janet may have seen fit to give him, Thomas gave him none. Thomas was not one to interfere, or play the mentor: and Thomas had a strong silent conviction within him, that ere very long George would come into Ashlydyat. The conviction was born of his inward feelings, of his suspected state of health. He might be wrong: but he believed he was not. Ashlydyat George's; the double income from the bank George's—where was the need to tell him now to save?

The Reverend Mr. Hastings had had some trouble with his boys: inasmuch as that they had turned their faces against the career he had marked out for them. Isaac, the eldest, destined for the church, had declined to qualify himself for it when he came to years of discretion. After some uncertainty, and what Mr. Hastings called "knocking about"—which meant that he was doing nothing when he ought to have been at work: and that state of affairs lasted for a year or two—Isaac won Maria over to his side. Maria, in her turn, won over George; and Isaac was admitted to the bank. He held a good post in it now: the brother of Mrs. George Godolphin was not left to rise by chance or priority. A handsome young man of three-and-twenty, was he; steady; and displaying an aptitude for business beyond his years. Many a one

deemed that Isaac Hastings, in a worldly point of view, had done well in quitting the uncertain prospects offered by the church, for a clerkship in the house of Godolphin. He might rise sometime to be a partner in it. Reginald had also declined the career marked out for him. Some government appointment had been promised him: in fact, had been given him: but Reginald would hear of nothing but the sea. It angered Mr. Hastings much. One of the last men, was he, to force a boy into the Church; nay, to allow a boy to enter it, unless he evinced a special liking for it, therefore Isaac had, on that score, got off pretty free: but he was not one of the last men to force a boy to work, who displayed a taste for idleness. Reginald argued that he should lead a far more idle life in a government office, than he should have a chance of doing if he went to sea. He was right, so far. Mrs. Hastings had a special horror of the sea. Mothers, as a general rule, have. She set her face—and Mr. Hastings had also set his—against Reginald's sea visions; which, truth to say, had commenced with his earliest years.

However, Reginald and inclination proved too strong for the opposition. The government post had to be declined with thanks; and to sea he went. Not into the navy: the boy had become too old for it: but into the merchant service. A good service, the house he entered: but a very expensive one. The premium was high; the outfit was high; the yearly sum that went in expenses while he was, what is called, a midshipman, was high. Mr. Hastings remonstrated as to the latter. Reginald replied that he must have what the other middies had, and do as they did. He continued also to get through a tolerable account of petty sums on his private score, which Mr. Hastings had to make good. Altogether Reginald was a great expense. Harry was keeping his first term at College. He had chosen the Church of his own free will: and was qualifying for it. Grace was married. And Rose was growing up to be as pretty as Maria.

"Maria," cried Mrs. Hastings, "if I am to go out with you to-day, why should we not call upon Mrs. Averil? I have been wanting to see her for some time."

"I will call with pleasure," was Maria's answer. "As well go a long drive as a short one. Then we should start at once."

She rang the bell as she spoke. To order the carriage, and for Margery to come and take Miss Meta. The latter, who had played the trick before, suddenly broke from Margery, and dashed into the bank parlour. She had learned to open the door.

George by good-luck happened to be alone. He affected great anger, and Margery also scolded sharply. George had been sitting at a table, bending over account books, his spirit weary, his brow knit. His assumed anger did not tell: for he caught up the child the next moment and covered her face with kisses. Then he carried her into the dining-room to Maria.

"What am I to do with this naughty child, mamma? She came bursting in upon me like a great fierce lion. I must buy a real lion and keep him in the closet, and let him loose if she does it again. Meta won't like to be eaten up."

Meta laughed confidently. "Papa won't let a lion touch Meta."

"You saucy child!" But George's punishment consisted only of more kisses.

"We are going to call on Mrs. Averil, George," said Maria. "Can you accompany us? It is a long while since you were there, and you know how pleased she would be to see you."

"I can't," replied George. "Thomas has not come this morning."

His wife looked at him wistfully. A look which seemed to say she thought he might come if he would. George answered it.

"It's quite impossible, Maria. Thomas has not been with us so much of late. I suppose he thinks that I, being the youngest, should take the manager's share of work. Is Meta going?"

Maria had not intended that she should go. She glanced towards the child with indecision. Margery, who was in the habit of saying pretty much what she chose, put in her word.

"If you go without the child, ma'am, Mrs. Averil will not thank you. Don't you remember, last time, telling me that she cried over it, because Miss Meta was not taken? I think the wishes of the sick should be studied a bit."

"If I take Meta I must take you also, Margery. I cannot have the trouble of her in the carriage."

"I shan't hinder," was Margery's response. "My bonnet and shawl's soon clapped on. Come along, child. I'll dress you at once."

She went off with Meta, waiting for no further permission. George stepped out on the terrace, to see what Jonathan and David were about. Maria took the opportunity to tell him of the sixty pounds which had come to old Jekyl, and that she had advised its being brought to the bank to be taken care of.

"What money is it? Where does it come from?" inquired George of the men.

"It's the money, sir, as were left to father this three year ago, from that rich uncle of ourn," returned Jonathan. "But the lawyers, sir, they couldn't agree, and it was never paid over. Now there have been a trial over it, something about the will; and father have had notice that it's ready for him, all the sixty pound."

"We will take care of it for him, and pay him interest, tell him, if he chooses to leave it here," said George.

"I'll tell him safe enough, sir. He's sure to bring it."

The carriage was at the door in due course, and they were ready for it. A handsome carriage; acknowledged to be so by even Mrs. Hastings. George came out to hand them in. Miss Meta, like a pretty little dressed-up fairy; Margery, plain and old-fashioned; Mrs. Hastings, quiet and ladylike; Maria, beautiful. Her hand lingered in her husband's.

"I wish you were coming, George," she bent from the carriage to whisper.

"It must wait for another time, my dearest."

Although nearly seven years a wife, the world still contained no idol for Maria like George Godolphin. She loved, respected, revered him. Nothing, as yet, had shaken her faith in her husband. The little tales, making free with Mr. George's name, which would now and then be flying about Prior's Ash, never reached the ears of Maria.

They had a seven mile drive. The Honourable Mrs. Averil, who was growing in years, and had become an invalid, was delighted to see them. She kept them for two or three hours, and wanted to keep them for the day. It was late in the afternoon when they returned to Prior's Ash.

They met a cavalcade on entering the town. A riding party, consisting of several ladies and one or two gentlemen, followed by some grooms. Somewhat apart from the rest, midway between the party and the grooms, rode two abreast, laughing, animated, upon the best of terms with each other. The lady sat her horse unusually well. She was slightly larger, but not a whit less handsome, than on the day you first saw her, at the meet of the hounds: Charlotte Pain. He, gay George—for it was no other—was riding carelessly, half turning on his horse, his fair curls bending towards Charlotte.

“Papa! papa!” shrieked out Meta, joyously.

George turned hastily, but the carriage had then passed. So occupied had he been, making himself agreeable, that he had positively not seen it. Charlotte had. Charlotte had bowed. Bowed to Maria with a look of cool assurance, of triumph—as much as to say, You are sitting alone, and your husband is with me. At least, it might have worn that appearance to one given to flights of fancy. Which Maria was not; and she returned the bow with a pleasant smile. She caught George’s eye when he turned, and a flush of pleasure lighted her face. George nodded to her cordially, and raised his hat, sending back a smile at the idea of his not having seen her.

“It was papa, was it not, darling?” said Maria, gleefully, bending over to her little girl.

But Maria did not notice that Margery’s head had given itself a peculiar toss at sight of George’s companion; or that a severe expression had crossed the face of Mrs. Hastings. An expression which she instantly smoothed, lest Maria should see it.

The fact was, that gossiping Prior’s Ash had for some time coupled together the names of George Godolphin and Charlotte Pain, in its usual free manner. No need, one would think, for Mrs. Hastings or Margery to pay heed to such tattle: for they knew well what half the stories of Prior’s Ash were worth.

II.

WHY DID IT ANGER HIM?

THE drawing-rooms at Lady Godolphin’s Folly were teeming with light, with noise, with company. The Verralls lived in it yet. Lady Godolphin had never given them their dismissal: but they did not spend so much time in it as formerly. London, or elsewhere, appeared to claim them for the greater portion of the year. One year they did not come to it at all. Sometimes only Mrs. Verrall would be sojourning at it; her husband away: indeed, their residence there was most irregular. Mrs. Verrall was away at present: it was said at the sea-side.

A dinner-party had taken place that day. A gentleman’s party. It was not often that Mr. Verrall gave one: but when he did, it was thoroughly well done. George Godolphin did not give better dinners than did Mr. Verrall. The only promised guest who had failed in his attendance was Thomas Godolphin. Very rarely indeed did he accept of the invitations to the Folly. If there was one man in all the county to whom Mr. Verrall seemed inclined to pay court, to treat with marked consideration and respect, that man was Thomas Godolphin. Thomas nearly always declined; declined courteously; in a manner which could

not afford the slightest loophole for offence. He was of quiet habits, not strong in health of late, and though he had to give dinner-parties himself and attend some of George's in the way of business, his friends nearly all were kind enough to excuse his frequenting theirs in return.

This time, however, Thomas Godolphin had yielded to Mr. Verrall's pressing entreaties, made in person, and promised to be present. A promise which was not—as it proved—to be kept. All the rest of the guests had assembled, and they were only waiting the appearance of Mr. Godolphin to sit down, when a hasty note arrived from Janet. Mr. Godolphin had been taken ill in dressing, and was entirely unable to attend. So they dined without him.

The dinner was over now. And the guests, most of them, had gone to the drawing-rooms; teeming, I say, then, with light, with the hum of many voices, with heat. A few had gone home; a few had taken cigars and were strolling outside the dining-room windows in the bright moonlight: some were taking coffee; and some were flirting with Charlotte Pain.

Mrs. Pain now, you remember. But Charlotte has worn weeds for her husband since you last saw her, and is free again. About four years after their marriage, the death of Rodolf Pain appeared in the county papers. None of the Verralls were at the Folly at the time; but Charlotte, in her widow's dress, came to it almost immediately afterwards, to sob out her sorrow in retirement. Charlotte emerged from her widowhood gayer than ever. She rode more horses, she kept more dogs, she astonished Prior's Ash with her extraordinary modes of attire, she was altogether "faster" than ever. Charlotte had never once visited the neighbourhood during her married life; but she appeared to be inclined to make up for it now, for she chiefly stayed at it. When the Verralls, one or both, would be away, Charlotte remained at the Folly, its mistress. She held her court; she gave entertainments; she visited on her own score. Rumour went that Mrs. Pain had been left very well off: that she shared with Mr. Verrall the expense of the Folly.

Charlotte managed to steer tolerably clear of ill-natured tongues. Latterly, indeed, people had got to say that Mr. George Godolphin was at the Folly more than he need be. But, it was certain that George and Mr. Verrall were upon most intimate terms: and Mr. Verrall had been staying at the Folly a good deal of late. George of course would have said that his visits there were paid to Mr. Verrall. Charlotte was popular in the neighbourhood, rather than otherwise; with the ladies as well as with the gentlemen.

Resplendent is Charlotte to-night in a white silk dress with silver spots upon it. It is a really beautiful dress: but, one of a quieter kind would have been more suitable for this occasion. Charlotte had not, of course, appeared at the dinner, and there was not the least necessity for her to embellish herself in this manner to receive them in the drawing-room. Charlotte was one, however, who did as she pleased; in the matter of dress, as in other things; setting custom and opinion at defiance. Her hair is taken from her face and wound round and round her head artistically, in conjunction with a white and silver wreath. White and silver ornaments are on her neck and arms, and a choice bouquet of white hot-house flowers serves her to toy with. Just now, however, the bouquet is discarded, and lies on the table near her elbow, for her elbow is resting

there as she sits. She is coquetting with a white and silver fan, gently wafting it before her face; her sparkling eyes glancing over its rim at a gentleman, who stands, coffee-cup in hand, bending down to her.

It is not George Godolphin. So do not let your imagination run off to him. For all the world saw, George and Charlotte were as decorous of behaviour with each other as need be; and where Prior's Ash was picking up its ill-natured scandal from, Prior's Ash best knew. Others talked and laughed with Charlotte as much as George did; rode with her, admired her.

The gentleman, bending down to her now, appears to admire her. A tall, handsome man of eight-and-thirty years, with clearly-cut features, and dark luminous eyes. He is the nephew of that Mrs. Averil to whom Maria and Mrs. Hastings went to pay a visit. He has been away from the neighbourhood, until recently, for nearly three years; and this is the first time he has seen Charlotte at Prior's Ash since she was Miss Pain.

What does Charlotte promise to herself by thus flirting with him—by laying her charms out to attract him?—as she is evidently doing. Is she thinking to make a second marriage? to win him, as she once thought to win George Godolphin? Scarcely. One gentleman in the vicinity, who had thrown himself and his fortune at Charlotte's feet—and, neither fortune nor gentleman could be reckoned despicable—had been rejected with an assurance that she should never marry again; and she spoke it with an earnestness that left no doubt of her sincerity. Charlotte liked her own liberty too well. She was no doubt perfectly aware that every husband would not feel inclined to accord it to her so entirely as had poor Rodolf Pain. He—the one with the coffee-cup, talking to her—is plunging into a sea of blunders. As you may hear speedily, if you listen to what he is saying.

"Yes, I have come back to find many things changed," he was observing; "things and people. Time, though but in a three years' flight, leaves its mark behind it, Mrs. Pain. If you will allow me to remark it, I would say that you are nearly the only one whom it has not changed—save for the better."

"Your lordship has not forgotten your talent for flattery, I perceive," was Charlotte's rejoinder.

"Nay, but I speak with no flattery; I mean what I say," was the peer's reply, given in an earnest spirit. He was an admirer of beauty; he admired Charlotte's: but to flatter was not one of the failings of Lord Averil. Neither had he any ulterior view, save that of passing ten minutes of the evening agreeably with Charlotte's help, ere he took his departure. If Charlotte thought he had, she was mistaken. Lord Averil's affections and hopes were given to one very different from Charlotte Pain.

"But it must be considerably more than three years since I saw you," resumed Lord Averil. "It must be—I should think—nearer seven. You did not return to Prior's Ash—if I remember rightly—after you left it on your marriage."

"I did not return to it," replied Charlotte: "but you have seen me since then, Lord Averil. Ah! your memory is treacherous. Don't you recollect accosting me in Rotten Row? It was soon after you lost your wife."

Did Charlotte intend that as a shaft? Lord Averil's cheek burnt as

he endeavoured to recal the reminiscence. "I think I remember it," he slowly said. "It was the spring following your marriage. Yes, I do remember it," he added, after a pause. "You were riding with a young, fair man. And—did you not—really I beg your pardon if I am wrong—did you not introduce him to me as Mr. Pain?"

"It was Mr. Pain," replied Charlotte.

"I hope he is well. He is not here probably? I did not see him at table, I think."

Charlotte's face—I mean its complexion—was got up in the fashion. But the crimson colour that suffused it would have penetrated all the powder and cosmetics extant, let them have been laid on ever so profusely. She was really agitated: could not for the time speak. Another moment, and she turned deadly pale. Let us admire her, at any rate, for this feeling shown to her departed husband.

"My husband is dead, Lord Averil."

Lord Averil felt shocked at his blunder. "You must forgive me, Mrs. Pain," he said, in a gentle voice, his tone, his manner evincing the deepest sympathy. "I had no idea of it. No one has mentioned it to me since my return. The loss, I infer, cannot be a very recent one."

In point of fact, Mr. Pain's demise had occurred immediately after the departure of Lord Averil from England. Charlotte is telling him so. It could not, she thinks, have been more than a week or two subsequent to it.

"Then he could not have been ill long," remarked his lordship. "What was the cause——"

"Oh pray do not make me recal it!" interrupted Charlotte, in a tone of pain. "He died suddenly: but—it was altogether very distressing. Distressing to me, and distressing in its attendant circumstances."

An idea flashed over the mind of Lord Averil that the circumstances of the death must have been peculiar: in short, that Mr. Pain might have committed suicide. If he was wrong, Charlotte's manner was to blame. It was from that he gathered the thought. That the subject was a most unwelcome one, there could be no doubt: she palpably shrank from it.

Murmuring again a few clear words of considerate apology, Lord Averil changed the conversation, and presently said adieu to Charlotte.

"You surely are not thinking of going yet?" cried Charlotte, retaining his hand, and recovering all her light-headedness. "They are setting out the whist-tables."

"I do not play. I have a visit to pay yet to a sick friend," he added, glancing at his watch. "I shall be in time."

"But I do not think your carriage is here," urged Charlotte, who would fain have detained him.

"I am sure it is not here," was the peer's answer. "I did not order it to come. It is a fine night, and I shall walk to Prior's Ash."

He looked round for Mr. Verrall. He could not see him. In at one room, in at another, looked he; out upon the terrace, away before the dining-room window amidst the smokers. But there was no Mr. Verrall: and Lord Averil, impatient to be gone, finally departed without wishing his host good night.

Mr. Verrall had strolled out into the moonlight, and was in low, earnest conversation with George Godolphin. They had got as far as

that stream on which you saw George rowing the day of Mrs. Verrall's fête, when he so nearly caught his death. Standing on the arched wooden bridge, which crossed it to the mock island, they leaned forward, their arms on its rails. Mr. Verrall was smoking: George Godolphin appeared to be too ill at ease to smoke. His brow was knit; his face hot with care. As fast as he wiped the drops from his brow they gathered there again.

"Don't worry, lad," said Mr. Verrall. "It always has come right, and it will come right now. Never fear. You will receive news from London to-morrow; there's little doubt of it."

"But it ought to have come to-day, Verrall."

"It will come to-morrow safe enough. And—you know that you may always count upon me."

"I know I may. But look at the awful cost, Verrall."

"Pooh, pooh! What has put you in this mood to-night?"

"I don't know," said George, wringing the damp from his brow.

"The not hearing from town, I think. Verrall?"

"What?"

"Suppose, when I do hear, it should not be favourable? I feel in a fever when I think of it."

"You took too much of that heating port this evening," said Mr. Verrall.

"I dare say I did," returned George. "A man at ease may let the wine pass him: but one, worried to death, is glad of it to drown care."

"Worried to death!" repeated Mr. Verrall, in a reproving tone.

"It's next door to it. Look there! they have tracked us and are coming in search."

Two or three dark forms were discerned in the distance, nearer the Folly. Mr. Verrall passed his arm within George Godolphin's and led him towards the house.

"I think I'll go home," said George. "I am not company for a dog to-night."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Verrall. "The tables are ready. I want to give you your revenge."

For once in his life—and it was a notable exception—George Godolphin actually resisted the temptation of the "tables;" of the chance of "revenge." He had a heavy trouble upon him; a great fear; perhaps more than Mr. Verrall knew of. Ay, he had! But who would have suspected it of gay, careless George, who had been so brilliant at the dinner-table? He foreswore for that one night the attractions of the Folly, including syren Charlotte, and went straight home.

It was not much past ten when he reached the bank. Maria was astonished: the Verrall dinner-parties were generally late affairs. She was sitting alone, reading. In her glad surprise she ran to him with an exclamation of welcome.

George pressed her tenderly to him, and his manner was gay and careless again. Whatever scandal Prior's Ash might choose to talk of George, he had not yet begun to neglect his wife.

"It was rather humdrum, darling, and I got tired," he said in answer to her questions. "What have you been doing with yourself? Have you been alone all the evening?"

"Since mamma left. She went home after tea. George, I want

to tell you something mamma has been talking of; has been suggesting."

George stretched himself on the sofa, as if he were weary. Maria edged herself on to it, and sat facing him, holding his hand while she talked.

"It was the new carriage that brought the subject up, George. Mamma introduced it this morning. She says we are living at too great an expense; that we ought not to spend more than half what we do——"

"What?" shouted George, starting up from the sofa as if he had been electrified.

Maria felt electrified; electrified by the sudden movement, the word, the tone of anger. Nay, it was not anger alone that it bore, but dismay; fear—she could hardly tell its sound. "George," she gasped, "what is the matter?"

"Tell me what it is that Mrs. Hastings has been saying."

"George, I think you must have mistaken my words," was all that Maria could reply in the first moment, feeling truly uncomfortable. "Mamma said this morning that it was a pity we did not live at less expense, and save money; that it would be desirable for the sake of Meta and any other children we may have. I said I thought it would be desirable, and that I would suggest it to you. That was all."

George gazed at Maria searchingly for the space of a minute or two. "Has Prior's Ash been saying this?"

"Oh no."

"Good. Tell Mrs. Hastings, Maria, that we are capable of regulating our own affairs without interference. I do not desire it, nor will I admit it."

Maria sat down to the table with her book; the one she had been reading when George came in. She put her hands up, as if absorbed in reading, but her tears were dropping. She had never had an ill word with her husband; had never had any symptom of estrangement with him; and she could not bear this. George lay on the sofa, his lips compressed. Maria rose up, in her loving, affectionate nature, and stood before him.

"George, I am sure mamma never meant to interfere; she would not do such a thing. What she said arose from anxiety for our interests. I am so sorry to have offended you," she added, the tears falling fast.

A repentant fit had come over him. He drew his wife's face down on his own and kissed its tears away. "Forgive me, my dearest; I was wrong to speak crossly to you. A splitting headache has put me out of sorts, and I was vexed to hear that people were commenting on our private affairs. Nothing could annoy me half so much."

Maria wondered why. But she fully resolved that it should be the last time she would hint at such a thing as economy. Of course her husband knew his own business best.

III.

CECIL'S ROMANCE.

WE must turn to Ashlydyat, and go back to a little earlier in the evening. Miss Godolphin's note to the Folly had stated that her brother had been taken ill while dressing for Mr. Verrall's dinner. It was cor-

rect. Thomas Godolphin was alone in his room, ready, all but his coat, when he was attacked by a sharp, internal pain of agony. He hastily sat down: a cry escaping his lips, and drops of water gathering on his brow.

Alone he bore it, calling for no aid. In a few minutes the paroxysm had partially passed, and he rang for his servant. An old man now, that servant: he had for years attended on Sir George Godolphin.

"Bexley, I have been ill again," said Thomas, quietly. "Will you ask Miss Godolphin to write a line to Mr. Verrall, saying that I am unable to attend."

Bexley cast a strangely yearning look on the pale, suffering face of his master. He had seen him in these paroxysms of pain once or twice. "I wish you would have Mr. Snow called in, sir!" he cried.

"I think I shall. He may give me some ease possibly. Take my message to your mistress, Bexley."

The effect of the message was to bring Janet to the room. "Taken ill! a sharp inward pain!" she was repeating, after Bexley. "Thomas, what sort of a pain is it? It seems to me that you have had the same before, lately."

"Write a few words the first thing, will you, Janet. I should not like to keep them waiting for me."

Janet, punctilious as Thomas, considerate as he was for the convenience of others, sat down and wrote the note, despatching it at once by Andrew, one of the serving men. Few might have set about and done it so calmly as Janet, considering that she had a great fear thumping at her heart. A fear which had never penetrated it until this moment. With something very like sickness, had flashed into her memory their mother's pain. A sharp, agonising pain had occasionally attacked *her*, the symptom of the inward malady of which she had died. Was the same fatal malady attacking Thomas? The doctors had expressed their fears then that it might prove hereditary.

In the corridor, as Janet was going back to Thomas's room, the note written, she encountered Bexley. The sad, apprehensive look in the old man's face struck her. She touched his arm, and beckoned him into an empty room.

"What is it that is the matter with your master?"

"I don't know," was the answer: but the words were spoken in a tone which caused Janet to think that the old man was awake to the same fears that she was. "Miss Janet, I am afraid to think what it may be."

"Is he often ill like this?"

"I know but of a time or two, ma'am. But that's a time or two too many."

Janet returned to the room. Thomas was leaning back in his chair, his face ghastly, his hands fallen, prostrate altogether with the effects of the pain. If a momentary thought had crossed Janet that he might have written the note himself, it left her now. Things were coming into her mind one by one: how much time Thomas had spent in his own room of late; how seldom, comparatively speaking, he went to the bank; how often he had the brougham, instead of walking, when he did go to it. Once—why it was only this very last Sunday!—he had not gone near church all day long. Janet's fears grew into certainties.

She took a chair, drawing it near to Thomas. Not speaking of her

fears, but asking him in an agreeable tone how he felt, and what had caused his illness. "Have you had the same pain before?" she continued.

"Several times," he answered. "But it has been worse to-night than I have previously felt it. Janet, I fear it may be the forerunner of my call. I did not think to leave you so soon."

Except that Janet's face went nearly as pale as his, and that her fingers entwined themselves together so tightly as to cause pain, there was no outward sign of the grief that laid hold of her heart.

"Thomas, what is the complaint that you are fearing?" she asked, after a pause. "The same that—that—"

"That my mother had," he quietly answered, speaking the words that Janet would not speak.

"It may not be so," gasped Janet.

"True. But I think it is."

"Why have you never spoken of this?"

"Because, until to-night, I have doubted whether it was so, or not. The suspicion, that it might be so, certainly was upon me: but it amounted to no more than a suspicion. At times, when I feel quite well, I argue that I must be wrong."

"Have you consulted Mr. Snow?"

"I am going to do so now. I have desired Bexley to send for him."

"It should have been done before, Thomas."

"Why? If it is as I suspect, neither Snow nor all his brethren can save me."

Janet clasped her hands upon her knee, and sat with her head bent. She was feeling the communication in all its bitter force. It seemed that the only one left on earth with whom she could sympathise, was Thomas: and now perhaps he was going! Bessy, George, Cecil, all were younger, all had their own pursuits and interests, George had his new ties; but she and Thomas seemed to stand alone. With the deep sorrow for him, the brother whom she dearly loved, came other considerations, impossible not to occur to a practical, foreseeing mind like Janet's. With Thomas they should lose Ashlydyat. George would come into possession: and George's ways were so different from theirs that it would seem to be no longer in the family. What would George make of it? A gay, ever-filled place, like the Verralls—when they were at home—made of Lady Godolphin's Folly? Janet's cheeks flushed at the idea of such degeneracy for stately Ashlydyat. However it might be, whether George turned it into an ever-open house, or shut it up as a nunnery, it would be alike lost to all the rest of them. She and her sisters must turn from it once again and for ever; George, his wife, and his children, would reign.

Janet Godolphin did not rebel at this; she would not have had it otherwise. Failing Thomas, George was the fit and proper representative of Ashlydyat. But the fact could but strike upon her now with gloom. All things wore a gloomy hue to her in that unhappy moment.

It would cause changes at the bank, too. At least, Janet thought it probable that it might. Could George carry on that extensive concern himself? Would the public be satisfied with gay George for its sole head?—would they accord him the confidence they had given Thomas? These

old retainers, too! If they left Ashlydyat, they must part with them: leave them to serve George.

Such considerations passed rapidly through her imagination. It could not well be otherwise. Would they really come to pass? She looked at Thomas, as if seeking in his face the answer to the doubt.

His elbow on the arm of his chair, and his temples pressed upon his hand, sat Thomas; his mind in as deep a reverie as was Janet's. Where was it straying to? To the remembrance of Ethel?—of the day that he had stood over her grave when they were placing her in it? Was the time indeed come, or nearly come, to which he had, from that time, looked forward?—the time of his joining her? He had never lost the vista: and perhaps the fiat, death, could have come to few who would meet it so serenely as Thomas Godolphin. It would scarcely be right to say *welcome* it; but, certain it was, that the prospect was one of pleasantness rather than pain to him. To one who has lived near to God on earth, the anticipation of the great change can bring no dismay. It brought none to Thomas Godolphin.

But Thomas Godolphin had not done with earth and its cares yet.

Bessy Godolphin was away from home that week. She had gone to spend it with some friends at a few miles' distance. Cecil was alone when Janet returned to the drawing-room. She had no suspicion of the sorrow that was overhanging the house. She had not seen Thomas go to the Folly, and felt surprised at his tardiness.

"How late he will be, Janet!"

"Who? Thomas! He is not going. He is not very well this evening," was the reply.

Cecil thought nothing of it. How should she? Janet buried her fears within her, and said no more.

One was to dine at Lady Godolphin's Folly that night, who absorbed all Cecil's thoughts. Cecil Godolphin had had her romance in life; as so many have it. It had been partially played out years ago. Not quite. Its sequel had to come. She sat there listlessly; her pretty hands resting inertly on her knee, her beautiful face tinged with the setting sunlight; sat there thinking of him—Lord Averil.

A romance it had really been. Cecil Godolphin had paid a long visit to the Honourable Mrs. Averil some three or four years ago. She, Mrs. Averil, was in health then, fond of gaiety, and her house had many visitors. Amidst others, staying there, was Lord Averil: and before he and Cecil knew well what they were about, they had learned to love. Lord Averil was the first to awake from the pleasant dream; to know what it meant; and he discreetly withdrew himself out of harm's way. Harm only to himself, as he supposed: he never suspected that the like love had won its way to Cecil Godolphin. A strictly honourable man, he would have been fit to kill himself in self-condemnation had he suspected that it had. Not until he had gone, did it come out to Cecil that he was a married man. When only eighteen years of age, he had been drawn into one of those unequal and unhappy alliances that can only bring a flush to the brow in after years. Many a hundred times had it dyed that of Lord Averil. Before he was twenty years of age, he had separated from his wife; when pretty Cecil was yet a child: and the next ten years he spent abroad, striving to overget its remembrance.

His own family, you may be sure, did not pain him by alluding to it, then, or after his return. He had no residence in the neighbourhood of Prior's Ash. When he visited it, it was chiefly as the guest of Colonel Max, the master of the fox-hounds: and that was the way that he had made the acquaintance of Charlotte Pain. Thus it happened, when Cecil met him at Mrs. Averil's, she knew nothing of his being a married man. On Mrs. Averil's part, she never supposed that Cecil did not know it. Lord Averil supposed she knew it: and little enough, in his own eyes, has he looked in her presence, when the thought would flash over him, "How she must despise me for my mad folly!" He had learned to love her; to love her passionately: never so much as glancing at the thought that it could be reciprocated. He, a married man! But this was no less mad folly than the other had been, and Lord Averil had the sense to move himself away.

A day or two after his departure, Mrs. Averil received a letter from him. Cecil was in her dressing-room when she read it.

"How strange!" was the comment of Mrs. Averil. "What do you think, Cecil?" she added, lowering her voice. "When he got to town there was a communication waiting at his house for him, saying that his wife was dying, and praying him to go and see her."

"His wife?" echoed Cecil. "Who's wife?"

"Lord Averil's. Have you forgotten that he had a wife? I wish we could all really forget it. It has been the blight upon his life."

Cecil had discretion enough left in that unhappy moment not to betray that she had been ignorant of the fact. When her burning cheeks had a little cooled, she turned from the window where she had been hiding them, and escaped to her own room. The revelation had betrayed to her the secret of her own feelings for Lord Averil; and, in her pride and rectitude, she thought she should have died.

A day or two more, and Lord Averil was a widower. He suffered some months to elapse, and then came to Prior's Ash, his object being Cecil Godolphin. He stayed at an hotel, and was a frequent visitor at Ashlydyat. Cecil believed that he meant to ask her to be his wife: and Cecil was not wrong. She could give herself up now to the full joy of loving him.

Busy tongues, belonging to some young ladies who could boast more wit than discretion, hinted something of this to Cecil. Cecil, in her vexation at having her private feelings suspected, spoke slightly of Lord Averil. Did they think *she* would stoop to a widower; to one who had made himself so notorious by his first marriage? she asked. And this, word for word, was repeated to Lord Averil.

It was repeated to him by these false friends, and Cecil's haughty manner, as she spoke it, offensively commented upon. Lord Averil believed it fully. He judged that he had no chance with Cecil Godolphin; and, without speaking to her of what had been his intentions, he again left.

But now, no suspicion of this conversation having been repeated to him, ever reached Cecil. She deemed his behaviour very bad. Whatever restraint he may have laid upon his manners towards her when at Mrs. Averil's, he had been open enough since: and Cecil could only believe his conduct unjustifiable, the result of fickleness. She resolved to forget him.

But she had not done it yet. All this long while since, between two and three years, had Cecil been trying at it, and it was not yet accomplished. She had received an offer from a young and handsome earl; it would have been a match every way desirable: but poor Cecil found that Lord Averil was too deeply seated in her heart for her to admit thought of another. And now Lord Averil was back at Prior's Ash; and, as Cecil had heard, was to dine that day at Lady Godolphin's Folly. He had called at Ashlydyat since his return, but she was out.

She sat there, thinking of him: her prominent feeling against him being anger. She believed, to this hour, that he had used her ill; that his behaviour had been unbecoming a gentleman.

Her reflections were disturbed by the sight of Mr. Snow. It was growing dusk then, and she wondered what brought him there so late: in fact, what brought him there at all. She turned and asked the question of Janet.

"He has come to see Thomas," replied Janet. And Cecil noticed that her sister was sitting in a strangely still attitude, her head bowed down. But she did not connect it with its true cause. It was nothing unusual to see Janet lost in deep thought.

"What is the matter with Thomas, that Mr. Snow should come?" inquired Cecil.

"He did not feel well, and sent for him."

It was all that Janet answered. And Cecil continued in blissful ignorance of anything being wrong, and resumed her reflections on Lord Averil.

Janet saw Mr. Snow before he went away. Afterwards she went to Thomas's room, and remained in it. Cecil stayed in the drawing-room, bused in her dream. The room was lighted, but the blinds were not drawn down: Cecil was at the window, looking forth into the bright moonlight.

It must have been getting quite late when she discerned some one approaching Ashlydyat, on the road from Lady Godolphin's Folly. From the height, she fancied at first that it might be George; but as the figure drew nearer, her heart gave a great bound, and she saw that it was him upon whom her thoughts had been fixed.

Yes, it was Lord Averil. When he mentioned to Charlotte Pain that he had a visit yet to pay to a sick friend, he had alluded to Thomas Godolphin. Lord Averil, since his return, had been struck with the change in Thomas Godolphin. It was more perceptible to him than to those who saw Thomas habitually. And when the apology came for Mr. Godolphin's absence, Lord Averil determined to call upon him that night. Though, in talking to Mrs. Pain, he nearly let the time for it slip by.

Cecil rose up when he entered. In broad day he might have seen, beyond doubt, her changing face, telling of emotion. Was he mistaken, in fancying that she was agitated? His pulses quickened at the thought: for Cecil was as dear to him as she had ever been.

"Will you pardon my intrusion at this hour?" he asked, taking her hand, and bending towards her with his sweet smile. "It is later than I thought it was"—in truth, ten was striking that moment from the hall clock. "I was concerned to hear of Mr. Godolphin's illness, and wished to ascertain how he was, before returning to Prior's Ash."

"He has kept his room this evening," replied Cecil. "My sister is

sitting with him. I do not think it is anything serious. But he has not appeared very well of late."

"Indeed I trust it is nothing serious," warmly responded Lord Averil.

Cecil fell into silence. She supposed they had told Janet of the visit, and that she would be coming in. Lord Averil went to the window.

"The same charming scene!" he exclaimed. "I think the moonlight view from this window beautiful. The dark trees around, and the white walls of Lady Godolphin's Folly, rising there, remain on my memory like the scene of an old painting."

He folded his arms and stood there, gazing still. Cecil stole a look up at him: at his pale, attractive face, with its expression of care. She had wondered once why that look of care should be conspicuous there: but not after she became acquainted with his domestic history.

"Have you returned to England to remain, Lord Averil?"

The question awoke him from his reverie. He turned to Cecil, and a sudden impulse prompted him to stake his fate on the die of the moment. It was not a lucky throw.

"I would remain if I could induce one to share my name and home. Forgive me, Cecil, if I anger you by thus hastily speaking. Will you forget the past, and help *me* to forget it?—will you let me make you my dear wife?"

In saying "Will you forget the past," Lord Averil had alluded to his first marriage. In his extreme sensitiveness upon that point, he doubted whether Cecil might not object to succeed the dead Lady Averil: he believed those hasty and ill-natured words, reported to him as having been spoken by her, bore upon that sore point alone. Cecil, on the contrary, assumed that her forgetfulness was asked for his own behaviour to her, in so far that he had gone away and left her without word or explanation. She grew quite pale with anger. Lord Averil resumed, his manner earnest, his voice low and tender.

"I have loved you, Cecil, from the first day that I saw you at Mrs. Averil's. I dragged myself away from the place, because I loved you, fearing lest you might come to see my folly. It was worse than folly then, for I was not a free man. I have gone on loving you more and more, from that time to this. I went abroad this last time hoping to forget you; striving to forget you: but I cannot do it, and the love has only become stronger. Forgive, I say, my urging it upon you in this moment of impulse."

Poor Cecil was all at sea. "Went abroad hoping to forget her; striving to forget her!" It was worse and worse. She flung his hand away.

"Oh, Cecil! can you not love me?" he exclaimed, in agitation. "Will you not give me hopes that you will sometime be my wife?"

"No, I cannot love you. I will not give you hopes. I would rather marry any one in the world than you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Lord Averil!"

Not a very dignified rejoinder. And Cecil, what with anger, what with *love*, burst into even less dignified tears, and quitted the room in a passion. Lord Averil bit his lips to pain.

Janet entered, unsuspecting. He turned from the window, and smoothed his brow, gathering what equanimity he could, as he proceeded to inquire after Mr. Godolphin.

LORD FALKLAND.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

IN all that noble Portrait Gallery, bequeathed to posterity by the great portrait painter, Lord Clarendon, there is not one individual portrait that more rivets the gaze, and haunts the memory, than that of Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland. Not that, in respect of mere physique, there is much to attract in the *personnel* of the high-bred, well-natured, ill-starred gentleman. For his stature and size were below the common; his motion not graceful, and his aspect—says Clarendon himself, his fast friend of well-nigh twenty years—so far from inviting, that it had somewhat in it of “simplicity”—a phrase not to be understood in the favourable modern sense which Mr. Thackeray, of all others, has made so popular and respect-worthy—while of his voice we are told that so untuned was it that, instead of reconciling, it offended the ear, “so that nobody would have expected music from that tongue; and sure no man was less beholden to Nature for its recommendation into the world: but then no man sooner, or more disappointed this general and customary prejudice; that little person and small stature was quickly found to contain a great heart, a courage so keen, and a nature so fearless, that no composition of the strongest limbs, and most harmonious and proportioned presence and strength, ever more disposed any man to the greatest enterprises; it being his greatest weakness to be too solicitous for such adventures: and that untuned tongue and voice easily discovered itself to be supplied, and governed, by a mind and understanding so excellent, that the wit and weight of all he said, carried another kind of lustre, and admiration in it, and even another kind of acceptance from the persons present, than any ornament of delivery could reasonably promise itself, or is usually attended with; and his disposition and nature was so gentle and obliging, so much delighted in courtesy, kindness, and generosity, that all mankind could not but admire and love him. . . . He was wont to say, that he never found reluctance in anything he resolved to do, but in his quitting London, and departing from the conversation of those he enjoyed there; which was in some degree preserved, and continued by frequent letters, and often visits, which were made by his friends from thence, whilst he continued wedded to the country; and which were so grateful to him, that he looked upon no book, except their very conversation made an appeal to some book; and truly his whole conversation was one continued *Convivium Philosophicum* or *Convivium Theologicum*, enlivened and refreshed with all the facetiousness of wit, and good-humour, and pleasantness of discourse, which made the gravity of the argument itself (whatever it was) very delectable.”*

My lord's Oxfordshire seat lying within a dozen miles of the university, had quite the university tinge about its reception-rooms, so well-stocked were they with a recurrent series, and constant relays, of dons and doctors in general, laic and divine. Burford had its combination-room, where the

* *Life of Clarendon*, part i.

biggest of Oxford big-wigs loved to congregate, "after hall,"—due justice done to the Burford *cuisine*, which could stand invidious (or rather let us say, Malaprop-riately, *odorous*) comparisons with the butteries of Magdalen and Christ Church. There, Doctor Earles, of Merton, would disport his slovenly person, and rattle off his inexhaustible witticisms, to the delight of his host. There, Doctor Shelden, of All Souls, would sit in solemn state, with such dignified composure, and circumspect demeanour—a man already recognised as born and bred to be Archbishop of Canterbury. There, Doctor Morley, of Christ Church, would display his prowess in subtle disputation, and provoke admiration by the grace of his scholarship, the polish of his irony, and the perfection of his good temper. There, too, Doctor Hammond would discuss the prospects of the Church, and signs of the times; and Mr. Chillingworth would air his last new crotchet, and take a vehement part against the opinions which till yesterday, perhaps, were so irrefragably his own. Besides which scholarly congress, we will but name, among other *habitués* of Lord Falkland's fireside, that model country gentleman Sir Francis Wenman, trusty and truthful, witty and wise; and that dwarfish amalgam of cleverness and lousiness, Sydney Godolphin; and that pleasing plausible personage, of such nimble tongue and engaging manners, Mr. Edmund Waller.

This courtly poet, who was destined to survive his noble friend by almost half a century of years, though himself the senior by some four or five, took the opportunity of Falkland's departure for Scotland, in 1689, as one of Lord Helland's expedition against Leslie's insurgents, to panegyrise, in the poet's artificial way, the young lord who, four years later, would be slain in the battle of Newbury.

Brave Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes.
Who hears this told and does not straight suppose—
We send the Graces and the Muses forth,
To civilise and to instruct the north?

Ah, noble friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great soul thou art (longing to twist
Bays with that ivy which so early kissed
Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war and thee!
To fate exposing that all-knowing breast.
Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest;
Where oaks and brambles (if the copse be burned)
Confounded lie, to the same ashes turned.*

Mawkish indeed is the flavour of Waller's homage, in contrast with that of Clarendon, whose eulogy, if at least as highflown, is steady on the wing, and carries weight. After dilating on Falkland's intellectual endowments—his retentive memory, his learning, his judgment, his wit,—Clarendon goes on to record, that all his parts, abilities, and faculties, by art and industry, were not to be valued, or mentioned, in comparison of his genial nature and manners. "His gentleness, and affability, was so transcendent and obliging, that it drew reverence, and some kind of

* Waller's Poems: To My Lord of Falkland.

compliance from the roughest, and most unpolished, and stubborn constitutions; and made them of another temper in debate, in his presence, than they were in other places.

"He was in his nature so severe a lover of justice, and so precise a lover of truth, that he was superior to all possible temptations for the violation of either; indeed so rigid an exacter of perfection, in all those things which seemed but to border upon either of them, and by the common practice of men were not thought to border upon either, that many who knew him very well, and loved, and admired his virtue (as all who did know him must love, and admire it), did believe, that he was of a temper and constitution, fitter to live in *republick Platonis*, than in *face Romuli*: but this rigidity was only exercised towards himself; towards his friends' infirmities no man was more indulgent. In his conversation, which was the most cheerful and pleasant that can be imagined, though he was young (for all I have yet spoken of him doth not yet exceed his age of twenty-five or twenty-six years) and of great gaiety in his humour, with a flowing delightfulness of language, he had so chaste a tongue, and ear, that there was never known a profane or loose word to fall from him, nor in truth in his company: the integrity, and cleanliness of the wit at that time, not exercising itself in that licence, before persons for whom they had any esteem."* In which respect fashion had considerably altered, for the worse, when the ex-chancellor wrote, under the régime of a too merry monarch and his too free-and-easy mis-
traces.

Of Clarendon's panegyric upon his friend's political after-career, "Horace Walpole and others have complained in various ways,—“with some justice,” remarks the editor of the *Fairfax papers*, who freely admits, however, that, allege what inconsistencies you may against his public conduct in a crisis where much allowance may be reasonably made for conscientious doubts, his personal courage, lofty integrity, and extensive attainments, must always command respect and admiration. “His early death, under circumstances peculiarly affecting, invests his memory with an interest almost romantic; and of him it may well be said, ‘Whom the gods love die young.’”† Whatever may be said of his course of action in those bewildering times of civil discord, universally (unless by the mere “sons of interest”) he must be recognised as one of the exalted few.

Whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light—
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue the sons of interest romance.‡

The defence offered in his favour, politically,—that, having originally declared his conviction that a certain concession, on the king's part, was necessary to the repose and security of the kingdom, he thought it ought to be resisted when it took the shape of a demand,—is met by one of his modern censors (not to say detractors) with the remark, how easily it might be shown that, in turning aside upon such grounds from the cause, he had so warmly espoused, Falkland suffered a trivial sophistry to assert a fatal ascendancy over his judgment. According to this critic, and the

* Clarendon.

† Robert Bell.

‡ Thomson, *The Seasons*.

standpoint he takes for eyeing the two men, the contrast between Falkland's closing career and that of Hampden is painful, as developing only too clearly the difference between the strong and faithful intellect, which rises with the demands of the occasion, vindicating and sustaining its consistency to the end, and the feebler reason (as Lucius Carey's is assumed to be) which wastes its ingenuity on the vain endeavour to reconcile antagonistic elements. "Falkland devoted himself to this sort of generous and hopeless Quixotism. It was like a man expending his life over such impossible problems as the philosopher's stone or the squaring of the circle."*

Lord Macaulay's very pronounced partisanship has biased not a few who write to this effect. That less partial, and less popular, yet equally liberal historian, Mr. Hallam, strongly and seasonably urges, that it is not easy for us even now to decide, keeping in view the maintenance of the entire constitution, from which party in the civil war greater mischief was to be apprehended; but the election was, he is persuaded, still more difficult to be made by contemporaries. "No one at least who has given any time to the study of that history, will deny that among those who fought in opposite battalions at Edgehill and Newbury, or voted in the opposite parliaments of Westminster and Oxford, there were many who thought much alike on general theories of prerogative and privilege, divided only perhaps by some casual prejudices, which had led these to look with greater distrust on courtly insidiousness, and those with greater indignation at popular violence."† Mr. Hallam cannot believe, for instance, that Falkland and Colepepper differed greatly in their constitutional principles from Whitelock and Pierpoint, or that Hertford and Southampton were less friends to a limited monarchy than Essex and Northumberland.

In another place, again, speaking of Lord Falkland's dejection of spirits and constant desire of peace, as chiefly to be ascribed to his disgust with the councils of Oxford, and the greater part of those with whom he was associated, Mr. Hallam observes: "We know too little of this excellent man, whose talents however and early pursuits do not seem to have particularly qualified him for public life. It is evident that he did not plunge into the loyal cause with all the zeal of his friend Hyde; and the King, doubtless, had no great regard for the counsels of one who took so very different a view of some important matters from himself. He had been active against Strafford, and probably had a bad opinion of Laud. The prosecution of Finch for high treason he had himself moved."‡ Lord Macaulay takes another view of the men and the times, when he says that at a later period the Royalists found it convenient to antedate the separation between themselves and their opponents, and to attribute the Act which restrained the King from dissolving or proroguing the Parliament, the Triennial Act, the impeachment of the ministers, and the attainder of Strafford, to the faction which afterwards made war on the King. "But no artifice could be more disingenuous. Every one of those

* See a review-essay on Clarendon and his Contemporaries, in *Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1852.

† Hallam, *Constitutional History of England*, vol. i. ch. ix.

‡ *Ibid.*, ch. x., notes.

strong measures was actively promoted by the men who were afterwards foremost among the cavaliers.* True, that the noble historian states fairly enough, and with characteristic clearness, the reasonings which the most enlightened Royalists may be supposed to have made—to this effect: that it was time to take heed, lest they so pursued their victory over despotism as to run into anarchy. It was not in power, he supposes them to argue, to overturn the bad institutions which lately afflicted our country, without shocks which have loosened the foundations of government. Now that those institutions have fallen we must hasten to prop the edifice which it was lately our duty to batter. Henceforth it will be our wisdom to look with jealousy on schemes of innovation, and to guard from encroachment all the prerogatives with which the law has, for the public good, armed the sovereign.—Such, he fairly enough represents as the views of those men of whom “the excellent Falkland may be regarded as the leader.”† And clearly enough he depicts the critical situation, at the outbreak of the civil war, which forced the constitutional Royalists to make their choice between two dangers,—when they thought it their duty rather to rally round a prince whose past conduct they condemned, and whose word inspired them with little confidence, than to suffer the regal office to be degraded, and the polity of the realm to be entirely remodelled. With such feelings, many men whose virtues and abilities would have done honours to any cause, ranged themselves on the side of the King.‡ But so thorough-going admirer of Hampden can feel small sympathy with this class of statesmen. Accordingly, in one of the most elaborate of his critical essays, Macaulay dissects my Lord Falkland, as a type (the most favourable) of this race of men—and while conceding to him the unquestionable possession of great talents and great virtues, pronounces him “infinitely too fastidious for public life.” He is therefore made light of, for not perceiving that, in such times as those on which his lot had fallen, the duty of a statesman is to choose the better part and to stand by it, in spite of those excesses by which every cause, however good in itself, will be disgraced. “The present evil always seemed to him the worst. He was always going backward and forward; but it should be remembered to his honour that it was always from the stronger to the weaker side that he deserted. While Charles was oppressing the people, Falkland was a resolute champion of liberty. He attacked Strafford. He even concurred in strong measures against Episcopacy. But the violence of his party annoyed him, and drove him to the other party, to be equally annoyed there. Dreading the success of the cause which he had espoused, disgusted by the courtiers of Oxford, as he had been disgusted by the patriots of Westminster, yet bound by honour not to abandon the cause for which he was in arms, he pined away, neglected his person, went about moaning for peace, and at last rushed desperately on death, as the best refuge in such miserable times.”§ If, instead of falling at Newbury, he had lived through the scenes that followed, it is Macaulay’s entire conviction, epigrammatically expressed, that Falkland would have condemned himself to share the exile and beggary of the

* Macaulay, *History of England*, vol. i. p. 99 (9th edit.).

† *Id. Ibid.*, p. 103.

‡ *Id. Ibid.*, p. 112.

§ Macaulay, *Critical and Historical Essays*, vol. i. p. 160. (4th edit.)

royal family; that he would then have returned to oppose all their measures; that he would have been sent to the Tower by the Commons as a stifier of the Popish plot, and by the King as an accomplice in the Rye-House Plot; and that, if he had escaped being hanged, first by Scroggs, and then by Jeffries, he would, after manfully opposing James the Second through years of tyranny, have been seized with a fit of compassion at the very moment of the Revolution, have voted for a regency, and died a non-juror: *Qualis ab incepto—de Lucio fabula narratur.*

M. Guizot* takes Sir Thomas Herbert as the type of a large class of estimable men of his time, who were driven into opposition by the vices of the government, and who were induced to return to Charles by the vices and evils of the revolution. When the chiefs of the Parliament of 1640, observes this author, after having bravely exposed themselves to danger in a cause which was truly the cause of the country, allowed themselves afterwards to undertake, at their own risk, and to gratify their own passions, a contest which was directly opposed to the general sentiments and interests of the English people, the attention of the people was again turned towards their king; and disinterested men who, like Sir Thomas Herbert, had served, up to that point, in the parliamentary ranks, then passed over with the same disinterestedness to the ranks of the enemy.

Observe, again, and apply the comments of Hartley Coleridge—who somewhere, by-the-way, speaks of Falkland as one. “whose character no ingenuity of malice can stain,”—on the censure passed on Fairfax for not withdrawing from the contest in 1645, when the remodelling of the army strongly indicated the purpose of maintaining a standing force, unconnected with, and uncontrolled by, the regular constitutional authorities. “In truth, the time when a wise man ought to have sided with the sovereign, was before the war commenced. When the star-chamber and high-commission court were abolished, the King had conceded all that he had a right to concede, and to attempt to strip him of a power which all acknowledged to be inherent in his crown, upon a mere contingent probability of his abusing it, was justifiable on no principle but that of barefaced tyranny.”† But then the Hampdenites say, it was not a mere contingent probability, but an absolute certainty, that the Stuart would abuse this power.

Or listen to the more direct utterance of M. Villemain: “When I study the English Revolution,” he tells French students of the French, “when I see this generous Falkland, at first in the House of Commons, the intrepid champion of popular privilege, struggling vigorously against absolute power,—and then, on the waging of war, when the sword is drawn, throwing himself at once into the royal camp; but from that day forth, indifferent to life, and feeling an impulse of joy on the day of battle only, the day that should bring him deliverance by death—when I see this Falkland, I see what will explain to me, in all epochs of great civil troubles, those pure and nobler souls who embracing, in the first instance, the cause of generous freedom, have long continued

* Etudes sur la Révolution d'Angleterre.

† Biographie Brevelle, vol. i., “Thomas Lord Fairfax.”

to hold fast by it; but who, loving it so well and never ceasing to regret; have yet died for another duty.* Elsewhere M. Villemain speaks with admiring sympathy of *ces hommes généreux* who are seen to rise at the commencement of national revolutions—who bravely and frankly adopt every noble idea of liberty, reparation, and justice—vindicting these, and asserting them with ardour; at the risk of their personal interest; and who, when the revolution advances too far, bewilders itself, and belies its charter, and falls into the hands that are base, brutal, bloody,—indignantly repudiate their sometime partnership, and pass over to the side of the downfallen and the oppressed.

The peculiar character of our national progress, to which must be attributed both its durability and its safety, is ascribed by a Westminster reviewer, to a “class of men to whom England owes more than to almost any of her sons, and to whom she is in general most scandalously ungrateful”—by which class is meant; the liberals in the conservative camp, and the conservatives in the liberal camp. Lord Falkland is put forth as one of the men here represented—men who are unappreciated by the country—misconstrued and mistrusted by their friends—suspected of meditated desertion—reproached with virtual treason—suffering the hard but inevitable fate of those who are wide among the narrow, comprehensive among the *bornés*, moderate among the violent, sober among the drunken—condemned to combat against their brethren, and to fraternise with their antagonists—who lead a life of pain and mortification, and not unfrequently sink under the load of unmerited obloquy which their unusual, and therefore unintelligible, conduct brings upon them.† Glorious John might have been thinking of the Falkland class, when he wrote :

A patriot both the king and country serves;
Prerogative and privilege preserves:
Of each our laws the certain limit show,
One must not ebb, nor the other overflow;
Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand;
The barriers of the state on either hand
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.‡

It was the deliberate conviction of the late Samuel Phillips, that we may search long and industriously through the histories of the world before we come to a counterpart of that character which has rendered the name of Falkland immortal on the soil that gave him birth. Poet;§

* Cours de Littérature Française, t. iv., l. ix.

† “The Liberals call them timid and lukewarm Laodiceans; the Tories call them crotchety, impracticable, and fastidious. They do the hardest duty of the conscientious patriot, and are rewarded by the bitterest abuse that could be lavished on the common enemy.”—*Westminster Review*, New Series, No. III, Art. : Sir Robert Peel and his Policy.

‡ Epistle to John Driden, Esq.

§ In which capacity, with a cross of the divine, he figures in the Congress described by his brother bard, Sir John Suckling:

“Hates, set by himself, most gravely did smile
To see them about nothing keep such a cell;
Apollo had spy’d him, but knowing his mind
Past by, and call’d Falkland, that sat just behind :

philosopher, statesman, patriot, soldier—so this essayist describes him—he seems to have combined in his own person all the noble qualities which distinguished every one of the contending parties of the day. “He fell fighting at the age of thirty-four, but long before that miserable moment he had endeared himself to his country by the highest virtues that elevate humanity. He followed his King with a steadiness and fidelity that knew no flaw, but he followed as much to counsel and instruct as to battle for and protect. In the House of Commons he had never ceased to upbraid episcopal aggressions and royal usurpations; and when forced at last to defend the monarch against the ambitious spirits that struggled, as he thought, to build their own eminence upon the ruins of the throne, and cared not by what means the personal object was acquired, he still reminded his master that his soul could neither be the slave of priestcraft nor the minister to an overweening and ridiculous sense of prerogative.”* The same writer shows how earnestly, from the outbreak of the civil war until he fell sword in hand, Falkland’s heart was bent upon peace and upon restoring the King to the confidence of his Parliament—and that had he thought less of peace he would have cared more for his own life, since it was always the manly fear of being suspected of wishing for a suspension of hostilities on his own account that led him to the very thick of danger.

His position and feelings as a Royalist resemble those ascribed to *Lord Evandale* in Scott’s tale of the Covenanters. “As I resented,” says that *preux chevalier*, “even during the plenitude of his power, the King’s innovations on church and state, like a freeborn subject, I am determined I will assert his real rights, when he is in adversity, like a loyal one. Let courtiers and sycophants flatter power and desert misfortune; I will neither do the one nor the other.”† M. Sainte-Beuve expressly designates Falkland *ce chef-d’œuvre de la délicate et galante morale entée sur l’antique loyauté*.‡

The English essayist already quoted, contends that Macaulay does scant justice to Falkland in pronouncing him “infinitely too fastidious for public life”—and that, in fact, there was no squeamishness or false delicacy in his composition; that he continued firm to the cause of civil and religious liberty while his voice might be heard in Parliament, and that it was solely with the object of advancing that cause—the one that lay nearest his heart—that he placed himself at the side of “a King unworthy of such companionship.” Three courses—adopting the Peel phrase—were open to Lord Falkland when he followed the King to York. “He might have continued in the House of Commons and abetted the gigantic aspiration of Cromwell; he might have joined the standard of Charles I., with the questionable devotion and in the furious temper of a Rupert; he might, lastly, have resolved upon the self-denying course of

“But he was of late so gone with divinity,
That he had almost forgot his poetry;
Though to say the truth, and Apollo did know it,
He might have been both his priest and his poet.”

SUCKLING: *A Session of the Poets*.

* Essays from the Times, Second Series.

† Old Mortality, vol. iii.

‡ Essais sur Franklin (1852).

mediation—upon healing the wounds and softening the asperities of either party—upon using every exertion of his mind and body with King and Parliament for stopping the scandal which could bring honour to no party concerned in sustaining it.”*

This last was the course adopted by Falkland; and for this choice it is that he is condemned as no statesman by Lord Macaulay and so many others. His portrait is thus incidentally drawn, for instance, by Sir Edward Lytton: “A man weak in character, but made most interesting in history. Utterly unfitted for the severe ordeal of those stormy times; sighing for peace when his whole soul should have been in war; and repentant alike whether with the Parliament or the King, but still a personage of elegant and endearing associations; a student-soldier, with a high heart and a gallant spirit. Come and look at his features [the speaker is supposed to possess an old family portrait of him]—homely and worn, but with a characteristic air of refinement and melancholy thought.”† In another of his fictions,‡ might not Sir Edward have the value as well as fate of the Falkland class in his mind, when he calls it the eternal doom of disordered states, that the mediator between rank and rank—the kindly noble—the dispassionate patriot—the first to act, the most hailed in action—should darkly vanish from the scene; while fiercer and more unscrupulous spirits alone stalk the field; and no neutral and harmonising link remains between hate and hate,—until exhaustion, sick with horrors, succeeds to frenzy, and despotism is welcomed as repose.

Right or wrong in his decision, Falkland decided deliberately, and thenceforth steadfastly, though sadly, abode by his resolve. “If his success did not correspond either with his expectations or deserts, the duplicity of the monarch whom he had served was alone to blame for the miscarriage, and painfully did that monarch pay for his double-dealing. Clarendon asserts that ‘if there were no other brand upon this odious civil war than the single loss of such a man, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.’ Whitelock is fain to confess that wherever the name of Falkland was heard or known, there was honest lamentation for his violent and early death.—In truth, the gentleness, nobility, and delicacy of Falkland’s mind constitute a study for the poet, the historian, and the artist. It is certain beyond the possibility of doubt that Falkland, in every step that he took, aimed at nothing but the tranquillity and welfare of his native land, and the strict performance of his duty. His sympathies were all for the Parliament—his spirit was created for liberty—his aspirations were for the advancement of his kind and for the freedom and instruction of the human soul.”§ So had it ever been with him, from those early, happier, hopefuller days when, with his cherished comrade, Sir Henry Morison, the brother of his bride,—both of them among the “adopted sons” (so called) of rare Ben Jonson, he enjoyed those feasts of reason which Ben has himself celebrated, in stanzas to the Immortal Memory and Friendship of that noble pair, Sir Lucius Carey and Sir Henry Morison:

* S. Phillips, *ubi supra*.
† Rienzi, book v. ch. iii.

† Alice; or, the *Mysterier*, book iv. ch. iii.
§ Essays from the *Times*.

No pleasures vain did chime,
Of rhymes, or riots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drink, or feigned protests:
But simple love of greatness and of good,
That knits brave minds and manners more than blood.*

Into the undoubted loyalty of Falkland to his sovereign, little enough of personal attachment may have entered. But none the less he revolted from commonwealth principles which he believed would, in practice, be disastrous to the common-weal. He was for a constitutional King, but he was not for swamping the King in the constitution.

Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet:
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.†

Nay, he was Royalist enough to feel, when factions came to blows, that even the King's name was a tower of strength, which they upon the adverse faction wanted. Only, alas, there are some seeming towers of strength which are like the tower of Siloam, that fell upon a fated group, and slew them upon whom it fell.

Meanwhile, he followed the King meekly, as Phillips says, "when fidelity carried with it neither satisfaction nor reward, and strove for peace with the passionate enthusiasm of a child heartbroken by the quarrels of a discordant household. The consequences of a protracted civil war took a monstrous and appalling shape in his mind, and the vision haunted him day and night like a ghost." Among the roystering cavaliers we see him standing aloof as it were—among them, not of them—"Egregium . . . juvenem et fulgentibus armis; sed frons læta parum, et dejecto lumina vultu."§ Clarendon bears record that from the entrance into "this unnatural war," his friend's natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him, which he had never been used to. Insomuch that, resist as he might, and did, these sombre visitations, he grew by degrees into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he, who had been "so exactly unreserved and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present, and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness, and less pleasantness of the visage, a kind of rudeness or incivility, became, on a sudden, less communicable; and thence, very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had intended before always with more neatness and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a mind, he was now not only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men (who were strangers to his nature and disposition) who believed him proud and imperious, from which no mortal man was ever more free."||

* Ben Jonson, *Underwoods*.

† First Part of King Henry the Sixth, Act. V. Sc. 4.

‡ We must perforce leave out *formd*—the more's the pity, for more reasons than one.

§ *Æneid*, VI.

|| Clarendon, *History of the Rebellion*, book vii.

A prevailing sadness possessed him. Hope he had little or none, of what to-morrow might bring forth; let more sanguine natures do so, after their kind, that could hope against hope. On either side he saw so much to blame—on his own, and therefore the more under his own eye, so much to breed missing and mistrust.

Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,
Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
And oft his cogitations sink as low
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
The heaviest plummet of despair can go.*

Whenever any overture of peace was made, he would partially recover his spirits—would “be more erect and vigorous,” is Clarendon’s language—and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; “and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *Peace, Peace*; and would passionately profess, ‘that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart.’ This made some think, or pretend to think, ‘that he was so much enamoured on peace, that he would have been glad the King should have bought it at any price;’ which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man, that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honour, could have wished the King to commit a trespass against either.”† No: Falkland was not of the peace-at-any-price party. Yet with what a pathetic, undying echo, heard resounding from one generation to another, is that plaintive cry of his, *Peace, Peace*,‡ kept alive! Not in the Old Testa-

* Wordsworth, *Dion*.

† Clarendon, *ubi supra*.

‡ In the Table-talk of one of Falkland’s most learned contemporaries we read this characteristic utterance:

“When a country wench cannot get her butter to come, she says, the witch is in her churn. We have been churning for peace a great while, and ‘twill not come; sure the witch is in it.

“Though we had peace, yet ‘twill be a great while ere things be settled. Though the wind lie, yet after a storm the sea will work a great while.”—SALDEN’S *Table-talk* (Dr. Irving’s edit., 1854, p. 141).

Michelet dilates, in his History of France, on the general desire for peace, felt and expressed there, in the fourteenth century, under that poor crazed monarch, Charles VI. Of all the good works of Kings, says he, peace is the most kindly: so had St. Louis judged. “Kings are only here upon earth in order to preserve God’s peace.” This was the consummation universally desired, and given utterance to aloud in the sermons of the preachers, and in the harangues of the university, whispered with tears in the prayers of the wretched, and which was the common family prayer taught by mothers of an evening to their little children. “See with what impulsive joy Jean Gerson celebrates this great gift of peace, in one of these moments of hope when it was believed that both popes would retire . . .

“Allons, allons, sans attendre,
Allons de PAIX le droit sentier” . . .

“Let us lift up our hearts, oh devout Christian people! let us cast aside all other care, and give ourselves up at present to the contemplation of the glorious gift of coming peace. How often have we, for nearly thirty years, ardently besought and sighed for peace! *Veniet pax!*” —MICHELET, *Histoire de France*, t. iv. ch. lii.

But when was there ever a war, civil or otherwise, but civil especially, that had not its fiery Tybalts to shriek out, with him of Verona, sword in hand: “What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word!”

ment sense, but in one as true as sad, he was of those who cry Peace, Peace,—when there is no Peace.

It galled him that he should be taxed with undue eagerness for a compromise—that he, of all men, should be charged with compassing the discredit of the King. At least, he used this “senseless scandal,” as Clarendon calls it, for an excuse of the daringness of his spirit. His very eagerness to put an end to conflict, says a modern critic, shocked his susceptible spirit, and rendered him suspicious even of his own unspotted and unimpeachable motives. “Hence it was, though he continually implored the King to be reconciled to his Parliament, and at times remonstrated with such bluntness against the proceedings of Charles that the monarch ‘cared little to confer with him in private,’ that he was ever foremost in the fight, and always madly eager to prove how little personal considerations were involved in his absorbing passion for national unity and repose.”* Clarendon tells us, that at the leaguer before Gloucester, when his friends passionately reprehended him for exposing his person unnecessarily to danger (as he delighted to visit the trenches, and nearest approaches, and to discover what the enemy did), as being so much beside the duty of his place—he was Secretary of State—that it might be understood against it, he answered cheerily, “that his office could not take away the privileges of his age; and that a secretary in war might be present at the greatest secret of danger;”—adding, in all seriousness, “that it concerned him to be more active in enterprises of hazard than other men; that all might see, that his impatience for peace proceeded not from pusillanimity, or fear to adventure his own person.”†

His hour was at hand—and the peace he longed for, though not of the kind he longed for (on his country’s behalf), but profounder and holier by far, should anon enfold him in its tranquillising embrace. Death on the battle-field was what he instantly expected, and in due time it arrived: it that should come, did come, and did not tarry.

I have long felt

My course would have this issue, and long musings
Have braced me to endure it; I am ready;
My work on earth is done.‡

Sydney Smith teaches that the calm resignation to inevitable fate, equally removed from insolence and fear, and which is so peculiar to great minds, is to be classed among the sublimer feelings of our nature: “In this manner Socrates drank the poison; the three hundred perished at the Straits of Greece; so died the Chancellor More on the scaffold, and the great Lord Falkland in the field.”§ All these men, he says, in their different walks of life, as warriors, or as statesmen, seemed, at the approach of their destiny, to have enveloped themselves in their own greatness; and to have been lifted up above us by a kind of serenity to which we should feel it impossible, in similar situations, to attain.

Simply to indicate, in passing, how memorably this altitude of moral temperament, in Lord Falkland, has struck foreign as well as native

* S. Phillips.

† Clarendon.

‡ Talfourd, *The Castilian*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

§ *Sketches of Moral Philosophy*, lecture xvi.

observers, let us cite an incidental passage from Chateaubriand's distinguished biographer, who thus comments on the French minister's fretful vanity, on receiving flattering letters of solicitation from a certain fallen Power. "On sent l'orgueilleuse faiblesse de l'écrivain, dans ces mots : 'Les Bourbons m'ont-ils jamais écrits des lettres pareilles à celle que je viens de produire ?' Mauvaise mesure de juger les choses politiques et l'intérêt des peuples ! Qu'importaient à Lord Falkland les froideurs de Charles I^{er}, ou la lettre flatteuse qu'il aurait reçue du camp de ses ennemis ? Son devoir était en lui ; et sa foi ne dépendait ni d'une disgrâce, ni d'une faveur de Cour."* *Le devoir* was to Falkland a sacred and sufficing inspiration : though the path of duty might not be to him all that the poet predicates of it—shining more and more unto the perfect day.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.†

When dawned the day on which Newbury's battle should become historical, Falkland, as usual when an action was imminent, "was very cheerful," and at the first opportunity he hurried to the charge. Soon he was fighting in the thickest of the fight. A musket-shot brought him to the ground ; there he died ; and there his body was found, not until the next morning,—till when, says Clarendon, there was some hope he might have been a prisoner ; though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. "Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the business of life,‡ that the oldest rarely attain to

* Chateaubriand: *sa Vie*, etc., par M. Villemain, p. 521.

† Tennyson, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*.

‡ It is noteworthy that a similar reflection is addressed to Lord Falkland, by Ben Jonson, on the early decease of his brother-in-law, Sir Henry Morison:

"For what is life if measured by the space
Not by the act?
Or masked man, if measured by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one outlived his peers,
And told forth fourscore years ;
He vexed time, and busied the whole state ;
Troubled both foes and friends ;
But ever to no ends:
What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood !
For three of his fourscore he did no good."

Whereas, in Sir Henry's case, "all offices were done

"By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,

that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence: whosoever leads such a life, needs not care upon how short warning it be taken from him."*

No more should those fevered lips sue for Peace, Peace. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well. His the peace that passeth all understanding—a peace the world could not give him before, nor can take away now.

CLAUDINE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

PART III.

THE SACRIFICE.

"HEAR me, Claudine," he whispered; "from the hour
I saw thee on bright Rhône that festive day,
Thine image have I worshipp'd; sorceress' power
Ne'er charmed or maddened like thy beauty's ray.
Haste thy decision—moments press—be mine,
And honour, wealth, and rank around thee shine;
Refuse with love's dear smiles my heart to bless,
And be thy father's self-willed murderess."

A change came o'er Claudine's cold, haughty face,
It glowed, but with that sad and painful light
Which on the front of anguish we may trace,
When hope, in dying, burns a moment bright.
A sudden shuddering through her bosom crept;
Save her great sorrow, every passion slept;
Oh! she could stoop to save, renounce her pride,
A martyr be—all, all but Hubin's bride.

With faltering, feeble step, and downcast eyes,
Nearer and nearer to his side she drew,
Checked her wild tears, but could not hush her sighs,
And at his feet her form abandoned threw.
No word awhile she spake, but trembled there,
Abject in woe, and crouching in despair,
Covering her face as if a culprit bowed,
While, hate and scorn forgot, she sobbed aloud.

As, though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere."

Rare Ben does not conclude his elegiac without a poetic licence on the necessity of Falkland's longevity here on earth, now that his (and Ben's) Morison was taken—

"Where it were friendship's schism,
Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry."

Counting by earthly years, the battle of Newbury made this too a short tarrying.

* Clarendon, book vii.

"O pity me, if human be thy soul!
If sorrows ever touched thee, pity now!
I envy those who feeling can control,
And to the will of God submissive bow.
Yes, I may act a proud, rebellious part,
But wouldst thou take my hand without my heart?
Wed madly one who ne'er might give thee joy,
But, by repining, all thy bliss destroy?"

"The truth I veil not; there is one who claims
My faith, my vows, my undivided love,
From childhood's hour alike our dreams, our aims,
Affection sealed below, to live above.
All fearful deeds unshrinking I would dare,
Ere falsehood's blackening brand my heart should bear;
But on another doom and death to bring—
Here my soul faints—here, here, the piercing sting."

She raised her face imploringly; a rush
Of feeling for a moment shook her words;
Large one by one tears fell, and then a gush
Suffused her eyes; her thoughts were e'en as swords,
Stabbing her bosom; rose before her view
Her grey-haired father—murder's eager crew—
The blood-stained guillotine—the keen-edged knife,
Ready to cut the quivering thread of life.

"Hast thou a father? Oh, then feel for me!
Dost thou e'er think of death, and that bright heaven
Which waits the virtuous soul?—To thee, to thee,
My ardent prayers, and all my sighs, are given.
Have mercy on old age so near the tomb!
Sue for his life, and save him from his doom;
Pity a heart whose love from earliest years
Hath known no change, nor quench its hope in tears.

"Be generous, and thy conscience will return
The best reward for high and noble deed;
Grant others' prayer, and thine Heaven will not spurn,
Will not forsake thee in thine hour of need.
Be kind, and God will kindness show to thee,
Brighten thy path, bid life's dark trials flee,
And, at thy death-hour, tranquillise thy breast,
While thoughts of all the past will make thee blest."

She ceased, in wildest woe still kneeling there,
Striving her bursting sobs to check in vain;
He stood above her with unsoftened air,
And on his heavy brow no trace of pain:
One foot advanced, his hand was sternly raised,
And in his eye determination blazed;
He looked a threatening cloud at night's deep noon
Silently rolled above the weeping moon.

Or you might picture him from shades below
A lost one ris'n, and she a spirit bright,
Bowed down by some mysterious weight of woe,
Darkness awhile triumphant over light:

"Twas sad that spectacle—the good, the fair,
Looking on evil, in her last despair,
Her fate all hanging on the tyrant's will,
His to make glad, or plunge in gulfs of ill.

He gazed not at her, but his eyes were bent
On what seemed vacancy; his firm-clenched hand,
His gathered brows, all spoke resolve, and lent
A sternness that enclasped him like a band—
A girding band of iron; in his soul
There thrilled no chord to pity's soft control;
His nature was impassive; self alone,
The moral despot, sat upon a throne.

Heaven, and a future state, and vengeance hurled
On crime committed here, were myths to him;
He deemed man's hopes confined to this low world,
And life beyond a fable vague and dim.

Shall he, by qualms o'ercome, renounce his bliss?
Resign for fancy's sphere the joys of this?
His schemes all vain, shall Reason bend her low
At Mercy's shrine?—mad passion answered—No!

He spoke not loudly, but in coldest tone,
Measured, subdued, for feeling found not vent;
His cheek was flushed, and in his eye there shone
A fiery purpose scorning to relent.

"Twas past—all words were vain; her filial love
Virtue might laud; a weak and stricken dove,
She might be struggling in the eagle's claws;
He laughed at Heaven, and dared all human laws.

"Hear my resolve—I set my soul on thee;
Thou wilt not hate me when thou know'st me more:
Wisdom exclaims—snatch all the joys that be,
For soon they fade on life's bleak wintry shore;
Thy lot is linked—ay, must be linked with mine;
The bliss fate gives, my heart will ne'er resign;
I can be soft, Claudine, as morning dew
On Love's young flowers—I can be iron too.

"Then by the life I hold—by the red shower
Poured by the guillotine that shall not dry!
By the round world we tread on—by the Power,
If sovereign power there be, that rules on high!
I here make oath, unless thou give this night
Thy full consent to wed with morning light,
Not forced, but seeming free in others' eyes,
The law its victim claims—thy father dies!"

Deep silence a few moments hushed the room;
Hubin one posture kept, collected, stern;
His eyes, fierce flashing in the gathering gloom,
With love, yet hot defiance, seemed to burn.
Claudine moved slowly from him; all was o'er;
Since prayers were vain, she'd breathe her prayers no more;
Since tears would move him not, she ceased to weep,
Her anguish in her heart's core buried deep.

But passing near the window, through whose bars
The moon began to shine with pallid glow,
While in the holy blue smiled Evening's stars,
Nothing to them wrong, guilt, or tears below,

She dropp'd upon her knees, her large soft eyes
Fixed still and calmly on those calming skies,
The moonlight silvering her uplifted brow,
Ruffled no more, a placid angel's now.

She prayed for strength to abandon all her heart
Had treasured from her childhood's golden hours ;
With love's sweet dream for ever must she part,
And mournful nightshade woo for summer flowers.
Duty called loud ; to save an aged sire,
She gave herself to woe ; might God require
More from her breaking heart ? A daughter's prayer,
Kind Mercy, hear !—support her in despair !

No longer crushed by grief, or swayed by pride,
Veiling within what tortured spirit felt,
Gently she moved her falling looks aside,
Dried every tear, and rose from where she knelt.
Crossing the silvery beams that seemed to play
Like heavenly smiles, herself as calm as they,
She walked to Hubin, spoke in mildest tone,
Then in his hand, unshrinking, placed her own.

THE PRISON.

The night of dread expectancy is past,
And few have tasted there of Nature's sleep ;
Each shiverer thinks that night may be the last
Granted on earth to pray, to hope, to weep ;
Another and his headless frame may lie,
A senseless clod, beneath the covering sky—
Clay upon clay—no throb in that still breast,
Wrong felt no more, and terror e'en at rest.

The cold grey dawn along the wall is creeping,
Bringing the hour of death perchance more near ;
The note of time each beating heart is keeping,
The flying moments driven by white-faced fear :
Daily grow less th' unpitied, wretched men,
Dragged forth to slaughter from that bloody den ;
Eyes look to eyes, but none can solace give,
For none can tell who next may cease to live.

Not yet the goaler comes with heavy tread,
Ruthless to call the last condemned away,
His foot-fall waking shivers cold and dread,
His presence a black cloud of dire dismay.
Hush ! 'tis the death-watch telling fate is nigh ;
Some hear and shrink, some only heave a sigh ;
Thou prison of wrung hearts ! thy very stones
Seem made for tears—thy walls to echo groans.

A room—and many such that house displayed,
No cell but crowded with death's waiting prey—
A room before us spreads, half wrapt in shade,
And half revealed by Morn's unclosing ray.
Ah, me ! how ghastly look the faces there,
Lines on white foreheads written by despair,
And quivering, bloodless lips, all moans and sighs,
And close-locked hands, and terror-staring eyes !

Behold a man whom riches ~~once~~ had blest,
 And honour decked with stars; who courted ease,
 Lying on Pleasure's downy, perfumed breast,
 Reluctant e'en to front a fresh-wing'd breeze;
 Now as he feels in fancy the sharp blow
 Dividing soul from matter, more than woe—
 An icy horror curdles at his heart,
 While on his brow great drops of terror start.

A man of subtle thought, who passed his days,
 In pensive mood, at Learning's reverend feet;
 Who on God's works of glory loved to gaze,
 And with great Nature's soul held commune sweet,
 Looks grave but calm; his thoughts are wandering far,
 Piercing the infinite, while sun and star,
 And Heaven, and spirit-being, form the themes
 That all exalt him, and illumine his dreams.

A youth with flowing hair, and eyes late full
 Of love's first melting light, sits drooping low,
 Thinking of her, the young, the beautiful,
 Whose smile had been life's sun, his heaven below:
 Never, oh! never shall he lead her now
 A happy bride, all vain each tender vow;
 Never behold her more!—~~he~~ hides his eyes
 Suffused with tears, his frame convulsed with sighs.

Apart from these an aged man is seen;
 One moment, sternly calm, he smiles at death,
 Then springing up, with wild and frantic mien,
 He treads the floor, and holds his eager breath:
 Anon he strikes his forehead, anguish shown
 In starting eyes, and speaking in his groan,
 Unconscious muttering low, for pent-up grief,
 In self-held language, oft will find relief.

'Twas not he feared to look in Death's white face,
 A soldier's grand profession is to die,
 That other men may live; he should embrace
 Death with a smile, and not avert his eye.
 But to go down reviled to shame's black grave,
 As though he wronged the land he bled to save;
 This filled his soul with anguish, barbed the dart
 That rankled in the veteran's bursting heart.

They charged him with the crime of favouring kings,
 Not homaging republics; one to lay
 This fatal charge, enough for vengeance' stings;
 But his base foe was hidden from the day:
 And now he was to perish; soothing sleep
 Had fled those aching eyes which did not weep;
 Tears would have eased his racked and burning brain;
 So earth, parched, withered, calls for softening rain.

But there he paced, and paced, his thin grey hair
 Thrown from his brow, his white lips muttering still
 Impassioned words; and now they shaped a prayer,
 But resignation comes not at the will.

A pause—a hulk; his altered, *calming* look
Told his strong thoughts another channel took;
The storm of anger in his soul was o'er,
And his eye blazed indignant fire no more.

But in *their* stead a softening influence came;
The anguish was as deep, yet gentler shown;
That was the lightning—this the lamp's soft flame;
That was the thunder—this the sad harp's tone.
A vision of his child before him rose,
Sweet as will haunt the dying saint's repose,
When many a form of light floats down the beam—
So lovely looked she in that mournful dream.

He saw her in the garden near the Rhône,
Tending her flowers, as bloomy, fresh as they;
Now watching the large yellow robber-drone,
Now stooping to confine the gadding spray;
And then she plucked a rose to deck her hair,
And gazed into the fount, while mirrored there
Shone her young face, whose truthful lines to see
She blushed, and smiled, and laughed, in girlish glee.

Where now that child? what sorrows had she borne?
All fruitless her wild prayers to enter here;
Though he had hoped, each weary night and morn,
To catch a glimpse of all he held so dear.
His murmured name, her shriek, he once had heard;
That piercing cry his soul to madness stirred,
But soon it died in silence, and no more
Her sobbing voice the stormy echoes bore.

And shall he pass into the cold, dark grave,
And ne'er again that face of beauty see?
O Mercy, shield her! Heaven in pity save
Those gentle eyes from all that soon must be!
His loving child, amidst life's gathering night,
Had shone a star to cheer his aching sight,
But now, when that celestial, gladdening ray
He needed most, 'twas set—'twas past away.

He sank upon the blackened seat of stone,
Made wet before by many a captive's tears;
None there regarded him, his sigh, his groan,
Wrapped in their own dark sorrows, hopes, or fears.
"My daughter, though so precious, how I pray
That thou wert dead, or ne'er hadst seen the day!
For had I no rich treasure 'neath the sky
To cling to now, I should not mourn to die."

"I grieve to quit thee, unprotected one!
How, on life's desolate and stormy wave,
Shalt thou thy little bark steer all alone?
And wilt thou sometimes seek my nameless grave?
And pray upon the sod, and drop the tear,
And love him still in dreams, who loved thee here?
He died no traitor—whatso'er he be—
But serving country, God, and blessing thee."

The wretched man stooped low, his hoary hair
 Fell forward, and half hid the pale blue eye
 Now filling fast with tears; so floats some fair
 Frail cloud in spring, and veils the wat'ry sky.
 His thoughts were all with death, and that loved child,
 And broken prayers went up, subdued and mild,
 That God would shield the orphan, make her blest,
 When all his woes were o'er, his heart at rest.

The prison-door was opened, cautious, slow,
 And the harsh-grating sound shook every heart
 Anticipating fate; with ghastly glow,
 Eyes to that door were turned, white lips apart:
 Came they the messengers of death or life?
 Fear, hope, in each held wild and deadly strife;
 Each shuddering stood to catch the voice of doom,
 Calling him off to an ensanguined tomb.

They spake the name—then all, save one, relieved
 From their great haunting terror, breathed more free,
 Happy yet, yet, a fleeting hour reprieved—
 So deep man's dread of near eternity!
 They pitied him, old age, called forth to die;
 A moment, like a breeze that quivers by,
 A tremor o'er him came—'twas gone, and now
 The martyr-soldier reared a dauntless brow.

He passed without, and reached a narrow room
 Guarded by men who spoke not, moved no limb,
 For iron had they grown, nor recked the doom
 Of youth or age—hearts dead as features grim.
 "On to the guillotine!" he deemed would be
 The fatal words—what doth the culprit see?
 Whose long, long cry falls thrilling on his ear?
 Cry not of anguish, looks not blanched by fear.

Arms were flung round him, a sweet face upraised,
 Looking into his own, and kisses wild
 Were printed on his cheek; her dark eyes blazed,
 For joy, and not despair, had seized his child.
 Hubin stood near, calm, cheerful, veiling all
 His soul of falsehood, and his heart of gall;
 And still, while sunshine o'er her seemed to break,
 Claudine her father clasped, but could not speak.

She moved his white hair gently from his brow,
 And kissed once more his cheeks and wondering eyes,
 Back a few paces drew, and madly now
 Clasped him again with tears, and smiles, and sighs.
 Such gestures are soul's language, when the heart
 Fails through the lips its feelings to impart.
 At length she cried: "Kneel! pray! thank God with me
 Father, thou wilt not die—thou'rt free! thou'rt free!"

A WET DAY ON THE HUDSON.

BY W. BRODIE.

It was once my fate, when sailing up the Hudson from New York to West Point, in one of those splendid steamers for which the American waters are famous, to be confined to the elegant and spacious saloon during the whole of the passage, by a deluge of rain that poured incessantly, and made the deck impossible as a promenade. In this quandary I did not know what to do to pass the time; books I had none with me; the newspapers sold on board I had conned over and over. I tried to sleep; it was in vain. Happily at this very time a loquacious citizen, who sat near me dozing, turned round and addressed me by saying:

"You don't chaw, you don't whittle, you ain't drank no whisky since you have been aboard. I reckon you must be a Euröpan, mayhap a Britisher?"

"I am," said I, "an Englishman."

"Whar are you travelling to?"

"West Point," answered I.

"Ay that's a place most on ye likes to visit, and it is a mighty pretty place I don't misagree; but I guess it's along of André all you Britishers goes there. Wal, really there's no disputing tastes, but I think the sarce the Yankees give you there might have made you shy of going that gate."

I merely answered, "Not at all. We grieve naturally over the fate that befel the gallant André there, but still we do not blame the justice of his sentence, and I think it is best to let bygones be bygones."

"Sure there's right in that," said my friend; "but I can't abide to hear of Bledensburgh no more than pison."

Here we both relapsed into silence.

The movement, the heat, the past conversation, had begun to make me drowsy, and I was just falling off into a gentle slumber when I was wakened up by the question, "Do you admire Dickens?"

"Of course I do," was the answer.

"And do you think him truthful in his descriptions?"

"Yes," said I.

"Now really that beats all I ever heerd on, and you been in our country. Why, sir, there ain't a man in this enlightened land what don't know better than that. To believe him you'd think the English warn't spoke as pure here as in your little bit of an island, when all the world knows that it's spoke a darn'd sight better. You ain't got a man that ud speak along o' our Clay; but that's the nat'ral consiquences ov a people being right down enslaved. Blowed if our niggers don't speak more purer than a mighty lot of your London cockneys."

I saw that to enter into a discussion with a person of this sort was folly, so I merely said, "But you seem, nevertheless, to admire his works pretty much, for all that, on this side of the Atlantic."

"In course we does; they do amuse us sartin, and I calkilate Squire Dickens pockets as many red cents as most men that writes in Ameriky; but then he is downright ontrue on us, and so I can't a pardon him no

ways. Anyhow, stranger, this speakin' makes my throat as dry as a lime-kiln in July, so I guess we'd better lick'er up a few, to wash down the cobwebs and drive the damps off the stummick."

To this proposition I willingly assented, as I wished to cultivate my friend, and so we adjourned to the bar.

Here we found a group of the most "enlightened people on the earth," chewing and spitting as if for dear life, and drinking down whisky neat, whilst they listened to a lively dispute between a Southern planter and a New England pedlar on the much-voiced question of nigger slavery. In this discussion my companion seemed to have a strong desire to join, but the pleasure he hoped to derive from confounding the ignorant foreigner evidently outweighed the attractions of domestic politics, and so, with a wistful glance at the listening crowd, he strode up manfully to the bar, and turning to me asked what I would like. Not being very sure of the other drinkables, I proposed whisky, which drew down ecstasies on my taste from my friend, who, pouring out half a tumblerful of the spirit, tossed it off pure to my health and our better acquaintance, taking a mouthful of water after, and passing the bottle to me. I then mixed about half a glass of the same size as he had taken, with good stiff grog, put a lump of ice in it, and began drinking my beverage slowly, as I should have done at home, when my treater turned round on me with looks of wonder, and said:

"Whar on: airth were you ever ris to drink whisky like that? I do believe these poor Europeans ain't got no more knowledge than an Injun. Look'ee, if ee must mix yer lick'er, don't go for to drown of it like that. Why that stuff ain't strength in it to take the chill off the water."

To this advice I opposed my habits, and that I was used to taking grog of that strength, but not stronger. I then went on quietly to finish my glass, eating a "cracker," along with it, much to the amusement and wonder of all the frequenters of the bar. When I had done I proposed returning to the saloon to finish our conversation; but this proposal, I found, met with a decided opposition, and I could not guess at the reason, though admonished by sundry coughs and several remarks about the coal dust sticking in the throat, until at length, fairly worn out by the dulness of my comprehension, my acquaintance said:

"Ye see ye air as it were forrin' to them parts, so ye can't be expected to know the rights of things as they is, though down with us they do most times, when any one treats em to drink, just by way of compliment, ask 'em to smile in return."

"Pray what does smile mean?"

"New if that ain't odd, and you a grow'd up man to question me of that ar word. To smile is to drink, leastways it's comprehended so to home."

I understood at once what was required of me, and merely allowing, for form's sake, a minute or two to pass, I said, "Shall we not have another glass together?"

"New ye do git along bewtiful. I see if ye was nigh of me a short time I'd teach ye, I guess, to know a pankin pie from a apple-dumpling."

On the top of this another glass was drunk, and we returned to our former places, to discuss Dickens, Thackeray, the *Times*, and I don't know what else besides. A lump of tobacco, of about a pound weight,

was tendered me to bite a piece off for chewing, and on my refusing to accept the offer, my friend took a piece himself, of about half an ounce, into his mouth at once, and began expectorating such showers of tobacco into the brightly-burnished spittoon which the negro waiter had placed before us the moment we were seated, that I did not wonder any more at the inordinate thirst with which he appeared to be consumed.

"I'm darn'd," said he, "if chewing ain't a real good thing these rainy days. It's occupation for the time like this in a car or in a boat; I guess now down to Illinois, whar I locates, the damp of a-mornin' is sometimes as thick as mud a'most, blow'd if ye can walk through it—leastways, if ye don't go side foremost, like the crabs down to Nahant. Ever been to Nahant? No! Wal, that beats eternal creation. You come from Europe, and ye ain't seen the coast afore ye flies to see the inside of our country. True, though I never war thar myself till last fall, and I can't abide them Yankees; sure, I don't misdoabt, but I'd a'most as leave be a ignorant Britisher—may, sooner—than one o' them hard bargain-driving, sneakin' New England methodies. They ain't the folk for my money, the New Englanders ain't, yet sartin a deal of it goes their way, what with truckin', and dealin', and cotton-prints, and Yankee notions."

I allowed this burst of indignation to pass over a little before recommencing some talk about books, &c., and then I broke in with, "Your state is very rich, is it not?"

"Not partikler, but we ain't that poor, neither, that we can't buy your books. Why is it, say, that the Englisher's books most times laughs at us Americans? We air, no doubt—and that nobody, I reckon, misbelieves—the greatest people onder the sun, but then they always a'most makes us look ridiclous, and that's not in natur no how."

I said, "You yourself have just been mocking the Yankees, and it is certainly because our authors have been chiefly thrown into contact with them that they draw such pictates of American character."

"Ah! thar ye may be right, and if I could only be sartin of that ye might write a book on 'em from here to Californy, and I'd be subscriber all the time, I would."

"You were speaking a few minutes ago about Thackeray; pray tell me in what esteem he is held in this country. I should like to have the candid opinion of an unprejudiced man like yourself," said I.

"Thackeray is much thought on, and he'd ha' bin a-darn'd sight more if he hadn't ha' gone and show'd us up as he dese; but he don't spare you nor your lords neether, I guess; so I reckon most folks put the one agin the other, and then he comes out pritty squaz, only he ain't so much a book for the onlern'd as Dickens; and now ye've put me in good humour wi' him too. Mind'ee, though I spoke to you as I did of the Britishers a while agone, we don't, most parts, in the West and South mislike 'em as the Yankees dese—only we likes to crow at a time though, sure—for we're all the same as one blood, and my own father came hisself from the old country, and he alays said it's a poor bird as fouts its own nest. But that's the dinner-gong, so let's be gain', and set you down by me, and I'll show ye the right sort."

Off to dinner we went, or rather pushed and scrambled as best we could. The meal was certainly far above the average, and I must say

that even the state of Illinois was not disgraced by any particular act of atrocity. Indeed, all went on most properly, if we except one or two gentlemen who resolutely picked their teeth with their forks or with their pocket-knives, as if they intended to dig them out of their heads, or a few others, who shoved their forks to take morsels out of every dish round them. As I had been in the habit of doing in England, I called for a bottle of sherry; but I was soon convinced of my mistake in doing so when I tasted it, and I found that I was the only person present who had been rash enough to risk his health by such a proceeding. I offered a glass to my neighbour; he said, "No, I thank'ee, whisky's good enough for me, and I'll get some soon as feedin' time's over, at the bar. Ye must unlearn some o' them Eurōpian habits in this country." The meal appeared to be interminable from the quantity of dishes served, but, like all mundane things, it passed away much quicker than I had expected; and certainly as it was my first experience of travelling in the United States, I did much marvel at the rapidity and dexterity with which huge messes of unknown compounds were discussed by the company at table.

A glass at the bar, a cigar smoked in half silence under the fore part of the deck, whiled away a good half hour, during which I scarcely exchanged a single word with anybody present, though every one seemed ready enough to speak to me; yet the chief subjects being either connected with local or national politics, or the still more absorbing theme of commerce, all things of which I was profoundly ignorant, I could not do more than give assent to whatever was said to me—a process which made me be generally looked upon, if not as a very inconsistent, at least as a very ignorant, person, and unworthy of further attention. Having finished my weed I strolled back carelessly to the saloon, threw myself into a great easy-chair, and tried to reconstruct in my mind the conversation I had just taken part in. This pleasant occupation began gradually to weave itself up in my imagination with past scenes in other lands or at home, and, ere I was aware of it, I had fallen into a sleep dreaming of nigger waiters, Yankee "surroundings," and ladies chewing tobacco, when I was roused up by a stoppage in the motion of the vessel, and a bumping and thumping of sailors rushing about overhead. Turning round to see what was the matter, I found everybody stirring, and on inquiring of my next neighbour the cause of all the movement, he merely answered, "Guess there's passengers comin' aboard, and the capin's afeard the other steamer passes us, so he's a hurryin' of 'em up." With that he turned himself round in his chair, and in another minute an undoubted snore proclaimed that he was fast asleep again, so seeing that conversation in that quarter was impossible, I went out on the railings to see what sort of people the new arrivals might be.

A boat containing four or five persons, of which two only were white, was pulling out as hard as it could from the shore to the steamer. The two latter, evidently the passengers, were sitting huddled up in the stern sheets drenched, and miserable-looking enough—a state which the abuse poured on them by the captain and the other officers for their tardiness in coming did not seem to enliven. At last, however, they got alongside. A rope's-end was thrown them to make the boat fast by, and their luggage was tumbled on board in an instant. One passenger was already

on deck when the opposition steamer came right abreast of us. "Go-ahead," sung out the officer of the watch. "Oh! massa, for Gor A'mighty's sake have a care, the boat'll be swamped if you goes on!" cried the chief boatman in despair. "Wal then loose the painter and let her go, you great black thief ye," said the captain; an advice which was no sooner given than followed, by the person addressed—the more quickly so too, that he had been paid all his fares, and that the second and last passenger had already his one foot on the companion ladder. But, alas! "there's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip." He had, no doubt, one foot on the step, but the other was still in the boat, and when she was let free down he came souse over head into the river between the two. "Oh! Lud a' mercy," cried the boatman; "give me the boat-hook, quick, Jim. Oh! Mr. Keggs 'll be drowned, ye black nigger ye." A moment more and to the surface came Mr. Keggs, blowing and puffing like a porpoise, but that only to sink again, as he did not know how to swim. The black boatman, however, was beforehand with him, and had got the end of the boat-hook securely fixed in the waistband of his breeches. Puff, puff, puff—"what the devil are you at there?"—puff again, and a great spitting out of water—"don't you know that?"—puff, puff, puff—"hook o' your'n's right in my flesh?" "Never mind, massa, better that than be drowned!" answered Sambo, who, catching him by the collar of his coat, fairly lugged him into the boat.

During the time that this scene was enacting, the steamer had been under the necessity of stopping, to the great chagrin of the captain, which was not diminished by the rival companies' boat sailing disdainfully past us, whilst the band on board her played the tune of "Such a getting up-stairs"—a compliment we could not return, as a misunderstanding had sprung up between our captain and his musicians, which had forced us to leave New York without them. I do not, indeed, believe that had it not been for the loudly expressed desire of all the passengers to wait for our half-drowned fare, we should have delayed one instant for him, under any circumstances; and, as it was, the second officer, fresh from the Mississippi, did not hesitate to proclaim his preference for the established rules on the western rivers to those that are prevalent on the Hudson.

"Now," said he to a passenger standing near him, "it would ha' been a different guess sort of thing this on the Mississippi. Thar if a man does chance into the river, I reckon we don't wait to see if currints suck him down, or if a stray alligator ketches on him, nor no more if he gets to the shore; it's all go-ahead thar, and no mistake, but on them darned pitiful waters that ud scarce feed the biler of a cotton boat, may I be eternally chawed up if they don't make as much fuss as if t'ware the whole Atlantic a running through their state, instead of a watercourse that udn't drown'd a rat at flood time. Oh! this is the place to try the temper of any saint, from Jonas downwards."

With that he turned away on his heel disgusted, and looked the very picture of an ill-used suffering man. The captain, too, appeared as if he fully sympathised with him, but prudence prevented him, for the time, from giving vent to his feelings.

Mr. Keggs, meanwhile, had reached the deck, dripping water from every pore, and was hurrying on to get near the cooking fire when his progress was suddenly arrested by the negro cook calling out,

"Now, massa, ye can't go thar, no ways. It ain't allowed."

"But whar then on airth am I to go?" said Mr. Keggs.

"Why, massa, can't say; ony here's the cook's place."

"All I've got to say," chimed in another voice, which I found, on turning to see who the speaker was, to be that of the third officer "is, that if ye don't clear out o' this, with yer wet rags, I'm blowed to the end of creation if I don't makee."

"But, sir," said the sufferer, "I'm rael wet and cold too, I guess, so I can't in sense go out on the raftings."

"Wal, ye may go where ye likes, it ain't nothin' to me; but——" swearing a dreadful oath, "ye shan't go to stand here a wettin' of my decks."

Driven thns from his place, poor soaking Mr. Keggs drew off to near the engine-room, to see and imbibe a little heat, when scarcely had he done so before a sooty face was shot out of a hole at his side, and he was saluted with,

"What du ye take this ingin fur, ye half-drown'd squirt, that ye come distillin' yer off-washings into my ingin-room, and stinkin' me out, let a be a rustin' ov the iron-work?"

"Oh, dear!" said Keggs; "this is too bad for anythin'. Here am I shiverin', my teeth chatterin' hard enuff to strike fire by-near, and I can't get a drink to keep the cold out."

"Weel a wat," said the other passenger, who had come on board with him, a Scotchman by birth, named M'Grath, as I learned afterwards, "weel a wat, and ye are unco wet; but jist wait a wee bit an' I'll git some sperrits fur ye. Keep up yer dander, Jimmie, man, it might has been waur."

In a few minutes he returned with a tumbler quite full of hot spirits and water, and having given it to his friend he began consoling him, by pointing out most clearly the danger he was in of catching a pleurisy, a rheumatism, or some other such malady.

I left these two worthies engaged in their respective occupations—the one of finishing his glass, and the other of lecturing his friend, and sauntered on to the bar, where I purchased a shocking bad weed, which I in vain attempted to make draw, and was wondering at what hour we should reach West Point, when my doubts were at once solved by the black steward coming up to me to ask for a gratuity, and to tell me that I should be at my journey's end in about ten minutes. The first thing I then did was to go and take leave of my friend of the morning, who wrung me kindly by the hand, made me promise to look him up at Saratoga, where he was going to spend a few days before proceeding home, with the intention, as he told me, of trying whether mint juleps and Congress water would not cure him of an indigestion, brought on by too free living during his stay in New York, and gave me his address "to home."

The steamer had touched the quay. I was on shore with my luggage when the last words that saluted my ears were, "Git out o' that, ye skunk, or will ye wait till I turn ye out, wettin' all the gangway, I'm blowed if ye ain't," addressed by the second officer to Mr. Keggs, who had, it appears, pushed a little too far aft to see his fellow-passengers away.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE EIGHTEENTH.

I.

THE ORDEAL BY FIRE.

THE summer day was beautifully soft and sultry as he rode down the road to Richmond. A thunderstorm in the early morning had purified but not chilled the air; the roads were sparkling still with moisture; the grasses, heavy with dew, glittered like emeralds in the sunlight; the little birds were twittering and singing in sweet abrupt gushes and trills of impromptu music; the deer in the park lifted their head now and then for a clear bell of delight, and trooped with stately grace along the scented turf into the shadows of the trees, which moved their glistening leaves at the low summer wind, as it shook off from their luxuriant foliage noiseless showers of rain-drops, that fell with silent footfalls on the fern branches below.

There was the glorious beauty of the "glad summer-time" in the fragrant air, and on the moistened roads, and on the rich sylvan breath of the green woodlands, but it never reached his eyes, or heart, or senses, deeply as at another time it would have stirred his inborn love of nature, as De Vigne rode on, spurring his horse into a mad gallop, with that one world within him which blinds a man to all the rest of earth. He galloped on and on, never slackening his pace; for the first time in all his soldier's life he felt *dread*—dread of telling the woman he loved that he was tied to the woman he hated; not for the first time, yet quicker than ever before, his pulse throbbed, and his heart beat loudly and rapidly, at the thought of the Little Treasillian. They throbbed much faster, and beat much quicker still, as he came in sight of the farm-house of St. Crucis, and saw coming out of the little gate, and taking his horse's bridle off the post—Vane Castleton.

"Good Heavens!" thought De Vigne, with a deadly anguish tightening at his heart, "is she, then, like the rest? Has she duped us all? Is her guileless frankness as great a lie as other women's artifice?"

Castleton did not see him; he threw himself across his bay and rode down the opposite road. De Vigne wavered a moment; sceptical as he was, he was almost ready to turn his horse's head and leave her, never to see her again. If she chose Vane Castleton, let him hate her! But love conquered; the girl's face had grown too dear to him for him of his own act never to look upon it again. He flung his bridle over the gate, pushed the little wicket open, and entered the garden. In the window, with her eyes lifted upwards to a lark singing far above in the blue ether, the chestnut-boughs hanging over her in their dark green framework, the honeysuckles and china roses bending down till they touched her shining golden hair; her cheeks a little flushed, and on her young face all that vivid intelligence, refined delicacy, and impassioned feeling which formed

her strongest, because her rarest, charm for him, was Little Alma. At the sight of her, he trembled like a woman, with the passion that had grown silently up, and ripened into such sudden force from the night of the Molyneux ball. How *could* he give her up to any living man? Right or wrong, how could he so tame down his inborn nature as to wish to win from such a woman only the calm, chill affection of a sister?

That mad jealousy which almost always accompanies strong love, especially when that love is uncertain of having awakened any response, and which had awoke in all its fire at the sight of Vane Castleton, and the suspicion that it was for Castleton's sake and not for his own that she had rejected Curly's suit, drove all memory of The Trefusis, all recollection of what he came to avow to Alma, from his mind!

He stood and looked at her—the wild throbbing of his heart, the rush of all that inexpressible delirium, half rapture and half suffering, which, for long years, none of her sex had had the power to rouse in him, told him that he should not dare to trust himself in her presence, for no will, however strong, could have strength enough to tame its fever down and chill his veins into ice-water. Still he lingered, not master of himself; the unnatural calmness, the acquired self-control with which he had of late banished, and, as he believed, silenced for ever those warmer and fonder impulses that had been born with him, were lost. The man's nature, alive and vigorous, rebelled against the stoicism he had thought to graft upon it, and flung off the cold and alien bonds of the chill philosophy circumstances had taught him to adopt. His heart was made for the passionate joys of love; and against the reason of his mind it demanded its rights and clamoured for his freedom. He lingered there loth—who can marvel?—to close upon himself the golden gates of a fuller, sweeter, more glorious existence; and turn away to bear an unmerited curse alone—a wanderer from that Eden which was his right and heritage as a man. He lingered—then she looked up and saw him, her lips parted with a low, glad cry, the rose flush deepened in her cheeks, the first blush she had ever given for him. She sprang down from the window, which was scarcely a foot above the ground, ran across the lawn as lightly as a fawn, and stood by his side.

"Oh, Sir Folko! how long you have been away!"

How could he leave her then? If he could have done, I fancy he would have been one of the impossible creations of romance, pulseless and bloodless as marble gods—not one of the warm, impulsive, erring sons of earth, a man, as I say, of like passions with ourselves.

She came and stood by him; her golden hair nearly touching his arm, her little soft fingers still on his hand, her glad beaming face turned up to his with the full glow of the afternoon sunshine upon it, her eyes raised with joyous tenderness in their clear regard, yet far down in their dark blue depths, that enthusiasm, sensitiveness, and intensity of feeling of which the heart that shone through them was capable. She stood by him, only thinking of her happiness at seeing him, never dreaming of the torture her presence was to him—a torment yet an ecstasy, like the exultation and the awakening of an opium-smoker combined in one. Seeing her thus, with her hand in his, her eyes looking upwards to him, so near to her that he could count every breath that parted her soft warm lips, it was hard for him to keep stern and cold to her, repress the words that

hung upon his lips, chain down the impulse that rose in him with irresistible longing to take her to his heart, and carry her far away where no man could touch her, and no false laws deny him the love that was his common birthright among men.

"What a long time you have been away, Sir Folko!" began Alma again. "Ten whole days! You have never been to see me since that beautiful ball. I thought you were sure to come the next day, or the day after, at the latest. Have you been out of town?"

"Oh no!" said De Vigne, moving towards the house without looking at her.

"Then why have you been so long?"

"I have been engaged, and you have had plenty of other visitors," he answered, his jealousy of Vane Castleton working up into a bitterness he could not wholly conceal.

She coloured. Looking aside at her, he saw the flush in her cheeks. She had never looked confused before at any words of his, and he put it down, not to his own abruptness, but to the memory of his rival.

"No visitors whom I care for," said Alma, with that pretty petulance which became her so well. "I have told you till I am tired of telling you that nobody makes up, or ever could make up, to me for your absence!"

How his heart glowed at her reply! But the devil of jealousy was not lulled so easily, wayward as he always had been from his cradle, and suspicious as his life now had made him.

"Still, when I am absent," he said, with that satire which with him was often a veil to very deep feeling, "you can console yourself very agreeably with other men."

They had now passed into her room. He leant against the side of the window, playing impatiently with sprays of the honeysuckle and climatis that hung round it, snapping the sprays and throwing the fragrant flowers recklessly on the grass outside the sill, careless of the ruin of beauty he was causing. She stood opposite to him, stroking the parrot's scarlet crest unconsciously—she and her bird making a brilliant picture.

His words touched her into something like his own mingled anger and satire, for their natures had certain touches in common, as all natures have that assimilate and sympathise; and Alma's temper, though very sweet, could be passionate at provocation or injustice.

"If I thought so," she answered, quickly, "I should not honour the woman I suspected of such falsehood and such variability by any visits at all from me, were I you."

"Is that a hint to me to leave your new friend Castleton the monopoly?" asked De Vigne, between his teeth.

"Sir Folko!"

That was all she deigned to answer—her eyes flashing fire in their dark-blue depths, her cheeks hot as the crimson roses above her head, her expressive lips full of tremulous indignation, her attitude, all fire and grace and outraged pride, said the rest. There was fascination about her then sufficient to madden any man who loved her.

"Would you try to make me believe, then, that you do not know that man Castleton loves you—what he calls love, at least?" asked De Vigne, fiercely.

Alma's cheeks glowed to a warmer crimson still, and resentment at his tone flashed from under her black lashes, like azure lightning. He had put *her* passions up now.

"You must be mad to speak to me in that tone. I bear no imputation of a falsehood even from you. I do not suppose Lord Vane loves me, as you phrase it. From the little I know of him, I should fancy him infinitely too vain and too egotistical to love any woman whatsoever. That he flatters me, and would talk more foolish nonsense still, I know; but that is scarcely to my taste, as you, I should have thought, might have believed, and——"

"You will be very unwise if you give ear or weight to his 'foolish nonsense,' many a girl as young and as fair as you have been ruined by listening to it," interrupted De Vigne, without waiting for her explanation. He was so mad that Vane Castleton should even have dreamt that he would win her; he was so rife with passions wild and reckless, that rather than stand calmly by the girl, he must upbraid her; and the storm that was in his heart found vent in cruel and sarcastic words, being denied the softer and natural outlet of love vows and fond caresses. The love that murdered Desdemona, and condemned Héloïse to a living death, is not dead in the world yet. "Vane Castleton *can* love, not as you idealise it, perhaps, but as he holds it. There is no man so brutal, so heartless, or so egotistical, but can love—as he translates the word, at least—for his own private ends or selfish gratification. 'Love' is men's amusement, like horse-racing, or gaming, or drinking, and you would not find that 'bad men' abstain from it—rather the contrary, I am afraid! Vane Castleton will love you, I dare say, if you let him, very dearly—for a month or two!"

How bitterly he spoke, holding his hand upon his chest, and breathing hard as he looked away from her, out into the glad summer sunshine, lying so sweetly and brightly upon the turf and on the chestnut-boughs.

Alma gazed at him, her large eyes wide open, like a startled gazelle's, her cheeks crimson with the blush his manner and his subject awoke.

"Sir Folko, what has come to you? *Are you mad?*"

"Perhaps," said De Vigne, between his teeth—set, as he would set them in the wild work of a charge or a skirmish. "All I say is, that you are unwise to receive Castleton's visits and listen to his flattering compliments. Many women have rued them. I can tell you that men very unscrupulous in such affairs, the last to condemn, the first to give license and latitude, have called him Butcher, for his gross brutality—sleek and soft as he looks—to a girl no older than yourself, whose boy brother he shot dead through the heart. You would have been wiser to have taken Curly's honest affection; there are few honest hearts upon earth, and *there* the world would have gone with you, society would have smiled on your love, and prudence and propriety and wisdom upheld you in your choice——"

"Sir Folko! What right have you to speak to me like this?" interrupted Alma, with a passionate gesture. "What right have you to suppose that I should listen to Vane Castleton, or any other man? If you had listened to me you would have heard that his fulsome compliments are detestable to me, that I hate them and loathe them, that I told him so this very afternoon, and that I shall have strangely mistaken him if ever

he repeats his visits here again. How could you, knowing me as you do, or as you ought to do, presume to doubt that I could find pleasure in flattery that I, at least, think no compliment? Still more, how could you dream that I, having seen you, could tolerate him, or any other man? Do you think that society and prudence weigh with me? Do you suppose that love I could not return would have any temptation for me, even where it is as true and generous as I believe Colonel Brandling's to be? Do you think that I could endure the iron bondage of marriage with a man for whom I cared nothing, however it might be gilded over with the glare of rank and riches and position? What harm have you heard of me to make you all at once class me with the women you satirise and ridicule? Would you wish to give me over to your friend? Would you think so meanly of me as to—Oh, Sir Folko, Heaven forgive you!"

She stood beside him passionate as a little Pythoness, with all the fervour of her moiety of Italian nature awoke and aroused; her cheeks crimson with her indignation, her grief, and her vehemence, her lips just parted with their rush of words, her head thrown back in defiance, her little white hands clenched together, yet on her face a very anguish of pain, and in her large brilliant eyes inexpressible tenderness, reproach, and wistful agony. Her gaze was fixed upon him even while her heart heaved with the fresh and vehement burst of new emotions his words had aroused; and tears, passionate and bitter, rose in her throat and gathered in her eyes—those tears of blood, the tears of woman's love. All his passion surged up in De Vigne's heart with resistless force; all that burning love for her which had crept into his heart with such insidious stealth, and burst into such sudden flame but a few hours before, mastered and conquered him. In all her strange and brilliant fascination, in all her fond and childlike frankness, in all her newly-dawned and impassioned tenderness she stood before him; his heart throbbed wildly, the hot blood mounted to his pallid brow in the fierceness of the struggle, the olden delirium fastened on him with more intoxication than ever in days gone by, even in that for whose price he had paid down his name, his honour, and his freedom. Will, power, reason, self-control were shivered to the winds, he was no statue of clay, no sculptured god of stone to resist such fierce temptation—to pass over and reject all for which nature, and manhood, and tenderness pleaded—to put away with unshaken hand the love for which every fibre of his being yearned.

She stood before him in all her witchery of womanhood, and before her De Vigne's strength bowed down and fell; the love within him wrestled with and overthrew him; every nerve of his nature thrilled and throbbed, every vein seemed turned to fire; he seized her in his arms where she stood, he crushed her slight form against his heart in an embrace long and close enough for a farewell, while he covered her flushed cheeks and soft warm lips with "lava kisses melting while they burned." He needed no words to tell he was loved; between them now there was an eloquence compared to which all speech is dumb.

The glowing golden sunlight shone on them where they stood, two human beings formed for each other's joy. To those who condemn him, all I answer is, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder!" God and nature had joined their hearts together in the higher

bonds of love, enduring and eternal; it was man's meddling and pharasaic laws which dared to decree they should be put asunder.

Those moments of deep rapture passed uncounted by De Vigne, conscious only of that ecstasy of which he had been robbed so long, which was to his heart as the flowing of water-springs through a dry land; all the outer world was forgotten by him, all his unnatural and cruel ties faded from his memory, all he knew was that once more he was loved on this weary life—so weary without love; all he felt was the wild pulsations of the heart he held imprisoned against his own, whose throbs were all for him; all he remembered was that he loved and was loved! Holding her still in his arms he leaned against the side of the window, the soft summer wind fanning their brows, flushed with their mutual joy; his passion spending itself in broken sighs and deep delight, and hurried words and fond caresses.

"You love me, Alma?" he whispered eagerly, bending his haughty head to look into the eyes whose loving radiance answered him without words.

"For ever!" she murmured, as fervently, looking up into his face, while warm blushes tinged her cheeks and brow. "How could I help but love you in joy or in sorrow, in death or in life; you, the realisation of all my best ideals; you, to whom I owe all the happiness of my being; you, who have haunted all my sweetest dreams ever since my earliest childhood? Love you? How could I choose but love you?"

She paused abruptly with a deep-drawn sigh of joy, awed at the depth and vehemence of her own love, looking up in his face with those eloquent guileless eyes, in which lay all the tenderness, ardent yet undefiled, which he had awakened in her pure but impassioned heart. How could he remember aught else when love like this was offered him; how could he think of anything save the heaven shrined for him in those fond words and loving eyes? He clasped her closer still against his breast, pressing his lips on hers with the passionate fire of his vehement nature.

"My God! if you love me like this, how do I love you! Would to Heaven I could reward you for it!"

Alma, who knew not his thoughts or his meaning, looked up with a smile, half shy, half mournful, yet inexpressibly beautiful, with its frank gladness and deep tenderness.

"Ah, what reward is there like your love?"

De Vigne kissed her lips to silence; he dare not listen to the eloquence that lured him in its unconscious innocence with such fierce temptation. For, now that the first moments of wild rapture had passed, the memory of his marriage, of his resolves, of his duty, shown him by a much younger, and in such matters equally latitudinarian a man, and acknowledged to himself, by reason and honour, justice and generosity, of his right to tell her fully and freely of the fetters that held him, and the hateful woman that Church and Law decreed to be, though heart and nature refused ever to acknowledge as, his wife; all these rushed on him, and stood between him and his new-won heaven, as we have seen the dark and spectral shadow-form of the Hartz Mountains rise up cold and grim between us and the sweet rose-hued dawn which is breaking over the hills and valleys, and chasing away with its golden glories the poisonous shades and shapes of night.

He had no power to end with his own hand this fresh and glorious existence which had opened before him. If he had ended with absinthe or with laudanum his own life, men would have prosed sermons over him, and printed his condemnation in glaring letters; yet, alas! for charity or judgment, they would have condemned him equally because he shrank from this far worse and more cruel self-murder—the assassination of love, the suicide of the soul. By Heaven! men need be gods to conform to all the laws of men. We must love life so well, that when it is at its darkest, its loneliest, brimful with misery, bitter and poisonous as hemlock, we must never, in our cruelest hours of solitude, feel for an instant tempted to flee from its fret and anguish to the silent sleep of the tomb; yet—we must love it so little, that when it smiles the sweetest, when it is fair as the dawn and generous as the sunshine, when it has led us from the dark and pestilent gloom of a charnel-house back to a laughing and joyous earth, when it has turned our tears into smiles, our sorrow into joy, our solitude into a heaven of delight, *then* with an unhesitating hand we are to put aside the glorious cup of life, and turn away without one backward glance from our loved Eden into the land of darkness, of silence, and of tears. Alas! if God be as harsh to us as man is to his fellow-man! De Vigne's life, for the first time since long long years, was full of that delirious rapture for which his nature, knowing no medium between cold indifference or tropical passion, was formed, and for which his heart, so alien to the chill stoicism he had perforce tried to acquire, had longed and thirsted. In his extreme youth the love of women had been his chief temptation and his favourite plaything. It was very certain in his vigorous manhood, with all its ripened passions and intensified emotions, to become, when once he yielded to it, his dearest delirium and sweetest ecstasy. Can you wonder that in its most delicious moments of first confession his courage failed him to shadow it with a cloud; much more to tell what might dash it for ever from his lips; much more still, to say sternly to the woman who worshipped him those bitterest of words spoken by human lips, "We must part?"

He was so happy! He could not choose but cast behind him the curse of his cruel ties. He was so happy! with that rapturous and tumultuous happiness born from the joy of a lingering caress, or the first vows of a newly-won love, that does not pause to count its treasures, or seek the springs of its delight, or ask how long its heaven will last, or by what right its heaven has been gained. It was a happiness, passionate, restless, vehement, like his natural character. He was not easy unless he was gathered in his arms, as if afraid that fate might tear her from him. He was never weary of making her repeat her fond assurances of the love she bore him. He was exigent in his love, and it was well that Alma's for him was so deep and warm that with her mélange of childlike frankness and woman's passion she responded fully to the bursts of intense tenderness which he lavished upon her—tenderness all the more intense for the uncertainty of its tenure, and the gloom which seemed to hang around it, as tempest-clouds hanging above the western sky at sunset make by force of contrast the rose-hued glow of golden rays still warmer and more brilliant.

All about and around them nature spoke of Love. The gorgeous and sultry day slumbered softly in the voluptuous summer air. The dark green

chestnut-boughs bent downwards with the weight of their own beauty, while amidst their white blossoms the thrush and the goldfinch sang glad yet tremulous love-songs. The rich glow of the luxurious summer-time lay on the earth in all its fragrant glory, while the scented limes, waving up to the deep azure sky above, and the crimson roses, their blushing petals still wet with the tears of ecstasy the clouds had shed when passing on for ever from their loveliness, stirred in the low breeze, and filled the air with a dreamy luxuriance of odour.

All nature spoke of Love, yet of love more fully blest and less passionate than the mortal's who gazed upon it. Its beauty and its peace were at war with the fiery passions in his heart; its eternal calm irritated him, even while its voluptuous warmth and loveliness stole over his senses.

"How well do you love me, Alma?" he said, abruptly, as they sat beside the open bay-window, his arms still round her, her soft small hands held in his, her head, with its golden and perfumed hair, leaning against his breast, her eyes sometimes drooped under their long black lashes, more often raised to his with their fervent, trustful gaze, and on her face the flush of joy too deep to last.

"How well do I love you?" she repeated, with her old, arch, amused smile playing round her lips. "Tell me, first, how many petals there are in those roses, how many leaves on the chestnut-boughs, how many feathers in that butterfly's wings—then perhaps I may tell you how well I love you, Sir Folko!"

De Vigne could not but smile at the poetry and enthusiasm of the reply—so like Alma herself; but as he smiled he sighed impatiently.

"I am 'Sir Folko' no longer, Alma; the name was never appropriate. I have always told you I am no stainless knight. Call me Granville. I have no one to give me the old familiar name now."

"Granville!" murmured Alma, repeating the name to herself, with a deeper flush on her cheeks. "Granville! Yes, it is a beautiful name, and I love it because it is yours; yet I love Sir Folko best, because others have called you Granville before me, but 'Sir Folko' is all my own!"

Her innocent speech stung him to the heart; he remembered how truth, and honour, and justice demanded of him to tell her *who* had "called him Granville before her."

"Still, if you like it best, it is everything to me," she went on responding to her own thoughts. "Granville! You will be that to me, and Major de Vigne to all the rest of the world, won't you? it makes me seem nearer to you; but I must call you Sir Folko sometimes."

She spoke so naturally—as if all their future would be spent together! He interrupted her almost hastily:

"But you have not answered my question. How much do you love me? Come, tell me!"

"How *can* I tell you?" she answered, looking up in his face with that smile so tender that it was almost mournful. "It seems to me that no one could ever have loved as I do you. My earliest memories are of you; every recollection is of some noble or generous act of yours; you realise my noblest ideals; you are twined into my every thought and wish; you fill my dreams by night and day; in spirit, I am always with you, and without you my life is dark and dreary as a desert. How much do I

love you? Oh! I will tell you when you number the rose-leaves or count the river waves, then, but not till then, could I ever gauge my love for you?"

He pressed her closer to him, yet he asked a cruel question:

"But if I left you now—if I were ordered on foreign service, for instance, and died in battle, could you not find fresh happiness without me?"

She clung to him, all her radiant joy banished, her face white and her eyes wild with a prescient dread:

"Oh! why do you torture me so? Such jests are cruel. You know that you are the life of my life, and that no other man, even had you never cared for me, would ever have been anything to me. I do not tell you I would die for you, that is a hackneyed phrase not fit for deep and earnest love like ours, though, Heaven knows, existence would be no sacrifice if given up to serve you, but I would live for you—I *will* live for you as no woman ever lived for man. I will increase all talents God has given me that you may be prouder of me; I will try and root out all my faults, that you may love me better. If ever you lose your wealth, as rich men have done, I will work for you, and glory in my task. To share the pomp of others would be misery, to share your poverty, joy. I will pray to Heaven that I may always be beautiful in your eyes; but if you ever love another, do not tell me, but kill me, as Alarcos slew his wife: to lose my life would be sweeter than to lose your love. If war calls you, I will follow—death and danger would have no terror by your side—and if you died in battle, I would be truer to you, till we met beyond the grave, than woman ever was to any living love. But—my God! you *know* how well I love you; why do you torture me thus?"

She had spoken with all that impassioned fervour natural to her, but passion so intense treads close on anguish; all the soft bloom of youth and joy forsook her lips, and her head drooped upon her bosom, which heaved with uncontrollable sobs. Poor child! she had shed bitter tears in her short life, but these were the first of those waters of Marah which flow side by side with the hot springs of Passion. De Vigne pressed her with almost fierce tenderness to his heart, lifted her face to his, and called back the rose-hued light of life to her cheeks and brow with breathless caresses, as if he would repay with that mute eloquence the perfect love which touched him too deeply to answer it in words. It struck far down into his heart, stirring all its long-sealed depths, this noble, generous, and high-souled love now felt for him. All its devotion and heroism; all its unselfishness, and warmth, and trust; all the diviner essence which breathed in it, marking it out from man's and woman's ordinary loves, brutal on the one side, exigent and egotistical on the other; all the high devotedness and impassioned fervour upon her speaking face, struck home to the better nature of De Vigne, and there came upon him a mortal anguish of regret that with this noble, frank, and tender heart he should give nothing but gain all; that it would be he who would ask sacrifices of her, not she who would receive at his hands the rank and honour and position which he would have delighted in showering on her, not for the world's sake, but as gages of his own love. To him, generous-hearted even to his foes, liberal where he was most indifferent, not to be able to recompense

this perfect love with the only reward a man can give the woman dearest to him—to be compelled to ask one who trusted him so entirely and loved him so unselfishly to sacrifice herself for him, and live under a social ban for his sake, was pain bitter and inexpressible. Yet with it all was a delicious joy at finding himself so loved, a delirious rapture at the response so ardent, yet so delicate, which she gave to his own passion—how could he leave her now?—how could he, even without thought of himself, send her from his arms into the chill unloving world?—how could he consign her to the death in life which she had told him existence without him would be to her now? His heart was at once a very hell and heaven within him; passionate joy to be so loved, mingling passionate regret to be denied, by his own past folly, from rewarding such a love with the honour and the name it merited. In its struggle he lavished on her all the vehement fondness that a man ever poured on the object of his idolatry; in those few hours she had grown unutterably dear to him, though, save a few murmured and feverish words, his passions were too strong to form themselves to speech. But one other question he put to her:

“Darling, if you love me like this, would you be content with me for your sole companion, away from the hum of men and the pleasures of society, alone in an Eden of the heart?”

She thought that he was doubting and trying her, and laughed a low joyous laugh, looking up in his face with an arch mischief, with something of her old *méchanceté*, hushed for a time into a deeper happiness.

“I shall not answer you. You are a great deal too exigent! Do you want me to flatter you any more?”

“No, but I wish you to tell me,” answered De Vigne, with his impatient persistence, looking with his whole soul into her upraised eyes, and awing her childlike gaiety with the depth and vehemence of his own fiery heart. “For me, with me, could you bear the world’s sneer? With the warmth of love around you, would you care what the world said of you? Should I be sufficient for you if others look coldly and neglected you?”

Even now his literal meaning did not occur to her; she neither knew nor dreamt of any ties that bound him; and she still thought he was trying to see how little or how much she loved him.

“Why do you ask me?” she said, almost impatiently, her eyes growing dark and humid with her great love for him. “You know well enough that ‘for you,’ and ‘with you,’ are talismans all-powerful with me. Your smile is my sole joy, your coldness my sole sorrow. While you were with me the world’s frowns would be nothing: if I were happy, what should I care how the chill winds blew without, so as they touched not me and what I loved? You are all the world to me; in such a life I should not be the one to weary. Sir Folko—Granville, why *will* you doubt me?”

“I do *not* doubt you! It would be better for you if your love were less true, or mine more worthy it. Oh, Alma! Alma! would to God we had met earlier!”

But she did not hear his muttered words, nor see the hot tears that stood in his haughty and lustrous eyes; tears wrung from his very heart’s depths; tears of gratitude, regret, remorse, and wholly of tenderness, as

he bent over her, pressing his burning lips to her flushed brow and soft cheeks, warm with a feverish glow, the glow of joy, predestined not to last.

And now the sun was near his setting, and all the earth was brilliant with the imperial glories that attend the gorgeous burial of a summer-day. Mingling rays of crimson and of glow stretched across the deep blue sky, and steeping in light the snow-white fleecy clouds that rose up on the horizon, like the silvery mountain range of some far-off and Arcadian land. The roses glowed a deeper hue, the chesnut-boughs drooped nearer to the earth, intoxicated with their own beauty; the flowers hung their lovely heads, drunk with the nectar of the evening dew; the birds were gone to sweetest sleep, rocked by the warm west wind; the delicious odour from the closed flower-buds and perfumed lime-leaves filled the air with a still more exquisite odour, while already on the warm and radiant day descended the tender and voluptuous night.

The sunset hour, when the busy day still lingers on the earth, bowed down with the weight of sins and sorrows with which in one brief twelve hours the sons of men have laden her, and the night falls down with noiseless wing from heaven, to lay her soft hand on weary human eyes, and lead them into dream-land, to rest awhile from toil and care, is ever full of Nature's deepest poetry. The working man at sunset leaves his plough and his hard toil for daily bread, and catches one glimpse of God's great mystery of beauty, as he sees the evening dew glisten in the dying eyes of the flowers his plough has slain. The Ave Maria at sunset wings its solemn chant over the woods and mountains, golden in God's own light, and mingles its human worship with the pure voiceless prayer of the fair earth. The soul of man at sunset shakes off the dust of the working world, and with its rest has time to listen to the sweeter under notes and more spiritual harmonies which lie under the rushing current of our outer life; and at sunset our hearts grow tenderer to those we hate, and more awake to all the silent beauty of existence which our strife, and fret, and follies mar and ruin; and—when we love—as the warm sunset fades, and the dreamy night draws on, all the poetry and passion that lie in us wake from their slumber, and our heart throbs with its subtle and voluptuous beauty.

The golden rays of the sun, while it still lingered over the lovely earth, as a lover loth to part, fell upon Alma's golden hair, and lit up her features with a strange radiance, touching the lips and cheeks into a richer glow, and darkening her eyes into a still deeper brilliance. De Vigne looked down upon her face as it rested against his breast, and she gazed up into his dark and brilliant eyes, in which a language so new and yet so natural was spoken to her. They were silent; they needed no words between them, a whisper now and then was all; their thoughts were better uttered by the caresses he lavished upon her, in the vehemence of his new-born love. The dangerous spell of the hour stole upon them; her soft arms were round his neck; his lips rested on her flushed brow; while one hand played with a thick silky lock of her golden hair which had escaped from the rest and hung down to her waist, twisting it round his fingers and drawing it out, half in admiration of its beauty, half in absence of thought; while as the sun sank out of sight below the

horizon, and the little crescent of the moon rose clearer in the evening ether, and the air grew sweeter with the more intense perfume of the early night, Alma might have known that the heart on which her young head rested was throbbing loudly with fiercer and more restless passion than the loving and tender joy which made *her* heart its own unclouded heaven.

And still he had not told her of his marriage; and still he said to himself, "I ought to leave her, but, God help us! *I cannot.*"

On their delicious solitude, alone with the beauty of nature and of love, the sound of a horse's hoofs broke, with the harsh clang and clamour of the outer world. All was so still around Alma's sequestered home, especially in the summer evenings, when the little animal life there was about the farm was hushed and at rest, that the unusual sound of human life brought by its sudden inroad, the serpent of social life into the solitude of the heart, from which for a while all memory of the prying and fretting world had been excluded.

The horse's gallop ceased at the little gate, and the wicket opened with a clash of its iron latch. De Vigne half started, with a vague dread that some one had come to try and rob him of his new-won treasure. The strongest nerves grow highly strung at times; when the poetry of life wakes in the hearts of men of action, and passion rises up out of their ordinarily calm existence, their whole souls stir with it, as the great seas that do not move for light showers or low winds, arise at the sound of the tempest, till all nature is awed at their vehemence, and their own lowest depths tremble with the convulsion.

"What is the matter?" whispered Alma, as she saw his eyes straining eagerly to see who the new comer was.

"Nothing, nothing," he answered, hastily. He could not tell her that the vague dread upon him (upon him! he who had laughed at every danger, and held his own against every foe) was the terror and the horror of that woman whom the Church and Law called his wife. He gave a deep sigh of relief as he saw that it was only his own groom, Warren, coming up the path with a note in his hand; but his eyebrows contracted, that instantaneous sign with him of irritation and annoyance, and the blood mounted to his forehead in anger at the interruption. With the contradictory waywardness of human nature, while he knew that he should never leave Alma unless some imperative call aided him to drag himself from her side, he could have found it in his heart to slay the man who would force him, however innocently, from his paradise.

The note was merely from Dunbar, major of Ours, to ask to see him at once, on business of urgent military importance; but as the envelope was marked outside "Immediate," François, his confidential servant, had sent a groom off with it as soon as he saw it.

De Vigne read the note in silence, only pointing to Alma the words on it, "Let me see you, if possible, early this evening," and sat still, tearing the paper into little pieces, with his teeth set, his face deadly pale, and a bitter struggle in his heart—a struggle more hard and cruel, even than to most men, to one who had followed all his impulses, whose will had been unbridled from his cradle, with whom to wish and to have had always been synonymous, and whose passions were as strong as renunciation was unaccustomed. With a fierce oath muttered in his teeth he

sprang to his feet: half awed by the sternness on his face, the grey pallor of his cheek, and the flashing fire of his eyes, she took his hands in her own with the caressing, girlish fondness of her usual manner.

"Must you go? Can't you give me one half hour more? That gentleman does not care to see you as I care to keep you! The hours were always so long when you were away; what will they be now? Give me ten minutes more—just ten minutes! You must think of your little Alma before everybody now. No one cares for you as she does!"

Her loving, innocent words, the clinging touch of her little hands, the witchery of her face, lifted so trustingly and frankly up to his in the soft twilight shadows—what torture they were to him!

"Hush, hush!" he said, almost fiercely, crushing her in a passionate farewell embrace. "Do not ask me; for God's sake let me go while I can, Alma! Kiss me and forgive me, my worshipped darling, for all the sins in my past, and my acts and my thoughts, of which your guileless heart never dreams!"

She did not understand him; she had no clue to the wild thoughts rioting in his heart; but love taught her the sympathy experience alone could not have given; her kisses, warm and soft as the touch of rose-leaves, answered his prayer, and her words were fond as human words could be.

"Since I love you, how could I help but forgive you whatever there might be. No sin that you could tell me of would I visit upon you. I do not know what your words mean, but I do know how well I love you; too well to listen what others might ever say of you; too well to care what your past may have been. There is nothing but tenderness and faith between us; there never can be, there never shall be. Good night, my own dearest. God bless you!"

"God bless you!" murmured De Vigne, incoherently. "Let me go, let me go, Alma, while I have strength!"

In another moment the ring of his horse's hoofs rung loud on the stony road, growing fainter and fainter on the evening air, till it died away to silence; while Alma leaned out under the chestnut-boughs, looking up to the stars that were shining in the deep blue sky, now that the golden sunset had faded, with tears of joy on her long black lashes and sighs of delight on her warm lips, dreaming her sweet love idyll, and thinking of the morrow that would bring him to her again.

THE JAPANESE.

THE changes brought about in recent times in the relations of Europe with the sealed empire of Nipon have been followed by the publication of many works—good, bad, and indifferent. Of actual impressions we cannot, however, have too many, for the peculiarities of the Japanese are so great, and as yet in many instances so enigmatical, that the truth can only be elicited by the comparison of different statements. It is with a sense, then, that nought but good can result from studying the people as seen by various observers, that we turn to the account given of the proceedings of the French embassy under Baron Gros, as recorded by Baron Ch. de Chassiron, “*Detaché extra en China et au Japon de 1858 à 1860.*”*

The *Constantine* and *Sibylle* had been employed, for some years previous to the visit of the first French embassy that ever proceeded to Japan, in a survey of the coasts. They had not, however, been permitted to land at any point except at Nagasaki, or, as M. de Chassiron writes it, Nagha-zaki. The French embassy, however, proceeded at once to Simoda—the English, Americans, and Russians having paved the way for the *La Place*. “Informed of our arrival,” M. de Chassiron says, “by the British mission, when it passed Simoda, the governor hastened to offer his services to Baron Gros.” Not only, indeed, did he offer his services, but, with the most wily circumlocutions, he made every effort to prevent the farther progress of the French embassy, precisely as he had done in the instance of the British mission, and urged that the desired treaties should be concluded at Simoda itself.

The impressions derived by the French embassy of the Japanese officials at this their first interview with them were, however, of a highly favourable character. Although undoubtedly sprung from the same race, M. de Chassiron remarks, as the Chinese, yet have they scarcely preserved the original type which should be common to both. They are especially distinguished from their brethren beyond the sea by the simplicity of their dress, the cleanliness of their clothes, and by the intelligent frankness of their physiognomies—in practice, however, the intelligent side of the picture alone remains, and first impressions are effaced by artful cunning and tenacious mistrust. Their bearing is calm and dignified, like that of most other Orientals; they reject all futile ornaments, such as gilding or braiding; they scarcely tolerate such on their arms, and as to the costume itself, that of the people only differs from that of the higher classes, indeed from that of the emperor himself, by the nature and the quality of the stuffs of which it is composed—silk in the higher classes, cotton in the lower; with one as with the other the colour of these stuffs is always dark, never bright: a new and striking point of distinction between them and the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire.

The nobles and the functionaries all wear, as one of the distinctive marks of their rank, two swords of different sizes, which they never take

* Notes sur le Japon, la Chine et l'Inde. Par M. le Baron Ch. de Chassiron. 1858, 1859, 1860. Paris: E. Dentu.

off, seated or standing. They have also little medallion coats of arms embroidered on the upper portion of their garments, and they are further preceded by a number of pikemen, proportionate to the rank which they occupy in the civil or military hierarchy.

Persons of importance are always accompanied by a numerous suite, and "this gathering of officers, attendants, and followers uniformly dressed in their masters' colours, armed with various shaped lances and strangely coloured pennons, remind one in the most striking manner of the middle ages, with their barons, squires, and varlets. Is it not passing strange that it should be in Japan, in the nineteenth century, that such a phantasmagoria should be met with?"

And truly enough the political organisation of Japan is still feudal, in as far as form is concerned; in late times, however, a great many of the feudal chieftains of old, who at one time scarcely recognised the authority of their sovereign, have been forced to abdicate their ancient rights and to hand over their powers to the Tai-Kun. Two daimios, or princes, alone, who dwell at the extremities of the island, have preserved their feudal prerogatives in all their integrity. Japan is, indeed, in the present day what France was in the time of Louis XIII., when the Condés, the Orleans, and the Montmorencys, and a host of other feudal chieftains, upheld their independence by force of arms. A Japanese Richelieu has not yet appeared. The princes of Satsuma are still conciliated by the Tai-Kun selecting one of the house for his wife.

"The 14th September," says the *detaché de l'ambassade*, "saw our flag float where French colours had never yet shown themselves since the West has sent forth its ships to the extreme East." This was in the bay of Yeddo. There is a proceeding which is attended with great success on the part of the Japanese, and which consists in passing off every functionary who is sent to transact business with the barbarians of the West as high in position. Were they really so, it is probable that less would be said about it and more power shown, and it is to be suspected that for some time to come yet men of very inferior rank and capabilities will be considered as the most appropriate persons for holding intercommunication with foreigners. This is a state of things which, however, will, as in China, have its remedy. Certain it is that six civil functionaries of "high order," and designated as *Bugnos*, that is, governors or mayors—the same who had acted as parliamentaries with the Russians and the English—were deputed at first to wait upon the French embassy, and then were afterwards employed as plenipotentiaries.

The same efforts were made here also as at Simoda to dissuade the embassy from landing. In this case additional stress was imparted to their arguments by pleading the recent death of the Tai-Kun, "a circumstance," said the Japanese diplomatists, "which, burying the empire in mourning, would detract fatally from the display and honours with which the Japanese government would wish to receive the envoy of the French emperor; further, a cruel epidemic, the cholera, was at the moment decimating the population of the capital, and the safety of the French might be compromised."

It was not till after four days' tedious and vexatious discussion that the embassy was allowed to land, "the French flag at the head of the embassadorial procession." It was received, like the other embassies, in a

bonserie, or monastery, and as Baron Gros was anxious to return as soon as possible to China, business was at once proceeded with.

"The punctiliousness and mistrust of the Japanese commissioners," M. de Chassiron says, "carried to almost a ridiculous extent, and affecting every one of their discussions, obliged Baron Gros, in order to succeed with them, to enter with singular patience into the most puerile details, and even into questions which had little or nothing to do with the business in hand: the delays that ensued in consequence of this mode of proceeding were very trying indeed. The prudence of the French negotiator, inspired by circumstances, induced him to waive certain delicate points which were reserved for a revision of the treaty, but, as a whole, none of the articles which the Japanese government sought to amend or overthrow but were ultimately acceded, and outrageous practices, which have been for ages insulting to Christian faith, are now for ever abolished in the empire. The treaty of Yeddo was signed the 9th of October, and by its terms five great ports are opened to foreign commerce; the contracting powers can send a diplomatic agent or a consul-general to Yeddo, with right of residence within the city and right to travel in any part of the empire, as also consuls to the other four ports."

Previous to the French embassy's departure from Simoda, the lieutenant-governor of the town paid its members a visit, announcing himself as a prince (Kamii), and, what is more, as an hereditary prince, having perpetual authority in the province, whereas the governor, his temporary superior, merely enjoyed an annual appointment. He was accordingly received by Baron Gros with all possible courtesy. The next morning, M. de Chassiron being upon a visit to the United States consul—Mr. Harris—that gentleman enlightened him as to the character of the pretended prince who had been received the previous evening on board the *La Place* with a salute, and who was a mere impostor, a subaltern agent, a skilful and impudent spy, whom the government had thought proper to give employment to "for the benefit of the English and the French," but who had but a short time previously acted as courier to Mr. Harris when business took him from Simoda to Yeddo. This Japanese mystifier had, however, tried on the same game unsuccessfully with the English; Lord Elgin, in his "haughty distrust of Asiatics," having declined to receive the pretended prince or to acknowledge his titles. The English were, at all events, better informed than the French, who, to use M. de Chassiron's own words, "without any precise indications upon men and things, *nageons en plein inconnu*."

The landing at Yeddo was not effected in a dignified manner. Whether this was done on purpose to humiliate their powerful visitors or to impress the public with the idea that they were not such important personages as they affected to be, it is not for us to say; but certain it is that their boats were steered alongside a petty fortress instead of a jetty or any other public convenience, and they were made to ascend its dark and repulsive walls by means of a bamboo ladder, Baron Gros setting the example, although M. de Chassiron acknowledges that he was in a fever of apprehension lest some sad tumble or other ridiculous incident should have arisen to compromise their official character before the populace who crowded the shore.

Even when the parapet of the fort was reached all difficulties were not

overcome. The Abbé Mermet, who acted as interpreter to the embassy, announced that the Japanese authorities had refused to permit the ambassador's sedan-chair to be brought within the precincts, so the baron wisely preferred walking to debating the matter with such a stubborn race of officials. Native chairs, called *No-ri-mons*, had been provided for the members of the embassy; but they were so exceedingly inconvenient—a kind of bamboo-cages, in which a person can only sit with his legs under him—that they preferred walking by the side of the ambassador's chair, preceded, as had been previously agreed upon, by a sailor bearing the French flag. It was thus that the transit was effected from the shore to the ambassador's place of residence by wide streets and across little squares, in each of which there was stationed a small detachment of parti-coloured police.

No sooner had they arrived at the residence assigned to them, than the same Bugnos who had waited upon them on board made their appearance, and declared, on the part of the authorities, that they must on no account leave the place in which they were, as otherwise they would be exposed to great dangers from the people. It was the imprisonment of the whole embassy that they meditated, an indignity which they naturally repudiated. To better enforce it, however, they were provided with a "guard of honour" of about twenty-five Japanese—that is, M. de Chassiron says, "twenty-five spies, who, under the pretence of providing for our safety, will remain permanently, day and night, in the two ante-rooms: they were all officials with two swords." There seems to be much latitude in this two-sworded nobility, since the wearers of such insignia can be made to perform the duties of *Ya-ku-nin*, or mere household guards.

Notwithstanding the opposition presented by these more officious than official personages, three of the embassy resolved upon a walk the next day. The first thing that struck them was, that the one-storied wooden houses of Yeddo stood upon blocks of granite, although the soil is essentially alluvial. This is a wise provision against their sinking in the mud. The exterior of these habitations, uniformly painted white or grey, with dark-brown tiled roofs, and with their great cedar or larch doors decorated with bronze or copper nails, according to the rank or wealth of the proprietor, and their windows of bamboo trellis-work, raised fifteen or eighteen feet above the level of the street, appeared to them monotonous enough. Handsome gardens and open galleries, they were led to believe, compensated in the interior for the gloom without. Passing through a range of palisades and walls by a bridge with a ponderous gate of cedar (deal?), strengthened by bars of bronze, the party entered the interior precincts.

"At last," says M. de Chassiron, "we entered into Yeddo, into the true city, and we can say with certainty, as St. Francis Xavier did, that we are the first from France who have done so since 1549."

The aspect of the new quarter into which they had penetrated presented, however, little to distinguish it from that in which their residence was situated, except that there were no shops, that the frontages were larger, and the doors were for the most part emblazoned with the coats of arms of their aristocratic owners.

The conferences opened the same day, and the commissioner, "in ac-

cordance," says M. de Chassiron, "with the general system followed out in regard to us ever since our arrival in Japan, opened the first meeting with an uninterrupted skirmish of subtleties and prevarications which promise no end of delays and difficulties." It appears to have taken three conferences, on as many successive days, to settle the important preliminary question whether Baron Gros was not in error in qualifying Japan as "the most civilised country of the extreme East," and whether he should not have said "of the whole world."

In the mean time, and whilst these important conferences were progressing slowly, the members of the embassy continued their walks. They gradually satisfied themselves of the great fact that Yeddo consists of three distinct towns or quarters. The one in the centre comprises the imperial palace, a real fortress of vast extent; the other contains the houses of the *damios*, or princes, feudal barons, and other great personages; and the third is the town of the shopkeepers and citizens, which envelops the two interior towns with a circumference estimated at sixteen English miles. This description of the city, which is almost the accepted one at present, we have reason to believe is not, however, quite accurate. The most interesting feature of M. de Chassiron's work is a fac-simile of a Japanese bird's-eye view of Yeddo, of which there seems no reason to doubt the general accuracy. To judge by this plan, the imperial quarter is simply in the higher portion of the city, and is in part, but not wholly, separated from the remainder by a canal, which is double on one side. A large, central, navigable canal (for the boats are depicted on the map), and which is crossed by bridges, like the canal that in part encompasses the imperial quarter, starts from the latter direct to the port or harbour of Yeddo. This is one of the most central features of the city. In front of the quays is a fortified island. To the right another wide canal takes its departure, and is crossed by handsome bridges, and which communicates with the outer imperial canal. There is also in the quarter to the right of this a lake with an island on it, besides many other canals and sheets of water in the suburbs.

The annoyance of the *Ya-ku-nins* was excessive. They watched not only every movement, but even every gesture, taking note of the same. They would not allow the members of the embassy to purchase, or the tradespeople to sell them anything, without their authority. This, however, was probably only in order to be certain of their per-centage. In order the more certainly to enforce the latter, all purchases had to be brought by the dealers to the embassy. The *Ya-ku-nins* were not the only nuisance. The gamins, or street boys, were as numerous as clever, and as insolent as in Paris or London. Unlike the Chinese, M. de Chassiron says, they did not seem to be disgusted with their persons; on the contrary, they took a pleasure in throwing themselves down between their legs, so as to procure to the public the pleasure of seeing a noble Frank tumbled down head over heels.

As to grown-up persons, there was really no complaint to make against them; they stared at the new comers, but in silence, and with an expression of benevolence and sympathy. It was also naturally a matter of early surprise with the members of the French embassy to find that the Japanese bathed in common, and in a state of nudity. M. de Chassiron observes upon this Japanese peculiarity, that "such a toleration on the

part of the authorities is calculated to shock our ideas of civilised morals exceedingly ; but here it is quite a matter of course, for it is part of the manners, and it does not really present those dangers to public morality in Japan which it might do elsewhere, were it only from the fact common to all humanity, that habit and facility generally suppress desire by stifling imagination." This corresponds with what travellers have told us of barbarous people, who, like the Bari in the Upper Nile, live in a state of nudity, that they are just as chaste, if not more so, than other people. These things are all matters of habit. One thing is certain, however ; it is that the Japanese do not permit strangers to enter their baths, and it would therefore appear that they have not the same confidence in their chastity as they have in their own.

One day that Baron Gros ventured to take a walk with the members of the embassy, an incident happened similar to what is said to have taken place with regard to Lord Elgin, a group of children threw two small stones at them, and M. d'Ossery having penetrated into a crowded by-street in a low part of the town, he was assailed with invectives. But let a party of Chinese, or Japanese, venture alone into some of the more remote streets of Paris or London, and would they not be subjected to ribaldry and insult, if not to being stoned by the boys?

Having rested themselves on their way back at a tea-house, the ambassador presented the lady attendant with a few piastres by way of remuneration, but the Ya-ku-nins immediately threw themselves upon her, and appropriated the money to themselves. The crew of the *La Place*, after coming all this distance, were never allowed to land. The ambassador interfered in their favour, and the authorities objected, but at length conceded that the men might come on shore in parties of four or five by day ; but considering, M. de Chassiron says, that their presence might bring about undesirable complications where "the cord was already too tightly stretched," the idea of such a simple indulgence was given up.

One day's conference succeeded to another, and yet M. de Chassiron remarked, "Yeddo continues its mysteries for us, and I fear we shall go away without being able to solve them." One of these so-called "mysteries" was the number of pawnbroker's shops, which certainly did not attest a very provident social disposition on the part of the inhabitants, but we cannot see what else there is in it that is mysterious. Time was passed in searching for old carved ivories and woods, and other curious and interesting specimens of the arts and industry of the Japanese, and in making sketches. Familiarity, as before observed, dispels the enchantments of the imagination. At first, the outside of the houses were monotonous and little prepossessing, within were imaginary gardens, fish-ponds, grottos, and galleries. The grotto at the embassy had, however, by this time been discovered to be a very dirty rockery ; the garden consisted of two or three perishing shrubs, and as to the fish-pond, it was a stagnant, stinking pool that struck down every member of the embassy with ague. So, when M. de Trevisé took a sketch of the "palace," as it was called, it was "Vu du dehors, bien entendu, seul aspect sous le quel il gagne un peu."

M. de Chassiron declares that the abominable use to which the smaller of the two swords carried by a Japanese official used to be put—that of

the *hari-kari*—is almost entirely gone by, and that in the present day the modern Japanese is satisfied with displaying in his waist his chivalry of olden times, in the shape of an inoffensive tradition. And yet he gives some details concerning the death of the late Tai-Kun which would tend to show that this chivalrous spirit, or excessive punctiliousness with regard to the point of honour, is still deeply cherished by the higher ranks, at all events.

It would appear, according to this version of the story, that the Tai-Kun was much blamed by the council of ministers for concluding a treaty with the English. These ministers are said to constitute a kind of council of ten, which in reality rules Japan and its two emperors. They blamed the Tai-Kun, inasmuch as, in their opinion, he, by too great a precipitation in admitting the conditions of Lord Elgin, lost the opportunity of disputing, as he ought to have done, many concessions that were made, and which were opposed to the spirit of the policy adopted at Yeddo—in a word, he was accused with having signed with England, in opposition to the real instructions of the councillors of the crown, a treaty which longer details and prolonged discussion might have rendered more advantageous to Japan.

The Tai-Kun considered the blame thus attached to him as a stain upon the honour of his name and his title of sovereign, so, having called his family together, he communicated to them the severe, and, in his view of the matter, unmerited reproaches to which he had been subjected—unmerited, he said, because his actions were brought about by circumstances which it was impossible for him to struggle against. Having thus explained himself, he, faithful to the ancient practice, disembowelled himself with the assistance of one of his nearest relatives.

It is sad to think that the first step in so great a change as the inauguration of friendly feeling between Japan and the western nations should have been attended by so disastrous a catastrophe; but it is impossible not to feel that, however different the Japanese may be to the said western nations in some of their social habits and feelings, and however much they may be at the present moment in arrear with respect to some of the appliances of civilisation, to industry, locomotion, and war, that people endued with such a very high sense of honour must have a great future in store for them.

The practice of duelling—either ridiculous or savage in its abuses, but still one of the old and revered safeguards of society—is very common in Japan, where it is also most frequently mortal. This is owing to the use of such long sharp swords in all such combats, and to the circumstance that the sword exercise is part of the education of every Japanese of birth.

A portion of the troops have already been supplied with rifles, and are said to use them with all the skill and dexterity of Europeans. The Japanese people, M. de Chassiron several times observes, are of an easy, benevolent, disciplined temperament, favourably disposed towards strangers, quick to resent insult or injury, admirably gifted intellectually, and the friend of progress. These are surely all so many elements of future national greatness and of national strength.

Even Art flourishes in Japan. Besides the bird's-eye view of Japan before alluded to, M. de Chassiron was enabled, spite of the lynx-eyed

Ya-ku-nins, to secure copies of introductory treatises on science, arts, and manufactures. These little books, the illustrations in which, the writer justly remarks, are better executed than in works of a similar character in France, are sold at a very low price—from 2½d. to 3d. of our money. With an exceptional slight tendency to caricature, the examples given by M. de Chassiron of the Manuals of Natural History are admirable. Quadrupeds and birds, except when the objects are not familiar to us, are not only known at once, but are exceedingly well drawn; so also with regard to the fishes, reptiles, and insects, the generic characters being generally the same as are met with in this country. The illustrations of what are designated as rural occupations fail in perspective, and have the Chinese proneness to caricature; specimens of the latter are also given which are very amusing, and, at the same time, neither grotesque nor offensive. In these respects the Japanese differ greatly from their neighbours, as they likewise do in their other works of art. The Japanese embody their thoughts without neglecting form; the Chinese only look to the form, and even then they generally represent it in either a grotesque or an offensive aspect. The works of art, we are told, which have as yet found their way to Europe, are all of a common-place character, and such as are ordinarily in use. As to works of art, strictly so speaking, whether in respect to composition, or in matter, or in proportions, such are as yet only to be seen in Japan itself, and they are of the very highest merit. So also lower down in the scale the most modest and common-place workman gives a finish to his produce which is not to be met with in the second-rate industry of Europe.

M. de Chassiron, conversing through the interpreter, the Abbé Mermet, with a learned Japanese regarding the dislike they entertain to the Chinese, which is something like the hostile feelings entertained by the Portuguese towards their neighbours the Spaniards, the latter replied in the following terms:

“It is true that the Chinese are our brethren, for we are children of the same mother; but they are only bastards, and this is how it happened:

“Many centuries ago there existed on the frontiers of Thibet a young woman of great beauty, but of exceedingly dissolute habits; so much so, that from her irregularities, which had lasted a number of years, there had sprang a numerous progeny, all alike remarkable for their idleness and cruelty; but with the lapse of time, and inspired from above, she became ashamed of her sins, and, having repented, she contracted a legitimate marriage, and from that union there issued an equally numerous progeny; but these, as if by divine favour, were all laborious and good.

“At a later period, all these children, the bad as well as the good, went to seek their fortunes away from the land of their birth. The children of the courtesan settled themselves in a neighbouring country called Tien-Hia: these are the Chinese; the children of the legitimate wife crossed the sea, and settled in a large and fertile island called Nipon, where they prospered: these are the Japanese.

“And ever from that time we reject them from our family, as we do from our coasts.”

M. de Chassiron confirms, without adding anything that is new, the previous information we have had occasion to comment upon, obtained in

regard to the hiring of young girls for education and public purposes, part of the profits of which system go to the pockets of their unnatural parents. These girls are free at the age of twenty-five, and often, as we have before observed, marry well, and are uniformly received in society. M. de Chassiron relates a curious incident in connexion with one of these establishments and the Dutch of Desima, the well-known island to which their commercial operations were confined off Nagasaki.

"From the years 1808 to 1810—that is to say, the epoch when Holland became an annexé to the French empire—the Dutch colonies, with Java at their head, had necessarily to follow the fortunes of the mother-country. The summons to recognise the new order of things was accordingly sent from Batavia to Desima, which was dependent for its resources as well as for its administration upon the former; but Mr. H. Doef, at that time at the head of the factory, and an ardent patriot, refused in his name, and that of the few individuals who at that time constituted the Dutch colony in Japan, to acknowledge the summons; and this resistance never wavered during the whole time that the French occupied the Low Countries, although the factory of Desima was absolutely deprived of all succour, whether in provisions or in money.

"It was under these circumstances that one of the establishments previously alluded to took the resolution of giving its aid to these peaceful foreigners, good people with whom they sympathised in their misfortunes, and it did this so effectually that for many months Desima was indebted to it almost entirely for its means of subsistence. When the factory was restored to its former independence and prosperity by Batavia having once more become a Dutch port, the Emperor of Japan, in order to give a public recognition of the services rendered by the House of Nagasaki to his 'old allies,' as he termed the Dutch, conceded to it, first, the title of 'noble habitation,' with the right of having gilt bronze nails on the door; and, further, he gave to it in perpetuity the land upon which it was built, and which up to that period had only been held upon lease. This house still exists, and it has preserved, with its insignia of nobility, its original purports."

Taking the history of the reception of the French embassy by the Japanese as thus given us in its entirety, the opposition made to its progress to Yeddo, the demur at its landing, its reception in an out-of-the-way bonzerie, or monastery, the manner in which the landing was effected, the objections (persisted in even afterwards in the conferences) to the ambassador's chair and liveries as not in consonance with Japanese customs, and the endeavour made to prevent the free circulation of his members in the city, also persisted in till Baron Gros said he would quit the country rather than submit to such humiliations, more than warranted the emperor's intimation to the Japanese ambassadors that hospitality is one of the first duties of civilisation.

The Japanese officials appear, according to M. de Chassiron, to be partial to French wines, more especially champagne, and to liqueurs, and a clause in the treaty was introduced reducing the tax of thirty-five per cent., imposed, it is hinted, by some American member of a temperance society upon wines, to twenty per cent., but the Japanese, notwithstanding their predilections for French wines, and that they had allowed English manufactures to be introduced at a duty of five per cent., would not admit the proposed clause. It has been said that the Japanese ambassadors eat

their fish raw, and cut into small pieces. This, if the case, does not appear to be a common practice with the Japanese, who, on the contrary, rather excel in the culinary art. M. de Chassiron gives an account of a déjeuner given to the embassy by the governor of Simoda, in which, after tea, the first service consisted of fish, soup, pork, with aromatic herbs, chesnut paste, with vanilla, and boiled fish cut up into little bits, with chopped herbs. This is probably the dish suspected of being eaten raw. The second service consisted of stewed fish, carrots, and ginger, and of large prawns cut up in little bits. The third of two kinds of hot wine and a "julienne." The fourth of a large boiled fish, dressed with much skill, and served up in flowering rushes. Fifth, boiled rice, boiled fowl, cut up into little bits, and hot wine and tea. The Japanese wine is very strong, and has a slightly bituminous flavour, like the Greek wines.

It is a curious circumstance that not a traveller to Japan but has hesitated in proclaiming the civilisation of Europe as an actual necessity to progress in that country. M. de Chassiron, for example, says the Japanese are essentially "intelligent, mild, and industrious," and they are, above all things, well disciplined: "so also I do most earnestly hope, hopes which I must admit are tempered by doubts and regrets, that the civilisation of the West, in imparting its lights and its progress, and initiating them to enjoyments, and giving them appetites unknown to them up to the present moment, may not, at the same time, sully their purity and efface their native and essential qualities, so necessary for their social equilibrium, as well as for that internal peace which in their present condition is so signally characteristic."

There is much justice in these reflections. If contact with the civilisation of the West has its advantages, it may also exercise a fatal influence upon the existing state of things in Japan, by arousing so intelligent, so numerous, and so industrious a class of people to the sense that, in as far as public opinion is concerned, they are still in the middle ages, plunged in the deepest abyss of a feudalism long ago extinct in the West.

But contemplations such as these cannot be made to affect the inevitable progress of events. Japan cannot be allowed to live solely for itself, and the Japanese must take their place among the great families of nations, for better or for worse. The system of mistrust at home and abroad—public and private spies being the most prized and the best paid of all services—a cynicism exceeding that of the most servile and the most gangrened epochs of Venetian society—a systematic demoralisation of youth and beauty—a disregard of those forms which most distinguish man from beast; a natural piety enfeebled by the dogmas and ceremonials of a barbarous and primitive age, and an exclusiveness which is the offspring of a mistaken policy, and of pride, fear, and ignorance, must all gradually be made to disappear.

Hence it is that the visit of the Japanese ambassadors to the West cannot but be looked upon with unfeigned interest. However slight the impressions which they and their followers may be enabled to convey back to their countrymen, still such must have a wonderful effect. The Japanese will learn that they really are not the first and only nation in the world. They will have been able to contrast the reception given to them in France and England with the reception which they gave to the English and French embassies in their own country; they will have seen in France

that a nation can be powerful and yet polite, wealthy and yet not exclusive; they will see in England that a people can be great and yet be free, and a nation prosperous without being curbed by the iron-hand of a military despotism, or the still more degrading organisation of spies, which constitutes the main strength of the internal policy in Japan. France has displayed to them a civilisation as perfect, if not more perfect, than ours, and modes of life more ornate and refined; she has also shown them immense arrays of armed men, magnificent public and private buildings, open streets and boulevards, splendours in all of which they outvie us. But the Japanese are essentially, the French writer has himself declared, an "intelligent, mild, and industrious" people; they are, therefore, more likely to sympathise with a nation which does not keep up large armies to control its own population or to threaten others, than with one that does. The vast display of military power will meet with no response in the "mild" part of their natures, it most assuredly cannot be acceptable to the "intelligent" part; while all admire military pageants, there never was yet an intelligence so humble as not to regret its necessity. The industrial element of the Japanese character will most undoubtedly find its most generalised exponent in this country. There is no want of industry in France, nor absence of its highest applications; but in England it is everywhere; for every mansion in France and every gilt bronze gateway in Japan they will see here a factory; for every gendarme in France and every Ya-ku-nin in Japan they will see a merchant, banker, sailor, or railway official in this country. They will see the railways, which lace the land with an iron net-work; and the seaports, out of which and into which thousands of vessels carry and bring the produce of the world. They will see, indeed, everything that is indicative of material and mechanical greatness, an infinite variety and vastness of resources, power, ponderous and omnipotent; but we doubt if they will derive from all of these any lesson that will be as striking to them as that of a large well-dressed and well-fed population, held in restraint by neither army nor spies, but solely by self-respect.

A STRANGE CORRESPONDENCE.

Old Will.—To what can all this tend? Hark ye, sir, unriddle this mystery.

Young Will.—Davius sum non Œdipus. 'Tis beyond me, I confess. Some lunatic escaped from a keeper, I suppose.

FOOTE. *The Liar.*

April 20, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR EDWARD,—I have read your "Strange Story," and admire your enlightened researches into mesmerism and clairvoyance. I have recently made several experiments in these mystic sciences, which, as they were suggested by the perusal of your book, I think it right should be communicated to you, with full authority to lay them before the Philosophical Society.

It is notorious that my nose is an organ of uncommon power and

flexibility, and I have throughout life been accustomed to certain abnormal sensations connected with it, which a fear of ridicule has hitherto prevented me making public. For instance, in my calmer moments my nose oscillates from right to left with a slow but quite perceptible motion, which, when irritated by any one differing in opinion with me, is quickened, becoming abrupt, irregular, and jerking; and again, when engaged in profound study my nose oscillates solemnly in a large circle like the swing of a pendulum. In this later stage I have felt a very remarkable sensation. I become conscious of an objective nose—a nose with a distinct and conscious existence, which becomes a sort of *alter ego* assisting and directing my thoughts.

Now, I probably would have been silent regarding this remarkable sensation had it not been for the "Strange Story," wherein you mention as scientific fact phenomena analogous, but even more extraordinary. The particular phenomenon narrated by you in this book, which induced me to break my long and painful silence, I need hardly say was the magic wand or talisman possessed by Margrave, the villain or second hero of your narrative. It also suggested to me the series of experiments I am about to describe.

For on reading the remarkable passages in your book descriptive of the Talisman and its virtues, it immediately occurred to me that my nose might be a talisman, and if so, the peculiar impressions I had experienced were no longer unaccountable, but came within a category of well-known and scientifically classified facts. Now, obviously the proof that my nose was a talisman, would be its capacity to perform similar feats to that of other talismans, and I immediately determined to apply this test.

I need not narrate the preliminary incantations I used. They were the same as those in common use when the object is to raise the devil. Suffice it to say, that having concluded, I took a snuff of rappa, which inducing a sneeze, rendered my nose susceptible to the higher impressions.

My first attempt was to obtain a presentation of a Scin-Læa, that mysterious phenomenon described by you as the ghost or disembodied soul of a living man, and to make the experiment still more decisive and interesting, I determined to raise up my own Scin-Læa. I accordingly proceeded to will through my nose with the utmost intensity the presence of the Appearance, and having pronounced the proper cabalistic formula, my nose rapidly acquired a violent oscillation, and the room in which I sat gradually filled with human eyes, precisely in accordance with the description you give of Margrave's incantation. The gigantic foot observed by you soon appeared in a worsted stocking, out of a hole in which the great toe protruded.

Being thus assured that the propitious moment had arrived, I took another snuff, the effect of which on the surrounding medium was, that the eyes began to wink in a maudlin and solemn way, and the foot made vain efforts to get within the enchanted circle. My nose curled up till it touched my left eyebrow, and suddenly an extraordinary change came over me. I lost all sense of right and wrong, truth and falsehood, and instead, felt my whole being saturated with a sensation of pleasure and delight. This was succeeded by a feeling of excessive chilliness, like the sensation felt in a Turkish bath when the patient is suddenly taken from the caldarium and put into the freezing mixture, and, clearly defined,

there stood before me *my own Scin-Læca*. My own dear soul which had thus, in obedience to my talisman, separated itself from me for a time. There it stood, a shadowy representation of myself, faintly luminous, except at the nose, which burned brilliantly with a light of twenty-five candles, according to the photometer.

Which of the two was I—I in the flesh, with my spirit of life and thinking mind; I in the Scin-Læca—my soul? I could not answer the question; but as the Scin-Læca could not take notes—in respect a soul can't write—my other self took notes of it, and of what follows:

Emboldened by the first success, I willed the Scin-Læca to remain in presentia, and proceeded to verify another spiritual existence, of which also you claim to be the first discoverer. I refer to the *Unutterable Horror on the Threshold*, so admirably described in your "*Zanoni*." It required a simple pull at my nose to enforce the appearance, for you know it belongs to a low order of supersensual being. It appeared, but it required all my philosophy to tolerate its loathsome presence. Conceive, my dear sir, a body betwixt that of a toad and a cod, five feet six inches long, and ten feet five-sixths broad, with short legs, barely sufficing to lift the body from the ground; a wide mouth, out of which proceeded a thousand purple tentaculæ in constant motion, a tail ending in a sting, a blue coat, red nightcap, and patent leather slippers. Even the Scin-Læca recoiled from the horrible figure, whose foetid breath, arising from decayed teeth, spread round the room an odour of Peruvian guano.

"Bold one," said the *Shape*, "how darest thou call up him on whom no human eye, save that of the Great Zanoni and the wise Misorou has ever gazed and lived? Do you, in the vain pursuit of supramundane knowledge, wish to tear the veil from the statue which blasted the Icarian youth?" And so saying the Shape sprang on me. Luckily, my Scin-Læca saw the danger and touched the Unutterable Horror, which, when it felt the cold of that touch, shrank back with terror to its place on the Threshold, growling like distant thunder.

I now took a snuff of red pepper, and thought of that mysterious being which had perplexed my childhood, and still terrifies the children of the nurseries of England, and into the room, nearly falling over the Unutterable Horror, entered the Great Panjandrum himself, with his button on his top. And thus said the Great Panjandrum to the Scin-Læca, laying down in the first place his button:

"The Lollopolies at the Barber's marriage cursed the Piccaninnies. So she washed her face; and when the time came got a son, human to the waist, thereafter a mahogany-table, which had to be renewed every seven years. He married Gengiskhan at Epsom, and won the Derby, and the Lollopolies came in second. So Lord Palmerston dissolved parliament, and Disraeli ordered his pot of beer."

"Son of absurdity!" said, in faint, low accents as if from an ineffable distance, the Scin-Læca; "trouble not my repose, but go home and send for the doctor, or by the living Jingo I will send for the police." But here, as it suddenly occurred to me, to verify another spiritual nature first described by Disraeli, entered the "*Grand Asian Mystery*," kicking heartily the Unutterable as it passed. His appearance was like that of an old clothesman with a bottle-nose and majestic countenance. Bowing three times to the ground, he shook his head, then drew himself up

slowly and majestically, and was about to speak, when my now too active mind conceived the wish to see another Being, generally, but as I have proved erroneously, supposed fabulous; and, in consequence of the wish, and an involuntary pull of my nose, a frightful noise was heard at the door, and in, stumbling over the Unutterable Horror, came a Gorilla, which, standing in the centre of the room in the very midst of the magic circle, gnashed its horrible teeth, beat its breast, and roared with a voice of thunder. Whereupon the Scin-Læca touched its back and froze it into a lump of ice, like a Greenland ham, which settled the Gorilla for the rest of the evening.

A considerable time now elapsed, during which an interesting conversation took place between the Great Panjandrum and the Unutterable Horror, the latter being aggravated by the kicks he had received. But the Great Panjandrum explained the pedigree of the Lollopolies, and the Piccaninnies, and the Story of the Barber and the She-Bear, and so soothed his wounded feelings.

And now, said I, in the very recklessness of the power I had acquired over aerial forms, for a little variety. Let me verify a Shaksperian being, not the Ghost, or the Witches, I have seen them before in the theatre, but let me see Modo and Mahu. No sooner said than done, for bowing politely to the company, and paying particular honour to the Great Panjandrum, in entered Modo and his cousin Mahu, arm-in-arm.

But here I must break off, to be in time for the post.

Yours truly,

B. and V.

MY DEAR SIR EDWARD,—Dr. Darwin, who is with me, says I am an instance of the commencement of a new species. He says my nose is the germ of an elephantine trunk, and that in the course of a million of generations there will be perfected in one of my descendants, by the principle of selected varieties, a biped elephant. I give you the theory for what it is worth. I am proud of my nose, and proceed with the narrative of the very interesting séance broke off in my last.

Modo and Mahu informed me they had just got out of bail, through the influence of Moloch, but this was nearly all the information they vouchsafed; neither was there anything remarkable in their appearance—Modo, as you are aware, is said by Shakspeare to have been addicted to stealing; Mahu to murder; but I confess I would not have thought so, their appearance being in every way respectable. They are connexions of the Asian Mystery, and I was in hopes they would have drawn from that gentleman his views on things in general, but he was silent, reserved, and formally courteous, merely skaking his head, as if to imply he could say a great deal if so disposed. Mahu, who was somewhat more sprightly than his cousin, and did not smell so abominably of sulphur, proposed a dance, and asked the Unutterable Horror to stand up to the Devil's Polka. Modo politely but silently led my Scin-Læca by the nose into the dance, and the Asian Mystery smiled blandly; the Gorilla beat time on his breast, and would have roared could he have been sufficiently thawed, and the Great Panjandrum acted as Master of Ceremonies.

I bow to the opinion of the Great Panjandrum, that the dance was

well performed. The Unutterable Horror footed it very well considering his shape, and if the Scin-Laesa could have kept his nose steady, no one could have done better.

During the dance and without the exercise of much volition on my part, Gog and Magog came into the room. They had obviously been dining out, and were not very steady in their walk. They are not much above ten feet in height, and it is true that their joints are constructed in the same way as those of a wooden doll, but there is nothing ludicrous in their appearance, and no one would ever take them for anything else than gentlemen accustomed to good society and good living. Gog's dress was the same as that in Martin's celebrated picture. Magog wore a kilt. Gog and I had some conversation in the Arian tongue. He said the Rev. Dr. Cumming was right in supposing the end of the world would take place in 1868, after the Whitsuntide business had been well got over, and he gave me a hint that a certain gentleman on the other side of the water had a commission from the Prince of Darkness to purchase up all the brimstone and cheap claret he could get in the market for the use of his friends.

But this interesting conversation was cut short by the abrupt entrance of Doe in a suit of black on the demise of Roe. I could not accept in such company the demise as any excuse for Roe's absence, but Doe pled so plaintively for him, and withal was so tiresome an old fellow himself, that it appeared to the Great Panjandrum that we were as well without him—a sentiment he delivered with his usual dignity and coherence.

I only wanted now two or three guests to complete my party. One of them presently entered, a gentlemanly-looking man, in a suit of black, with a white choker. He rapidly insinuated himself into the good graces of the company, talking on all subjects with the greatest fluency, and displaying both extensive knowledge and a cultivated taste. Obviously the other guests did not know that he was a Vampire, so I had the pleasure of watching his operations with a perfect knowledge of what he would be at. He seemed most intimate with the Great Panjandrum, which I regretted, as I had taken rather a fancy to that preposterous individual. Presently they sat down together in a corner, and I distinctly saw the Vampire prepare to exercise his vocation on my respected friend, when my good-nature got the better of me, and in order to save his life I called for another dance.

It went off as well as the first. The Vampire danced with the Scin-Laesa, the Great Panjandrum standing in the corner, with his prodigious shirt-neck and white waistcoat, and his button on his top, blandly looking approval. By-and-by the dancers got excited, the Vampire took the Scin-Laesa lovingly round the neck, and during the wildest whirl of the dance, I distinctly saw him infix his teeth. Great, however, was the Vampire's astonishment, when his teeth met sharply together, and a sensation of inexpressible cold paralyzed every joint in his body. My Scin-Laesa smiled, and led his unfortunate partner to the refreshment-table, where a few glasses of aconite and an arsenic sandwich revived him sufficiently to allow him to go to his hotel in his cab.

And now it was twelve o'clock—midnight. The gas was burning blue, and an intolerable smell of brimstone and assafoetida filled the room. The Unutterable Horror, tired of the Devil's Polka, was re-

clining languidly on the Threshold, fanning himself with his tail. The Gorilla was sound asleep, snoring like thunder. The Scin-Læca was restlessly flitting about, eyeing me maliciously. Modo and Mahu were arm-and-arm, conversing with an air of awful solemnity. Gog was standing on one leg, being unable to get the other down from the horizontal position in which he had got it when setting to Dee, and Magog was drinking whisky from a golden goblet, when suddenly I took a snuff of devil's dust, and the gas went out, leaving the company in total darkness, save a faint light emanating from the Scin-Læca and from my nose, which instrument oscillated violently in all directions, but with a marked tendency towards the magnetic meridian.

Out of doors, meantime, the elements were at war. An awful storm of thunder and lightning broke over Canaes; the hill above the town rocked like a ship in a storm; the Mediterranean subsided in its channel, leaving about a mile of coast dry, and then returning in one mighty wave rushed a mile and a half inland; the crash of falling houses, and the shrieks of those who were buried under them were heard; lurid forks of lightning shot here and there, piercing the pitchy darkness; a mightier peal of thunder awed all nature into silence, and a man with a hurdy-gurdy ground Dixy's Land immediately in front of the dining-room window.

I knew what these portents meant, and therefore was not so astenished as my guests, when in entered the Prince of Darkness.

If he had not made such a row before coming in, there was nothing the least appalling in his appearance. He was obviously of a higher circle than Modo and Mahu, and was dressed more jauntily than the Vampire. A neat blue surtout with brass buttons revealed a white waist-coat. He wore black knee-breeches and silk stockings, and his tail, which curved gracefully behind, was of course pea-green. He wore an eye-glass, and in his right hand held a snuff-box, which he presented to me with the air of the grand monarch.

All the guests bowed low to him on his entrance except the Great Panjandrum, who looked him boldly in the face, as if to say, My good fellow, you may be a great swell, but you have not got a button on your top. My Scin-Læca also did not appear to like the new comer.

However, the hours passed pleasantly till it was close upon three o'clock. The Prince of Darkness drank prussic acid condescendingly with all the company, and was pledged in return by all except the Panjandrum and the Scin-Læca, who sipped eau sucré together. I forget the topics of conversation. I recollect only that his highness spoke in terms of the strongest approbation of her Majesty's ministers, and related some very interesting conversations he had had with the great man on the other side of the water. He was very liberal in his politics, and strongly in favour of a new Reform Bill.

But at three o'clock a Cochin-China cock which belonged to me crew loud and shrill, and as this is the appointed signal for the attual society to go home to their respective places of abode, my guests withdrew; and, horror of horrors, away with the rest went my Scin-Læca, and thus I have lost my soul!

Yours truly,
B. and V.

THE COTTON DIFFICULTY.

It has been a matter of no small difficulty to account for the number of able-bodied poor that exist in a rich, flourishing, and well-ordered nation like our own. The diversity of conditions is a law of nature. It prevails in everything we see in some shape or another. The differences of the mental conditions, of muscular strength and weakness, of good and ill-health, of corporeal magnitude or diminutiveness, are parallel with the different grades in property, between great opulence and extreme indigence. They exist in the nature of things; but the state of absolute destitution ought not to exist where it is not accompanied by bodily incapacity for labour. Old age, sickness, and childhood, have legitimate claims to relief in every Christian land, but that able-bodied persons, willing to labour, should be without employment, must assuredly be owing to some radical defect in the country where the evil is found to prevail.

The present distress in the cotton manufacturing districts is clearly an exceptional case as far as labour is concerned. Not that such an occurrence was unforeseen long ago, under certain contingencies. It should have been anticipated in its effects by opening fresh sources from whence the raw material might be obtained. Unfortunately those who direct public affairs are like people who live from hand to mouth. They trust to the chapter of accidents. There is one reason, it is true, why this should be the case, and that is to be found in the uncertain tenure of place by official men. The best and longest in their posts cannot expect to see ripen any precautionary measure they might adopt occupying much time, still less to see their successors follow out one of the party they have been opposing with the same zeal as those who were its originators.

It is not doubtful, some assert, that if the twenty millions of uncultivated land at present existing in England, Wales, and Scotland, but capable of being turned to some sort of agricultural account to the annual value of nineteen or twenty millions sterling—that if this land were cultivated no able-bodied labourer would want employment. It is true that such a waste of land in a country so densely peopled is a reproach, but it does not follow that the productive increase of such land would by any means lighten the existing burden of the poor-rate. The additional means of subsistence would have the effect of proportionately increasing the number of labourers beyond the present amount. Thus it would not remove the evil, as the surplus labour would be found to exist through the popular increase that would still follow. Spade husbandry would employ a much greater number of hands, and cause a great increase of food for consumption, but it is to be feared similar effects would result from its extended use.

Still it does seem a reproach to the present advanced state of our scientific knowledge that no change in this respect has occurred, and that in all events the causes are not better known. It might be supposed to depend solely upon the increase of the population, but the increase of the population has not been followed, in England and Wales at least, by a corresponding increase of the rate. Thus in 1801 the population was 8,872,980, and the sum expended for the relief of the poor only, was

4,017,891*l*. In 1841 the population was 15,911,757, and the sum expended for the relief of the poor 4,760,929*l*. The sum should have been nearly doubled to give in 1841 the proportionate amount paid in 1801. Whence arose this important difference? In all events it is a proof that the increase of the population had not increased the dependent poor in anything like the ratio of the popular increase. The discovery of the real cause of this would be important, more especially if embracing an exact return of the three classes, the old, infirm, and helpless, including children. Secondly, the able-bodied out of work. Thirdly, the indigent who live by mendicity, and only obtain occasional relief. This last number is much more numerous than is generally imagined. In London particularly this is the case, and their mode of begging is alike wary, impudent, and persevering.

All who have considered the subject of the poor in England must have noted how much they are distressed by the influx of the Irish, another weight upon their resources. There can be no reciprocity, that is, no English labourers go to Ireland, and, therefore, the influx of the Irish here operates as a tax upon the English labourer, whom they keep out of work, and in addition avail themselves of the poor-rates to a considerable extent. This is another cause why the earnings of the English labourer become depressed beyond their natural level. It appears that the Irish in England, Wales, and Scotland have at times amounted to a number nearly equivalent to a twelfth part of the population of Ireland itself, at least the number of Irish returned as being in the island of Great Britain has nearly reached that amount, or half a million. The Irishman abroad or at home, of the class to which we allude, seldom gets beyond being the "hewer of wood and drawer of water." Wherever he sets himself down, his mental constitution makes him a Gibeonite. Abstract the Irish, and it is probable far fewer able-bodied English labourers would be found pressing upon the rates. In London the Irish are an insufferable burden to some of the parishes.

But if the English poor have not increased in a proportionate ratio to the increase of the population, it is clear there must be some retarding cause well worthy of discovering, and it is not impossible that such a cause, if known, might be made use of to apply artificially for the purpose of a still further reduction. It is certainly a proof of the flourishing state of the country that those who have the means of support, no matter how earned, should have so largely increased in proportion to the total population, for thus the case must stand, whether the augmentation come from a rise in the value of land, from traffic, manufactures, or any branch whatever of pecuniary acquirement.

This increase of capital must be the cause, by enlarging the circle of employment, of that diminution of pauperism before spoken of, which is undoubtedly the fact, and is only another proof how much labour and capital are united in interest and dependent upon one another. Society is bound to support those whom it cannot employ, and it is, therefore, for the interest of society that the labourer should have employment, and that it should be remunerative. Society, without any counteracting obliquity, can set itself right when left to itself, but notorious obstacles intervening out of the natural course of things, require direct interference for their removal, and that interference must be in consonance with the

tendencies of human character, and in accordance with the ideas and habits of those more immediately concerned. In regard to the poor, it is evident that we were travelling in the right direction until the American civil war, which has, we hope only for a time, altered the advance towards a considerable diminution of the pauperism that prevailed among able-bodied men in certain districts of the land.

Ever since the last American war the market for our purchase of raw cotton being dependent upon a single country, which might suddenly become hostile, cost those who reflected upon the subject no little uneasiness. It was true that the American merchant, in a case of war, might export his cotton in neutral bottoms, or make some neutral territory a depôt, from whence the cotton might be sent to this country in British or foreign bottoms, but it was still a source of apprehension with those who could look beyond the passing day. The East India Company never esteemed it a subject worthy of their attention to encourage the growth of cotton in India by any substantial effort. The Company was a sort of commercial hermaphrodite in this respect. It was neither *pro nor con* in anything of use to the country at home. It had the means of great good in its hands, both on behalf of India and England, but it looked only to the goods behind the counter. To enrich themselves by degrees was not the Company's policy. Whatever depended upon them in the way of benefit to the mother country was secondary. America has now a civil war within her borders, and neither neutral bottoms nor depôts can be made available. In consequence our immense manufacturing population becomes the sufferer. As long ago as 1849, the raw material applied to home-consumption was valued at sixty millions sterling. We exported yarn and goods to the value of twenty-seven millions sterling besides, and we shipped in that year 1,337,586,116 yards of cotton cloth. Now, such a state of things, such a magnitude of manufacture, to say nothing of the home supply, cannot be partially restrained, much less stopped, without inflicting fearful injury upon the industrious workman. The number of power-looms at work in 1850 was no less than two hundred and fifty thousand, and it has since increased. From this fact the position of the operatives thrown out of employ may be imagined. A statement made by an American house a month or two ago, evidently endeavouring to put the best side outwards, denied a return put forth in the *Economist*, which last asserted that by the first of July next we should not have in England more than eighty-two thousand bales of the raw material. The American said that what had been done during the preceding six months in the way of supply could be done again, and that the stock on the 1st of July, in place of eighty-two thousand, he would be justified in supposing would be above five hundred thousand, and he gave his items, supposing the consumption and export to be nine hundred and eighty-eight thousand bales. He supposed the stock in the merchants and spinners houses on the 1st of January last, to be seven hundred and ninety thousand bales, and that West Indies, Brazil, Egypt, and other places, would supply one hundred thousand, and India six hundred thousand by that date. If this statement be correct, which we hope it is, still there will be a degree of distress which it will require the utmost attention to alleviate. We know that there are alarmists in parliament and out, but this is excusable in those who are aware of the magnitude of the interests

at stake. Towns like Manchester, that in forty years have increased their population by manufacturing of a single material which is jeopardised, at the rate of two hundred and seventy-two per cent., may well feel an apprehension for the event of things in America, to which alone it must see it is not safe to trust in future, however the present difficulty may terminate, only supposing a case of war, for example, between the two countries.

Nor is it possible the government of England can be without its anxieties. The efforts of the workpeople in the north have been peaceful efforts, directed to the building up one of the greatest and most extensive systems of manufacture and legitimate commerce which the world ever saw, and which will never perhaps be paralleled in any country in coming ages. It has been a system that has interfered with the habits and pursuits of no other nation, and it has been erected upon a basis of diligence and capital which have proved their worth in a Christian land by the inoffensiveness and honourable prosperity which have been their results.

It is not unnatural, therefore, that Englishmen of every class should feel no slight degree of fear for the present uncertain state of things, respecting not only a manufacture of such value, but also a vast body of workmen, who would be abandoned to a state of utter destitution. These men have hitherto set a bright example of forbearance and of self-command. They have borne their privations nobly. They are men who have given proof of their advance in knowledge by their evident conviction that the cause of their privation is beyond the control of the government at home. They are now become enlightened enough to trace effects to their true causes, and to place them where reason indicates they should be placed, to the account of a great misfortune in another land, and not to any cause within their own. There cannot be a more striking proof than this of the advance of intellect, and of the reasoning power in those who were, a score or two of years ago, so prone to attribute obnoxious effects to wrong causes, and to exhibit little of that manly and fine-spirited calmness which at present prevails among them, and governs their entire conduct.

Let it not be supposed that this is written either to soothe or flatter; it is a hearty testimony to high-minded behaviour. It must not be imagined that the destitution of furniture in the workman's once cheerful habitation, his saddened partner in life, his anxiety for his children, the fear of idle dependence as much as that of an application to the parish, his careworn visage, his wonted diligence suspended, his sleepless pillow, his consciousness of well-doing encountering only misfortune—let it not be thought that these will be passed by unnoted, the hard world is compelled to do homage to integrity, even in the most lowly of the social body, and he is still not of the most lowly if on the point of becoming so. Patience in adversity, fortitude in difficulties, and fidelity in duties, are as honourable, and to be as well appreciated when exhibited by man in one station of life as in another, perhaps more self-denying in the lowly, but not less worthy. All men suffer in some way from the caprices of fortune, but he who meets them bravely is the superior without regard to worldly circumstance.

All statements from the manufacturing districts speak of the excellent

behaviour of the workmen. To what are we to ascribe this but to their rapid progress in information, and to the habit of reflection so generally acquired of late years by these men in almost every branch of manufacture. This progress is not less pleasing to others than useful to themselves. Men who shake off the trammels of traditional ideas, adopted without reflection, but put aside upon later examination, such cannot fail to profit largely, and to become socially happier, under the prompting of their own plain and solid good sense, guided by acquired intelligence. Life to high and low, rich and poor, is, after all, but a scene of perplexities, wants, infirmities, and passions, looking on the best side of the account.

The diversity of conditions is a natural law, as before observed, and it would appear that this and similar truths are now perceived. When a wild schemer declared that the good things of life ought to be equally divided, he was silenced by the question, "If the step you desire took place to-day, how long would the equality of property be sustained?" It would be but a very short time before the natural course of human passion alone would renew that inequality which is a natural law. The prodigal would spend his allowance, the sensualist waste his in gratification, the miser would obtain the proceeds of both if he dealt with them, and his hoard would constitute him the man of substance, while they who squandered their money would become the poorer class. Now-a-days sensible workmen understand this kind of argument. No Lord George Gordon would now dare to propose to lead them into acts of incendiarism, nor Birmingham "Church and King men" tempt them to destroy the apparatus of a great and wise man, and chalk up "No philosophers!" on the fronts of their houses. None know better now how much they themselves owe to the discoveries of those whom the ignorant of their own order once sought so outrageously to injure. The present race of workmen are as superior to the men of Birmingham in 1791, as the philosopher is to the untaught boor.

Let us hope that before long the difficulties in America may terminate. If they should do so in the ultimate, if gradual, abolition of slavery, the suffering men in the manufacturing districts will have one gratifying consolation in that their privations will have conduced to the destruction of one of the most abominable abuses which man has ever committed against his fellow-man. There may be some who have no feeling upon this point—men who look only to their purse, and would sell the preserver of their souls for less than Judas, but the workmen of whom we are speaking have nobler aspirations. They are free men, and would desire to see all the world the same.

We have been led to this subject by accounts from the north, speaking of the excellent and rational conduct of some of the workmen out of employ, who as yet appear to suffer only in one or two branches of the manufacture. They reason over the matter with remarkable good feeling, and, knowing the cause, place the right construction upon it.

Since the foregoing was written we have seen the proceedings in the House of Commons on the 9th ultimo, which did not fall into our hands until some days after they took place. They appear to confirm, or at least in no way to contradict, a syllable of what we have written above, and this cannot but be gratifying. The debate was opened by Mr. A.

Egerton, who proceeded to ask Mr. Villiers, the president of the poor-law board, certain questions regarding the working of the poor-law in the cotton-manufacturing districts, which the honourable member coupled at the same time with a question to the Secretary of State for India, of no moment to repeat. It appeared, according to the statement of Mr. Egerton, that no less than fifty-eight thousand hands were reported to be wholly out of work, and a much larger number working short time. The honourable member went into some particulars regarding the present state of things in several of the manufacturing towns of Lancashire, representing the differences in the number of operatives out of employ in one place before another, as very remarkable. The slight suffering in some towns compared to that in others he attributed to the French treaty affording them employment in some particular lines of business peculiar to those places. Many millowners had kept open their mills, without any expectation of a return, in order that the people should not be left wholly destitute. The usual consumption of the raw material was forty-five thousand bales a week, while in all Europe there was only a quantity of cotton equal to that required for seventeen weeks. He hoped that the cultivation of cotton in India would be followed up as much as possible. The honourable member wished also to know whether the poor-law was well administered in the manufacturing districts, as there was a report that it was harshly dealt out, and the labour-test pushed too far. He wished to ascertain the real state of the case, and to obtain some information upon it. Some members seemed to think that neither private charity nor the poor-law, nothing but a supply of cotton, could meet the exigency of the case.

It is singular, however, that we do not hear more of efforts on the part of our wealthy manufacturers to push the cultivation of the raw material in the colonies most eligible for its growth. Might not societies be formed for such a purpose upon reports first accurately obtained? Experience shows it will be the height of imprudence in future to rely upon one country for the larger part of our requirements, and even if the effort thus recommended were to be made, no little time must elapse before it can be productive of a beneficial effect. The cotton required cannot be raised in a forcing-house; but to the more immediate subject—wherefore the delay in a work which seems, and, in fact, is, so pressing?

The speech of Mr. Egerton, after a remark or two of little moment from Sir C. Wood and Mr. Potter, called up the president of the poor-law board, than whom no one could give, or was evidently more inclined to give, the required explanation. A free-trader before Mr. Cobden appeared in the parliamentary arena, he had supported nearly alone that wise, salutary, but ruinous measure, according to a party in the House, and had combated for it with a spirit and eloquence adapted to its importance. Such an individual, so well schooled in the true principles of traffic, could not be supposed indifferent in a matter nearly related to the great question in favour of which he had for so long a time argued *con amore*, undismayed by the formidable opposition he encountered. The explanations of Mr. Villiers must, therefore, be entitled to the greater attention from the public upon an occasion with which to a certain degree was connected the favourite measure above referred to,

now the law of the land, the mainstay, the very soul of the means of effecting which is that class of industrious men who are now suffering, neither by their own fault nor by that of the government under which they live.

The president of the poor-law board assured the House that he had taken care to procure, from time to time, the necessary information of the extent of the distress in Lancashire, that he had warned the unions of what was to be expected if the contest in America should unhappily be protracted, and he had received weekly returns regularly arranged for the preceding six months, showing the effect of the existing state of things upon the districts interested. He expressed his regret that he could not expect to see the pressure less heavy for some time to come. The unions were prepared for any emergency, but he was gratified to find that of late the distress had rather fallen off than increased. There might have been suffering of which the poor-law board could know nothing, for many would rather starve than ask relief, therefore of the extent of this feeling the poor-law board was ignorant. After certain explanations in regard to the powers of the guardians, Mr. Villiers observed that the labour-test was the only thing required personally from those able-bodied persons who sought relief, and that they should declare they were not possessed of property. There was evidently, to their honour, an almost unanimous resolution on the part of the people to struggle to the last before they applied for assistance to the parish. The present pressure would only be temporary, and the resources of Lancashire in rateable value were between seven and eight millions sterling per annum. In 1856 the cost of the poor was 456,000*l.*, and in 1861 only 429,670*l.*, and if the rate increased as it had done for four months past, it would only be 678,000*l.*, or one and tenpence in the pound, while the county of Suffolk actually paid two shillings and sixpence. There were parishes in England which paid six shillings in the pound, and if Lancashire paid at that rate the return would be no less than 2,189,156*l.* The right honourable member stated that it was clear that Lancashire was equal to meet all the probable requirements of her position. Even where the distress was most intense he had only heard of three shillings in the pound being paid, and many parishes in England had "customarily" paid as much as that. Mr. Villiers was anxious that the public should know that the government was accurately informed upon the subject. It had actually sent a person to the district in question to judge and correct any misinformation on the part of the guardians, and there was no reason whatever to complain of the persons in authority there.

It is impossible for the foregoing statement to be doubted, coming from a member of parliament so long distinguished as the popular advocate of everything liberal in and out of the House of Commons, and we will add, whether in or out of the government of which he is a member. His statement is cheering under the circumstances; but who can say to what length the struggle in America may be protracted? The unhealthy season is on the point of commencing in the Southern States, and it is possible it may be the cause of a species of cessation in active hostilities, a resting upon their arms by both belligerents, to be renewed when the season becomes admissible for active warfare. The future is

dark at present. It is not safe, after so painful an experience, to live upon the hope of a source of supply, which in all events, from local derangements in the South, the havoc caused by the waste of war, and the neglect of culture, even were matters peacefully settled, would not be without a loss, and a short supply for no inconsiderable period. The recovery of the country itself must still occasion distress in Europe from the time it would occupy to get into a healthy state. Energetic means should be taken to obtain a market for the purchase of the raw material from a locality elsewhere, that would be unaffected by the recurrence of events similar to the present in America, or even by a war with that country. It will not do to subject large masses of our population to the accident of want, when it can be avoided by a little foresight.

There is a remarkable feature in the present distress, which bears out Mr. Villiers in his clear and candid statement regarding the strenuous efforts made by the people to avoid having recourse to the poor-law board, and that is their kindness to each other, and the truly Christian fellow-feeling they are said to exhibit. The labour-test is complained of, but we apprehend it is not the labour, but the "kind" of labour which causes the revulsion. To a labourer who has worked with the spade and pickaxe, stone-breaking is no hardship, nor ought he to object to it if he desires relief, but it is almost impossible, certainly ruinous to the hands of workmen in nice trades to handle such tools, besides the want of being accustomed to that species of exertion, and the pain it often inflicts. A greater variety of employment is required. A workman going out of the workhouse to handle the tools of his trade again would find, were he a watchmaker, for example, that he had lost that nice power of hand which his former labour rendered necessary. Nicety of touch no longer enables him to manipulate as before. The cuticle has become thickened.

We were unwilling at such an emergency as the present to pass over a topic of that surpassing interest to the country which the present constitutes. Above all, where the evil is naturally one of such moment, exaggeration is certain to take place, and people get needlessly alarmed. We are therefore happy to find that, unless things get much worse, the difficulty of the present contingency will in a little time find a remedy. The assurance of the president of the poor-law board, one so well known and so long distinguished in affairs of commerce and free trade, will no doubt have its just effect, and with this fact let the hope be indulged that affairs across the Atlantic may assume in a short time an aspect more favourable to the position of the thousands who are suffering privation, through no fault of their own seeking.

CYRUS REDDING.

MR. KENT'S ALETHEIA AND DREAMLAND.*

THE fact that a new edition of "Aletheia" has been called for in so brief a time since its first publication, sufficiently attests that Mr. Kent is appreciated by the public. That he has long been so by us our pages testify; for the "Stereoscopic Glimpses," now brought together under the head of "Dreamland," have been an almost constant source of delight to us, and have afforded as much gratification to our readers, we believe, as to ourselves.

"The production of a series of Poems," says Mr. Kent, "delineating the Great Masters of English Song, each in the locality haunted by his memory, and everlastingly associated with his fame—that, simply, is the one design I have hoped to realise while writing 'Dreamland.' My endeavour has been, in each instance, to portray the Poet in the scene familiar to his actual footsteps. I have striven thus to unite, upon each occasion, within the framework of a single picture, some shadowy reflection at least of the contrasting yet harmonious interests derivable from the charms of Biography and of Topography.

"Originally penned under the somewhat matter-of-fact designation of 'Stereoscopic Glimpses,' the Poems here collected together under the more comprehensive and figurative title of 'Dreamland' were written periodically at uncertain intervals, as whim or accident suggested. It will be observed that, with one exception, they are arranged with a due regard to their chronological sequence. That exception will be tolerated, I trust, as such, if only by reason of its very obvious significance. Shakspeare is independent of all chronology. He who 'was not for an Age, but for all Time,' and whose apotheosis in literature has obtained an universal recognition among the households of the multitude, under his distinctive appellation as—there is a halo of glory in the familiar words—'The Immortal Bard.' By reason of that magnificent title, and by right of his admitted supremacy, he takes precedence, therefore, even of the august Father of English Poetry.

"Regarding each Poet in turn as the central figure—in the majority of these sketches as the solitary figure—upon my canvas, I have sought to sketch in lightly the scene itself of the Poet's Home and Haunt, as the most appropriate background I could select. That, before doing this, I have loitered, for example, in the Rectory garden at Welwyn—or that I have watched the bee rifling the honeysuckle by the trellised porch of Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, matters little enough, I am aware, to my readers. Yet am I fain to mention this incidentally, if only in evidence that I have come not idly to the pencilling of each haunted glimpse of 'Dreamland.' Not, however, with the coxcombry of a frivolous trifler with Art have I visited the actual localities themselves in any idle quest of inspiration! Rather would I say, that I have traversed these scenes humbly, as with staff and scallop-shell; going thither on a pilgrim-

* Aletheia, with other Poems. By W. Charles Kent, Barrister-at-Law. A New Edition. Dreamland, with other Poems. By W. Charles Kent, Barrister-at-Law. Longman and Co. 1862.

age of love and reverence, less to kindle an ever-burning enthusiasm for the Men, than to guard myself from the risk of describing their Homes in ignorance."

The poems themselves bear full evidence of the claim herein made to an actual visual, as well as contemplative exploration of localities immortalised by the abode of genius. It was a noble exercise of the mind to fill in the sad vacancy wanting—the picture to the framework—and Mr. Kent has done it with a delicacy of touch that is only equalled by its vivid truthfulness, and he has produced a series of admirable little portraits, in which nature and art may be said to struggle for mastery.

Surrey at Windsor—

Through narrow dungeon bars,
Reared high 'mid royal towers,
A wistful watcher gazes down
Among the leaves and flowers—

presents a strange contrast to Chaucer basking in the sunny atmosphere of Woodstock, to Spenser rapt in reverie upon the margin of the grass-ringed lake of Kilcolman, to Milton in his room at Cripplegate, haunted by "an atmosphere of golden harmonies," and to Shakspeare crossing rural stile and thicket down to pleasant Shottery. The picture of the prisoner poet is like those that follow it, more or less characteristic of the times. They are, indeed, pictures of bygone days which it is possible to depict, but that never can be resuscitated again. Pope, huddled in his easy-chair within the broad bay-window at Twickenham, is a portrait of later days—of what might be called our poetic middle age. Young, worshipping the power of the Almighty as shown in the storm:

The crisp peruke of curling grey;
The pensive hands together prest;
The silken, black, close-buttoned vest,
Tinged blue in the electric ray;

and

A slipshod dreamer robed in grey,
His head with linen crowned,
Where winds the garden's gravelly way
'Mid mossy turf and flowery spray,
Slow pausing, looks behind;

are two pictures sacred to our religious poetry; and it is creditable to the country to be able to say, more popular than any, save those standing at the very highest pinnacle of fame. We have not attached a name to the second couplet, especially to bring out Mr. Kent's talent in stronger relief. Who can hesitate for a moment as to whom the portrait belongs? Our own sweet, inimitable Cowper!

Thomson at Richmond, "a kindly, comely, plump-fed, rosy bard;" Shenstone at Leasowes; Falconer in his true element, with face

Though harsh and bronzed, yet touched with lines of grace;

Johnson—

A strange but reverent form of ample girth—

at Streatham; Goldsmith at Edgeware, a light and exquisite little pic-

ture; and Burns at Mossgiel, when "a rough, sunburnt, stalwart son of toil," finished off with this sad but serious reflection:

Ah! better, Robin, thus to stand,
With sickle aye in healthful hand,
Than leader of a brawling band
With gauge or bowl,
When bowed to sordid craft thy grand
Heroic soul!

complete the mediæval series, or rather bring it into connexion with our own times.

The great personages that now step into their paper frames can be at once anticipated:

Beneath the crumbling porch he stands,
Distraught with scorn, and grief, and love:
Just snatched up in his delicate hands
The athlete's padded glove!

is so felicitous as to tell at once of a presence—of the lord of Newstead and of the hero of Missolonghi. Nor is Scott at Abbotsford—

Within a noble Gothic room,
Adorned by many a casque and plume,
A homely form, with tranquil air,
Sits musing in an antique chair—

less felicitous, less truthful, or less tastefully carried out. Wordsworth at Rydal—

A Gentleman of Nature's homeliest mould—

is a last portrait, conceived in the same feeling of a generous and true poet's sympathy that pervade the whole. It is a crowning grace in these poems that there is not an ill-natured remark (and how expressive that somewhat vulgar word is; it implies that to detract is opposed to nature) or a sneer in any one of them, even in regard to the men of our own times, who most tempt contemporaries to envious comments and insinuations.

We have been so carried away in our enjoyment of this little cabinet of poetic gems, we have been peering with eyes of *virtuosi* into so much that is rare, and curious, and fair, that we have left ourselves no space to speak of *Aletheia*, a grand epic, in which the doom of mythology is depicted in Spenserian stanzas with no ordinary ability. This is, indeed, a work upon which Mr. Kent's more serious claims for poetic reputation at present rest, and rest, we should say, upon a noble pedestal. There are many other miscellaneous poems from which we were tempted to pluck a flower or two, but a notice, more elastic than a china vase, still will not bear unlimited extension.

EPISODES OF THE FRONDE.*

NICOLAS FOUQUET, superintendent of finances, played an important part in the first years of the reign of Louis XIV. A zealous auxiliary of Mazarin at the epoch of the Fronde, he was successful in providing money for many years for an extravagant minister who had several armies to maintain, and who was desirous of amassing wealth for himself at the same time. Yet the memoirs of the epoch and modern historians only speak of the fate of Nicolas Fouquet. The Abbé Fouquet, brother of the superintendent, was, if anything, still less known. A devoted follower of Mazarin's, he abetted the minister and his brother in their struggles against the Prince of Condé and Cardinal de Retz; he braved every danger to ensure the triumph of royalty over the Fronde, and he disposed to that effect at once of the police and of the Bastille, but his proceedings were almost always of an occult and mysterious character, whilst the scandal of his habits seriously compromised his reputation.

Neither of the brothers left any historical memoirs. Nicolas alone published a "Defence" of his conduct at the epoch when he was prosecuted in 1661; M. Chéruel has, therefore, had to depend for the materials of his great and laborious work mainly upon letters, documents, and memoirs preserved in the archives of the Bibliothèques Impériale and Mazarine.

The memoirs that have resulted from these researches divide themselves into four marked epochs. Up to the month of January, 1653, Nicolas Fouquet was, with his brother, the most active auxiliary of Mazarin. After the Fronde the brothers came in for their rewards; Nicolas Fouquet became superintendent of finances with Abel Servien. The abbé, his brother, obtained the direction of the police; his power and influence were great, but his audacity, insolence, and corruption were still more notorious. On his side, also, the superintendent began to abuse his credit and to spend the money of the state in pleasures and in festivals. The presence of his colleague, Servien, put some restraint upon his irregularities till 1659; but, after the death of Servien (February 17), the superintendent gave way without any control to his passions. He seemed at this period a contemporary, the counsellor of state De la Fosse, said, as if struck with madness, "*vere lymphatus*." Sumptuous mansions, fortifications of Belle Isle, scandalous treaties with the farmers of the taxes, wild prodigality in favour of the queen's daughters, attempts to succeed Mazarin in supreme power, and to hold the king in dependence—such is the spectacle presented by the administration of Fouquet when at the height of his power and when he was borne away by his unrestrained ambition.

* *Mémoires sur la Vie Publique et Privée de Fouquet, Surintendant des Finances, d'après ses Lettres et des Pièces inédites conservées à la Bibliothèque Impériale. Par A. Chéruel, Inspecteur-Général de l'Instruction Publique. Two Vols. Paris: Charpentier.*

The period from 1659 to 1661 comprises at once the apogee of his power and the commencement of his downfall. Arrested on the 5th of September, 1661, he was confined in a dungeon till he was dragged forth to be tried by those who were mainly inimical to him. For three years his fate was undecided and his life in danger, till with the compassion engendered by misfortune, public opinion declared itself in his favour, and saved him from the scaffold. A prisoner at Pignerol, Fouquet disappeared from the scene, and expiated in a long and obscure detention the faults and errors of his public and private life.

Fouquet sprang from a family of merchants dwelling at Nantes, whose original name was Foucquet, signifying, in the language of Brittany, a squirrel. His father had been king's counsel, and his mother was Marie Maupeon, one of a family of parliamentary celebrity. Nicolas, who was one of twelve, six sons and six daughters (all the latter of whom were immured in convents), became master of requests when only twenty years of age, and he was soon afterwards appointed intendant of the armies of the north, whence he was removed to Grenoble. He was, however, recalled in consequence of a revolt which he had neither anticipated nor suppressed, but Mazarin did not leave him without employment. He had appreciated from the onset the quick intelligence and pliable principles of the young magistrate, his powers of penetration, and the insinuating grace by which he could conciliate men. He was hence attached, in 1647, to the army commanded by Gassion and Rantzau.

When the Fronde declared itself in 1648, Fouquet devoted himself to the cause of his first protector. The cardinal rewarded him by placing him at the head of the commissariat of the royal army during the first civil war. Under the pretext of saving their châteaux and country-houses from fire, he extracted money from the more wealthy. From the peasants he contented himself with contributions of corn, oats, and other produce. The duty was perilous, and even parliament resisted, but Fouquet was not intimidated, and when Mazarin's triumph was secured he was rewarded by a position analogous to that of intendant of l'Île de France. After the arrest of the princes in 1650, he purchased the appointment of procureur-général to the parliament of Paris, a position which gave him great weight in a body generally hostile to the cardinal. Its members were also for the most part men of talent and of probity, and they had opposed to them the skilful policy of Mazarin, backed by designing, unprincipled, and ambitious adventurers. Such were the minister of finances, Particelli Emery, as well as the two Fouquets, and although France was successful abroad, and Turenne was threatening the Emperor in his own hereditary states, still the nation murmured at the vastness of the minister's designs, and the expenses and sacrifices which they entailed.

When, in 1651, the union of the party of the old Fronde with the faction of the princes brought about the exile of Mazarin, the procureur-général, and the abbé his brother, continued their exertions in his favour with even more zeal than ever. While the one prevented the seizure of the cardinal's furniture, the other braved imminent peril in order to place himself in communication with the banished minister. Their united efforts were directed to the rupture of the coalition, a task which was

actually attended with success in June, 1651, and was followed up by gaining over several members of parliament to the cause of Mazarin. The abbé was equally successful in winning over the Duke of Bouillon and his brother Turenne to the royal cause, and Mazarin was ultimately recalled in January, 1652.

On the 5th of March of the same year the Duke of Nemours arrived in Paris with Spanish auxiliaries recruited in the Low Countries, and took up his quarters at the palace of Gaston d'Orléans, the Luxembourg. The excited hopes of the Frondeurs were celebrated according to the fashion of the time by festivals and balls. Their joy was, however, somewhat damped by the news of success of the royal army at Angers. Chavigny, the leader of the anti-Mazarinists, finding Gaston d'Orléans undecided, summoned the Prince of Condé to Paris.

The first excesses manifested themselves on the Pont-Neuf, where the Frondeurs obliged the carriages to stop, and the people in them to get down and shout "*Vive le Roi ! Point de Mazarin !*" threatening, in case of refusal, to throw them into the Seine. Thieves joined the Frondeurs, and found this an excellent opportunity for pursuing their avocations under political pretences. For three months all business in the neighbourhood was suspended. These excesses, however, served the cause of Mazarin ; the citizens became disgusted with the Frondeurs, whilst Fouquet distributed money and placarded the city.

Condé, in the mean time, arrived at Paris after a brilliant success at Blenau, and from April to July the metropolis remained in the hands of the Frondeurs. It was in vain that parliament denounced the prince as guilty of high treason, and that Marshal de l'Hôpital, governor of Paris, and the provost of the merchants, who held their court at the Hôtel de Ville, opposed the faction. It was not till the royalists had reached Saint Germain that negotiations were entered into, but that without any diminution of the violences to which the city was subjected or the sufferings of the people.

On the 5th of May, Turenne defeated the army of the princes near Etampes, and Fouquet was deputed, as procureur-général, to lay the devastated condition of the capital before the king, and to request the withdrawal of the royal troops. The Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Condé, indignant at these negotiations, took up arms; the latter captured Saint Denis, but it was retaken a few days afterwards by Marshal d'Albret. The princes then called to their aid Charles IV., Duke of Lorraine, who at that time led the life of an adventurer at the head of a small body of old and experienced soldiers. He made his entry on the 1st of June, and the people fired volleys in honour of the Lorraines on the Pont-Neuf.

The ladies played an important part in the intrigues that supervened at this epoch. It is unnecessary to enter upon these except where immediately influencing the prospects of the personages of our history. We have the authority of Cardinal de Retz for the fact that the Abbé Fouquet was in favour with Mademoiselle de Chevreuse. Madame de Chevreuse was all influential at the Luxembourg, and she persuaded the Duke of Lorraine not to act against the royalists. Laigues, who at that epoch was her "*mari de conscience*," was a devoted Mazarinist. The gallant

abbé won over to the same cause another lady, *Madame de Guéméné* (*Anne de Rohan*). *Charles II.* of England, according to *Mademoiselle de Montpensier* and *Madame de Monteville*, also took a part in the intrigues, which were ultimately followed by the *Prince of Lorraine* withdrawing his troops from Paris.

The people, who had been for a moment reconciled to their privations and sufferings, and to the violences daily committed, by a grand procession of *Sainte Geneviève*, soon rose, however, in insurrection against the parliament, and they were encouraged by *Fouquet*, whom *Mazarin* recommended to distribute money in order to excite their turbulence. The army of *Turenne* took up its head-quarters at *Saint Denis* in order to be ready to avail itself of any favourable manifestations on the part of the populace; that of the princes took up its station at *Saint Cloud*.

Turenne having thrown a bridge over the *Seine* to attack the *Frondeurs*, the latter retreated to *Charenton*. The passage through the city was refused to them, so they had to march the whole length of the northern walls. *Fouquet* hastened to send information of this movement, and *Turenne* opposed himself to their progress between the *Porte Saint Martin* and the heights of *Montmartre*. The *Frondeurs* were driven to take refuge in the *Faubourg Saint Antoine*. Barricades were raised. *Turenne*, urged on by the young monarch in person, carried these one after the other, and the army of the princes would have been annihilated had it not been for *Mademoiselle de Montpensier*, who covered their retreat with the cannon of the *Bastille*, and thus enabled them to cross the *Pont-Neuf* and obtain refuge in the *Faubourgs Saint Jacques* and *Saint Victor*.

It was upon this occasion, when the royalists occupied the north of Paris and the *Frondeurs* the south, that straws were put in the hat to distinguish the latter from the *Mazarinists*. A meeting was held at the *Hôtel de Ville* to enlist the populace in favour of the princes, and it was on this occasion that *Fouquet* had the courage to declare, in the presence of the *Duke of Orleans* and of the *Prince of Condé*, that a deputation ought to be sent to the king to beg him to take possession of his good city of Paris. The majority siding with the *procureur-général*, the princes left the meeting, and arrived on the *Place de la Grève*. They said, "Those people will do nothing for us; they are all *Mazarinists*." The populace took this as a signal to raise the standard of open revolt.

It was six in the evening when the factions began to fire into the windows of the *Hôtel de Ville*, and as the shots, directed from below upwards, hurt no one, and were lost in the ceilings, soldiers in disguise, who had joined the people, took possession of the houses on the *Place de la Grève*, established embrasures, and from thence were enabled to fire into the room where the meeting was being held. Other insurgents heaped up inflammable substances at the doors of the *Hôtel de Ville* and set fire to them. In a short time the whole building was enveloped in fire and smoke. In this extremity some of the deputies threw bulletins out of the windows, which announced that union had been concluded with the princes. Others known as *Frondeurs* went forth from the *Hôtel de Ville* and attempted to address the people; but the latter were drunk with wine and maddened by excitement, and they no longer distinguished be-

tween friends and foes. Miron, master of the chamber of accounts, was one of the first victims. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold of the Hôtel de Ville than he was attacked with bayonets and daggers. It was in vain that he declared himself to be one of the chiefs of the faction of the princes; he was slain on the spot. The Counsellor Ferrand de Janvry met with the same fate. President Charton, one of those who had most distinguished themselves in the first Fronde, fell covered with wounds. The treatment to which the town-councillors were subjected who were known to be adverse to the princes may be judged of by the fate of the Frondeurs. The master of requests, Legras, and several others were assassinated whilst attempting to make their escape in disguise.

The guards of Marshal de l'Hôpital and the city archers having raised barricades within, succeeded for some time in preventing the insurgents making their way into the interior of the Hôtel de Ville. They even killed a number of them, but the want of ammunition prevented their prolonging this resistance. The Marshal de l'Hôpital, who was one of the victims marked out for popular vengeance, succeeded in making his escape in disguise. The provost of the merchants and the town-councillors hid themselves in obscure corners, and were thus enabled, when night came on, to evade the fury of the populace. The thieves who had mingled with the mob were more intent on plunder than on murder. There were even those among them who consented to save the lives of some of the counsellors for an adequate remuneration. Conrart mentions several instances. The unpublished journal of Dubuisson-Aubenay states that President de Guénégaud promised ten pistoles to some insurgents who took his hat, mantle, and doublet, and having covered him with rage, led him forth from the Hôtel de Ville; but at the junction of the streets de la Contellerie, Jean-Pain Mollet, and Jean de l'Épine, he was stopped by a barricade and a guard. The president was bandied about between two parties, who disputed the captive and threatened to cut him into pieces. The guardians of the barricades carried the day at last, and conducted him to the Rue de la Monnaie, where he was left in charge of a citizen, but he had to pay a hundred livres to his conductors. Counsellor Doujat and several others obtained their safety by the same means.

The pillage of the Hôtel de Ville was prolonged till eleven at night. The Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Condé were urged in vain to go in help of the counsellors, who were being murdered, and of whom many belonged to their party. Neither the assassinations nor the firing and devastation of the Hôtel de Ville appeared to have any effect upon them. They answered with indifference that they could not do anything. But at last, about eleven o'clock at night, they decided upon sending the Duke of Beaufort, who was the most popular of the princes. He ordered a number of barrels of wine to be drawn forth from the cellars of the Hôtel de Ville, and then to be rolled to the other side of the Place de la Grève, where they were to be given up to the insurgents, in order to recompense them. Having thus taken away the greater portion of the mob, he got a considerable number of those who were within away from the place. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, daughter of Gaston d'Orléans, also arrived a little after midnight, and when all was calm. (*Mém. de*

Mad. de Montpensier, t. ii. p. 121.) She was in time to save the life of the provost of merchants, who gave in his resignation.

This massacre at the Hôtel de Ville was a great blow to the party of the princes. It was in vain that they threw the responsibility upon the people; their soldiers, it was well known, were among the crowd. Dissension declared itself also even at the Luxembourg, where the Duke of Orleans was jealous of the Prince of Condé, and Cardinal de Retz and Chavigny were instigated by Fouquet to keep up the bad feeling. In order to facilitate an arrangement, it was proposed to send Mazarin to Spain, but the Prince of Condé opposing a mission which he coveted himself, Fouquet suggested a new scheme, which was neither more nor less than to remove the parliament to another city, to take away the support of the first body of the state from the Frondeurs, and to strike the acts of the counsellors who chose to remain at Paris with nullity.

This may be considered as the first great act in Fouquet's life, which removed him from the category of a special pleader to that of an acknowledged statesman; hence his biographer has given full development to this particular episode in his history. The princes met the difficulty by a declaration of war, the Duke of Orleans was appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and the Prince of Condé generalissimo of the armies, on the 20th of July, 1652. A council of government was also named, but its members quarrelled among themselves. The Duke of Nemours challenged the Duke of Beaufort, who had been appointed governor of Paris to mortal combat, and he was himself killed. The Count de Rieux and the Prince of Condé got to blows, and the former was sent to the Bastille. The troops of the princes were as disorderly as their masters, and they plundered and devastated all that they came near. The evil was increased by the return of the Lorraines, and the troops ravaged all the quarters on the south side of the city, as also those of Saint Victor and of Saint Antoine, on the north.

No wonder that at last parliament, clergy, and bourgeoisie united in declaring against the quartering of the "bandes pillards" among them, while the people actually barricaded themselves against them.

The procureur-général, Nicolas Fouquet, had in the mean time established his parliament at Pontoise, and it was daily increasing in credit. Mazarin's spirits, although he was in nominal exile, began to rise, and in his letters we find him still urging the precious abbé to ply parties well with "money." The Spaniards were also on their side hastening a crisis by the reduction of Gravelines and Dunkirk.

On the 24th of September four or five hundred citizens met at the Palais Royal, and, replacing the straws in their hats by bits of white paper, declared it to be their intention to recal the king to Paris despite the princes. The Abbé Fouquet was one of the number. The Marshal d'Etampes, instead of opposing this royalist movement, was also obliged to "break the straw." About a hundred desperate men, old soldiers in disguise, belonging to the royalist party, were admitted into Paris with the cognisance of the citizens, who were, in case of necessity, to permit themselves the last excesses against such of the Frondeurs as remained obstinate. Turenne's army was encamped at Ville-neuve Saint George, the court had left Compiègne and sat at Pontoise, the Prince of Condé was ill and discouraged, and the Fronde was nearly

lost, when the interception of a letter of the Abbé Fouquet's came to retard the crisis, inasmuch as its contents induced the Duke of Orleans to break off his negotiations with Mazarin, in order that he might not come to a final rupture with the Prince of Condé.

The court ladies were at the bottom of the new difficulty. The amorous abbé entertained a violent passion for the Duchess of Châtillon, who belonged to the party of Spain, and of the Prince of Condé. He persisted, in consequence, in endeavouring to win over that party to the king, all the time that Mazarin himself was insisting upon the inutility of any such steps, and pointing out that the only efficacious plan was to detach the Duke of Orleans from the party of the prince. A rupture that had occurred at this epoch between the prince and Chavigny facilitated the latter plan. This rupture went so far, that our author, following Courant, De Monglat, De Retz, and the celebrated Saint Simon, attribute the death of the great minister of the Fronde to the violence of the prince. His language is said to have been so vehement that Chavigny, although only in his forty-fourth year, was seized with fever, went home and took to his bed, whence he never rose again. Cardinal de Retz went to see him, but Chavigny did not recognise him. It was the same with regard to the Prince of Condé. The latter being in the room where Chavigny was dying, said: "He was with me when he was taken ill." "Yes, precisely so," observed the Duchess d'Aiguillon, who was present, laying unusual stress and emphasis on her words, "it was when he was with you that he was taken ill."

The abbé's enemies, in the mean time, having become aware as to how far his passion for Madame de Châtillon placed him in the power of the faction of the princes, made the circumstance known at court, all powers of further negotiation were in consequence withdrawn from him, and the councillor of state Etienne d'Aligre, a steady man, who afterwards became Chancellor of France, at the death of Séguier was appointed in his place. This reverse was the more to be regretted as it occurred at the very moment when the procureur-général, Nicolas Fouquet, was successfully urging that the court should profit by the good disposition of the inhabitants of Paris and should return to the Louvre; and he was backed in these representations by the whole of the parliament at that time still sitting at Pontoise.

Mazarin, foreseeing this probable result, removed to Sedan, so that, if possible, he might effect his entrance into Paris with the king. In order the better to carry out his views, he took the disgraced Abbé Fouquet into his confidence, hoping thereby to secure the friendship of the Cardinal de Retz and of the Duchess of Chevreuse. Nothing, however, came of his manoeuvres for the time being. The Prince of Condé withdrew from Paris with the Duke of Lorraine, and they were soon followed by the Duke of Orleans, who retired to Blois. Louis XIV. made his entry into Paris on the 21st of October, in the midst of the acclamations of the people, who hailed the restoration of peace and order, after having so long shouted in the train of factions and even of foreign armies.

The Abbé Fouquet seems to have been Mazarin's chief and confidential agent under the new order of things. The ex-minister especially claimed his good offices with Queen Anne of Austria, and he urged him

to exhort his brother, the procureur-général, to insist upon the removal of Cardinal de Retz from Paris, even were it under the pretext of an embassy to Rome. He also wrote to both to endeavour to procure the annulling of the decrees of parliament against him by a royal declaration. The two brothers were not wanting in zeal in the cause they were thus called upon to advocate. The abbé even employed a band of cut-throats on the service, and their chief—Pradelle—had orders to watch the cardinal, and in case of resistance to kill him. He previously obtained an order to this effect from the king. The cardinal took refuge in the archiepiscopal palace, where he was protected by a large body of followers, as also of adventurers in his pay. He was, however, betrayed by a lady. The Duchess of Lesdiguières, in whom he had every confidence, and whom he considered to be intimate with all that was going on, recommended him to present himself at court, where she said he would be well received. Retz objected that he could not do this in safety. "Is that," said Madame des Lesdiguières, "the only consideration that stops you?" Upon the cardinal's answer in the affirmative, she added, "Go to-morrow, then, for we know the faces of the cards." (*Mem. de Retz*, t. iv. p. 164.) The cardinal accordingly went, and no sooner had he put his foot in the Louvre, than he was arrested by the captain of guards, Villequier, and at once transferred to Vincennes under a strong escort. Mazarin undertook to appease the court of Rome at this arrest of a prince of the Church. The Marquis of Château-Renaud attempted to rouse the populace, but in vain. The imprisonment of the cardinal was the death-blow to the Fronde. Parliament, for the first time, entered upon its duties with a truly loyal spirit, and the better class of citizens openly manifested the delight with which they hailed the incarceration of the great ecclesiastical perturbator.

Mazarin was not idle on his side; he raised a body of troops, some four thousand in number, and presented himself in Champagne as the liberator of the country, which was threatened by the Prince of Condé at the head of a Spanish force, and having joined his troops to those of Turenne, several strong places were captured from the Spaniards. These successes served the purposes which he expected from them, and so far conciliated public opinion in his favour, that he was recalled to Paris on the 3rd of February, 1653; and one of his first acts was to reward Nicolas Fouquet, who was appointed joint superintendent of finances with Servien, and became at the same time minister of state. It does not appear that the appointment was viewed favourably at the time. M. Bazin, in his "*Histoire de la France pendant le Ministère de Mazarin*," says that Fouquet's position was subordinate to that of Servien, but this M. Chéruel declares to have been a mistake, and he adds that Fouquet had in his mind from the very first the overthrow of his more popular and more honest coadjutor. His tactics, he says, were to efface himself, and to wait till financial embarrassments should render him necessary to Mazarin, and call him to the head of the department of finances.

Very valuable ecclesiastical benefices were also bestowed upon the abbé; to which were now added, with an incongruity peculiar to the epoch, the charge of the secret police and the governorship of the Bastille. It was, however, no doubt the kind of position that best suited him. He had

surpassed even the Cardinal de Retz in the recklessness and audacity of his intrigues. He soon, indeed, gave evidence of his activity by denouncing the conspiracy of Berthaut and of Ricoux against the life of Mazarin. He procured their arrest, had them tried by his brother, Nicolas Fouquet, and strangled, before being broken on the wheel. He was also accused by public clamour of attempting the life of the Prince of Condé, and went through the form of disinculpating himself before the cardinal-minister, who was himself implicated in the same conspiracy.

The departure of Louis XIV. with his minister for the army once more left the capital a prey to intriguers. Mademoiselle de Montpensier was especially dreaded, on account of her adventurous disposition. The abbé employed spies to watch her every movement, and requested instructions as to what he was to do with her if she came to Paris in disguise. Several minor demonstrations were put down by his vigilance and activity.

The embarrassments which Nicolas Fouquet had anticipated in the cardinal's finances were not long in manifesting themselves. The correspondence of Mazarin and Colbert attest that they began to be acutely felt as early as the year 1653. Mazarin made himself contractor and commissary-general for the army under an assumed name. He was opposed in these projects of gain by the probity of Servien, but he was seconded by Fouquet and Colbert, and a brief absence of the former coadjutor in October of the same year enabled him to arrange matters so as to meet the views of the minister. Mazarin, on his side, while he publicly pretended that his whole energies were devoted to keeping up a good understanding between the two superintendents of finance, privately sought to ensure the ascendancy of Fouquet, in whom he knew that he possessed a financier not troubled with scruples, fertile in expedients, and who was essential to him, in order to meet the expenses of the state and enrich himself at the same time.

France was indeed in a troublous condition at this epoch. Cardinal de Retz had made his escape, and the Prince of Condé had invaded Artois at the head of a Spanish army. The abbé had to exert himself to the utmost to preserve the tranquillity of the capital, and an equal, if not a greater, demand was made upon his brother's resources to enable him to supply moneys wherewith to oppose a victorious army to Condé. Cardinal de Retz had been removed from Vincennes to Nantes on the 30th of March, 1654. Escaping from thence on the 8th of August, he conceived the audacious project of returning at once to Paris, having himself installed there as archbishop in the cathedral, and braving the authority of the king and his minister. Nothing can equal the extremes to which a baffled hierarchy will sometimes go. A mere accident prevented the archbishop accomplishing his purposes and once more awakening civil war, for the chapter of Notre-Dame had welcomed the news of his evasion by a solemn Te Deum. He fell from his horse, and dislocating his shoulder, he was obliged to go to his family domain in Brittany till he recovered his health.

The Frondeurs manifested themselves not the less in great force in Paris. Mazarin was burnt in effigy, and the director of police found

plenty of occupation in preserving a modicum of order where all was disorder, till the brilliant successes of Turenne came to satisfy the mind of the public that the royal authority was gaining in strength and was not to be so easily discarded. Measures of retaliation were soon put in force by the procureur-général, for Nicolas Fouquet still held that official position in combination with that of superintendent of finances, and by his brother, the abbé. Cardinal de Retz's revenues were confiscated, the factions at the cathedral were expelled or imprisoned, the Archbishop of Lyons was called to the primacy of the Gauls, and the necessary means were furnished to Marshal de la Meilleraye, governor of Brittany, to expel the cardinal from that district. This was effected, and Retz, after seeking refuge in Belle Isle, went to Spain, whence he proceeded to Rome. This at a time when the vanquished Spaniards had been obliged to evacuate Artois, and the dangers which had threatened Mazarin on all sides had vanished. The abbé was so elated by his success, and by the spoils of the cardinal, that he aspired at this time to exchange his avocation of director of police for that of vicar-general—a curious transition. The court returned to Paris on the 5th of September, and the first public measures with which the cardinal-minister busied himself were to conciliate the disaffected, especially in parliament and among the “rentiers”—an undertaking in which he was materially assisted by an extensive system of bribery, especially of the members of parliament, carried out under the auspices of the financial minister, Nicolas Fouquet.

The whole body was not, however, gained over so readily. A last manifestation of opposition declared itself upon the occasion of a bill being brought in for the registration of bills of exchange. Louis XIV. felt himself strong enough to interfere in person, and hurrying from Vincennes in hunting costume, with red doublet, grey hat, and top-boots, he taxed the Assembly with exciting troubles in the state by opposing edicts that had been approved of by himself—the king. Not a member of the House presumed to answer the irate young monarch: they were utterly thunderstruck. The Fronde, which was ever receiving its death-blow only to raise its head again, was for a third time conquered—conquered with the exile of De Retz, with the defeat of Condé and his Spanish auxiliaries, and now with the submission of a refractory parliament.

The influence of Nicolas Fouquet was now at its apogee; the representative of the Mazarinists in parliament, he was enabled to nominate Guillaume de Lamorgnon as its president. Happily, too, for the country, he made use of his influence to restore and to promote commerce and navigation, neglected by long-continued civil wars. He received, however, a material impulse in this direction from Colbert. That great man argued, even in those remote days, that commerce depended for success upon liberty and security. He urged France to enter into a treaty with England which should exempt merchant ships from the penalties of war, and he advised Mazarin to allow the English to sell their manufactures in France, on condition that they should open their ports to French wines. The time was not ripe for such innovations. It required two centuries more of misunderstandings, bickerings, war, and mutual losses, before one of these principles could be admitted, and the most important

of all—the exemption of merchant vessels—not yet so. Unfortunately, founding commercial companies, taxing the ships of foreigners, establishing factories of silk and the “*Halle aux vins*,” did not at once bring grist to the mill, and the public treasury was exhausted. Fouquet, to meet the difficulty, plunged more and more into those fatal speculations which led to his ruin. His only idea of the way to raise money by loan was to bribe the lenders to a ruinous extent, and he was backed in such proceedings by Mazarin—the principles held by both were, that, during a long war, money had been the salvation of the state; “if therefore it had been necessary in time of war to obtain money to do things which are now called disorder and confusion, it not the less remains that disorder and confusion may be sometimes the salvation of the state”—mere Machiavelism. It is shown by Mazarin’s letter to Colbert that he never ceased to press the unfortunate superintendent of finances for money, and so far there is some excuse for his proceedings, but he might have been more scrupulous and more provident—he was neither. It has likewise been shown by his will, that Mazarin managed to accumulate three hundred millions of francs of the present day, during the eight years of Fouquet’s ministry. He gave no receipts, and it was with these enormous profits that he was enabled to wed his daughters to the greatest men of the day. “It remains not the less patent,” M. Chéruel remarks, “that the superintendent profited to a certain extent proportionately in these unprincipled transactions.”

It is a curious thing that so long as the two brothers were united in combating the Fronde, they worked well together; but once the common danger over, they ceased to do so. The abbé, on his side, was still a slave to his passion to Madame de Châtillon—one of the beauties of the court of Anne of Austria, allied to the Montmorencys, the Colignys, and the Condés; one of those depicted by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and by the poets designated as one of the “*precieuses*” of the day:

Obligéante, civile et surtout précieuse,
Qui serait le brutal qui ne l’aimerait pas?

Louis XIV. is said not to have been insensible to the charms of the duchess, and Benserade, the poet-laureate, denounced the intrigue:

Châtillon, gardez vos appas
Pour une autre conquête.
Si vous êtes prête
Le roi ne l’est pas.

She also intrigued with Charles II.; and Mademoiselle de Montpensier says she even entertained hopes of being Queen of England, but that Henriette de France, widow of Charles I., prevented it. The Abbé Fouquet was thus the rival of kings in seeking to win the favours of the duchess. She, it is said of all her lovers, preferred the Duke of Nemours; but certain it is that she did not care upon whom her friendship was bestowed, so long as it served the purposes of the princes and of the Fronde. She had fled the country upon the occasion of the execution of Berthaut and Ricons; the abbé interceded for her, and obtained permission for her return to France, when she immediately conspired with Marshal de Hocquincourt—another victim to her seductions—to deliver

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over Ham and Peronne to Condé and to the Spaniards. This last act opened the eyes of the abbé to the compromising position in which he stood with regard to the lady. So vehement were his jealous passions that he broke her mirrors and furniture, saying that it was he who had provided them. Mademoiselle de Montpensier and Olympe Mancini (Mazarin's niece) both allude to the extraordinary proceedings of this couple of intriguers, enveloped as they were in the foul meshes of their own nets. Despised by Madame de Châtillon, who always put on the little mask of black velvet, which ladies were allowed to wear in those days, whenever she met him, the abbé is said to have consoled himself with Madame d'Olonne, where he was the rival of the Marsillacs, the Candaules, the Gruches, and all that was young and brilliant at court; but abbés were not at that epoch, and even at a still later one, dejected by difficulties of that kind. As to Madame de Châtillon, she condescended to accept the hand of Christian Louis, Duke of Mecklenburgh, and retired—in as far as the court of France was concerned—into private life. She preserved her beauty to a late epoch, for Madame de Sevigné, who visited her when she was with the army of the Duke of Luxembourg, in 1678, compared her to Armida in the midst of her warriors. Nicolas Fouquet did not resemble his brother the abbé in his passionate admiration of the fair sex, or in his incessant pursuit of court ladies; he was too much occupied with the passion of making money to admit of another feeling to predominate; he sought for what little human sympathy he could afford to indulge in, in domestic relaxation and connubial retirement; he had also children to place out in the world; and even as early as in 1657 he was meditating an asylum, in case of that disgrace, which did not fail to fall upon him, coming soon. And he was divided between Concarneau, a little port in Brittany, which the abbé had purchased in 1656, with monies supplied by his brother—and where they had a large ship of 800 tons, called the *Squirrel*, after their own name—and Ham, which had been conceded to the abbé, in recompense for his discovering the projects of the Duchess of Châtillon upon Peronne. But the fortunes of Nicolas Fouquet embraced too interesting an epoch even after the Fronde, and were too curiously characteristic of the times he lived in, before they terminated in a sad catastrophe not to deserve being further treated of.

A GERMAN SOLDIER.*

"RECOLLECTIONS of an old Hussar Officer from 1802 to 1815." Such is the sub-title of the work we have now under consideration, and it requires no further comment. The hero, descended from a noble Pomeranian family, was born in a small country-town, in the year 1796, when his father was captain in Blucher's hussars. So soon as he came into the world his father wrapped him in his cloak, and proudly displayed him to his squadron on the exercising ground. His christening was equally remarkable: the whole regiment attended church, and the oldest sergeant carried the infant on his father's best shabracque, and his youthful education was more than Spartan. Up to the age of six he never wore shoes or cap, and he was constantly riding about with an Hungarian sergeant, who had an enormous long white moustache, by which the child held on. In 1792 his father took the field against the French, and little Fritz never saw him again, as he was killed in a skirmish in the following year. Little Fritz and his sister were entrusted to the care of their grandfather, who had retired to the ancestral château in Pomerania. He was a curiosity in his way: once on a time he must have been eminently handsome, but was now disfigured by wounds. His left eye was covered by a black patch, a broad bluish-red scar ran across his forehead, nose, and mouth, down to the chin, and formed so deep a furrow that a finger might almost be laid in it. A shot-wound in the hip made him limp, but for all that he was powerful and active, though he was seventy-five years of age. Among his peculiarities he carried a small silver bugle, on which he gave all his orders through cavalry signals; and when he went to bed, it was his rule to play the first verse of a hymn in lieu of praying. He was charitable to an excess, and his château was a house of call for all vagabonds and beggars, who were never turned empty away. His great panacea for rogues was a dose of stick, as the following example will prove:

A notorious band of thieves once collected in the yard, under various disguises, in order to break into the house during the night. I do not know what lucky accident revealed this scheme. Grandpapa was delighted that his rustic quietude was about to be broken in upon by a little military adventure, and lay in ambush with his most trustworthy men to catch the robbers in the act, instead of shutting them up in the bakehouse, as he could have done. At my earnest request, I, a lad of ten years of age at the time, was allowed to join the party. The well-armed robbers offered an obstinate resistance, in which shots were fired, but were overcome and bound. The next morning grandpapa had all the fellows brought out into the yard, had them laid on a bench, one after the other, and fifty lashes dealt to each in the presence of all the villagers. When the chastisement was ended, the fellows were stripped of their weapons, and then each received a good breakfast and a florin, as *viaticum*, grandpapa remarking, "I thrashed you for trying to rob me; so now be off, and do not let me see your faces again, or you will have a double dose." The fellows bolted at once.

Fritz remained on this estate, becoming a good shot and rider, and

* Ein Deutsches Reiterleben. Von Julius von Wicked. Three vols. Berlin: Alexander Duncker.

picking up a small stock of learning at the village school, until his sixteenth year, when grandpapa applied to his old friend, Lieutenant-General Blucher, to take the lad into his regiment as Junker. He consented, and in the year 1802 Fritz prepared to set out. Before leaving the château, grandpapa gave a grand banquet in his honour, at which the following striking ceremony took place. In the presence of all the guests grandpapa gave young Fritz a tremendous box on the ears, saying, "That is the last blow, lad, you must allow to pass unpunished in life. Henceforth, if any one insults you, or even makes an ugly face at you, challenge him with sabres, and fight him so long as a drop of blood is left in your veins." Grandpapa's valedictory remarks were also eminently practical. As the youth rode away from the door, he said: "Boy, behave yourself properly, live jollily, remembering that you are of good family, but do not run into debt more than you can pay: kiss every pretty girl you come across, but do not spend your whole time in running after petticoats. Do not get drunk too often; and, before all, observe strictly the regimental regulations and subordination. And with that I commend you to God, boy."

On the road Fritz picked a squabble with a student, and fleshed his sabre, and at length reached the garrison town. This is the description of what awaited him:

Service in those days was harsh and strict, and nothing was known of that luxury and effeminacy which unfortunately are so wide-spread in our army at present. We Junkers were very sharply looked after, had to work hard, and nothing was overlooked. In summer at half-past four, in winter at half-past five, the bugler blew the reveille, and we had to leap in a hurry from our hard beds; a draught of water and a crust of ammunition-bread formed our breakfast, and off we ran to the stables, for any one who arrived but a minute too late was confined for twenty-four hours to the guard-room. The stable go lasted two good hours, and we were not allowed to leave the building for a moment. For the first four months, in spite of my rank as Junker, I was compelled to do all the duties of a private hussar. I cleaned stirrups and leathers with a zeal which often brought the perspiration out of me, and rubbed down my little Ukraine stallion so carefully, that even my fault-finding captain could not detect a grain of dust upon it. The most unpleasant work was cleaning my saddle, and I remember getting three days' guard-room, because one of my buckles was not properly furbished.

After eight months of this work, Fritz was promoted corporal, and had a man to clean his horse and traps. And in the autumn of 1804 Blucher arrived at Münster, where the regiment was quartered. The following is the description the author gives of old Father Forwards in those days:

His great good temper, modest simplicity and naturalness, as well as the hearty mother-wit he always displayed, rendered General von Blucher ere long the favourite of the middle and lower classes, in spite of the great dislike they entertained for the Prussians. I saw him helping a peasant for more than half an hour in reloading his wood-cart which had been upset. He also managed the cold, reserved nobility admirably. He pretended not to notice this coldness, was jolly, unsuspicious, and polite to the gentlemen, whom he frequently invited to dinner, and managed to gain them over by brimming beakers of Rhenish. On such occasions the old hussar general was most open-hearted, but at the same time cunning to such an extent as is rarely found combined with better qualities. When he liked he could, under the mask of the greatest coolness, carry on the

finest diplomatic intrigues, which a Talleyrand might have envied him. He had, too—especially over a glass of wine—the gift of speech, and often proposed witty, quickly improvised toasts, hardly to be expected from an hussar general. When he pleased he could be most amiable to high born ladies, and display a winning, chivalrous gallantry. Still he did not feel altogether comfortable in respectable society: actresses, and females of the same stamp, who could stand tobacco smoke, punch bowls, and equivocal jokes, were the most agreeable company for the general.

Soon after Fritz received his cornet's commission he had a duel on horseback, in a frontier village, with a French dragoon, and Blucher, to save his life, which the Frenchman's comrades swore to take, sent him off to Warsaw, to undertake the transport of a string of Polish horses. The next year he obtained his lieutenantancy, and almost simultaneously the hussars received orders to march against the French. Prior to marching, Blucher, who seemed ten years younger, inspected the regiment, and said, in his deep bass voice, "Well, hussars, it is a pleasure to see you so, and when it really comes to cutting into those accursed *parlez vous*, you will do your confounded duty properly, I am sure." In conclusion, he said to a favourite old sergeant that, so soon as they entered Paris, they would crack a bottle of champagne together. Curiously enough, this promise was fulfilled in 1814. The Prussian army, however, was in a bad state to take the field: the baggage-train was enormous, but the commissariat and train were most defective. Old Blucher tried in vain to stop this; he thought nothing of taking the horses out of a field-officer's fourgon and attaching them to the heavy guns; but his example was not generally followed. The battle of Auerstädt soon proved how superior the French were to the Prussians. Space will not permit us to give any detailed account of it; we will, however, find room for one passage, descriptive of the scene after the battle.

The early gathering gloom of an October day rendered it difficult for me to find my battalion again, amid the general confusion and dispersion of corps. An unbounded disorder reigned in our army, and scenes occurred such as I should not have considered possible four-and-twenty hours before. The confusion was worst among the infantry, which contained many lately-enlisted foreigners, and the officers did not know their men thoroughly. Most of the Poles, who served in South Prussian regiments, ran off to join the French, by whom they were received with shouts. Even some Prussian officers of Polish origin dishonoured themselves by deserting. Crowds of soldiers threw away their arms and cartouche-boxes, tore the military insignia from their hats, plundered the baggage-train and military chest with coarse laughter and yells, and went off shouting, "It was all over with Prussia now, and they were released from their oath of allegiance." The entreaties, warnings, and orders of the officers remained utterly ineffectual with these fellows, many of whom were intoxicated, and on this night many officers were most brutally ill-treated, even killed, by their own men.

On rejoining the hussars, our lieutenant found himself under the command in chief of General Count Kalkreuth, personally a brave and honourable man, but who was now so discouraged that he had no thought but of capitulation to the French. This Prince Augustus of Prussia and Blucher most strenuously opposed. The former was so furious that he shouted, so as to be heard by all the troops, "Cowards, even if they are generals, may surrender, but brave soldiers will cut their way through

with me." Fortunately the negotiations were carried on in the person of Blucher, and the following was the result:

Count Kalkreuth rode with Blucher, who appointed me his orderly, to meet Marshal Soult, and it was agreed that hostilities should not begin on either side until the conference was ended. Marshal Soult behaved most coarsely and arrogantly, displayed very brutal manners, which indicated a neglected education, and soon so intimidated poor old Kalkreuth, that he once again saw the only chance of escape in a cowardly capitulation. During the whole interview our Blucher stood, purposely returning with equal insolence the insolence of the French generals. He took but little part in the conversation, which was carried on in French, a language he did not understand, but every now and then he vented a heavy German oath. At length, Count Kalkreuth dared to make a proposition of surrender to him, and had the weakness to allege as his principal reason, the safety of Prince Augustus, and of the Guards attached to our corps. With a glance of the most furious contempt Blucher looked at the count, and then said aloud: "His royal highness Prince Augustus has far too great a soldier's heart to consent to such a cowardly capitulation. The Guards of his majesty are fine fellows, but are worth no more here than any other soldier, and the deuce take me if I accept such a capitulation for my person." Count Kalkreuth turned away abashed, and continued his negotiations with Marshal Soult. As Blucher frequently heard the word capitulation used, he at last lost patience, walked up to Soult, and said in German, which was understood by some of the French officers: "I trust that these gentlemen will not ask anything wrong of me, an old soldier who has reached the age of sixty with honour. As an honest soldier, I will let myself be cut to pieces at any moment, if it cannot be otherwise, but I will never capitulate in a cowardly way." And saying this he struck his sabre-hilt till it rattled again.

But Kalkreuth was not the only general who desponded at this fearful period of Prussian history; fort upon fort was surrendered, and Prince von Hohenlohe's entire corps laid down its arms. Blucher alone kept the field with a division which was daily reduced by desertion. He resolved to march into Mecklenburg, in order to draw large bodies of French troops in pursuit, and thus foil Napoleon's operations behind the Oder. In this way, too, the disbanded Prussian army would have time to re-assemble. In fact, three powerful French divisions, commanded by Murat, Soult, and Bernadotte, pursued Blucher, who, after a brave defence, was run to earth at Lübeck, where he was compelled to capitulate. At the foot of the treaty Blucher wrote, "I only capitulate because I have no bread or ammunition left;" and when the French were not inclined to suffer this, he threatened to withdraw the capitulation and fight till his last man fell. During the attack on the city, our lieutenant was severely wounded, but a tanner took compassion on him, and concealed him in his house from the French. When he was sufficiently recovered to move, he obtained a passport as a cattle-dealer, and started for East Prussia, where he intended to join the army again. On the journey he stopped for a week at Berlin, and was disgusted at the cringing way in which the French were treated, and the arrogance they displayed. He found it very hard work to get through the French lines, and on one freezing January night was obliged to hide with his guide under a bridge for six hours, which cost him the lobe of his ear. He was attached to the staff of General l'Estocq, and had an opportunity of witnessing the battle of Eylau, in which the Russians fought with unexampled bravery. On riding back to quarters after the battle, he was witness of a very painful

scene. He came across a wounded Prussian officer, in whom he recognised a friend of his childhood. The latter, who felt he was about to die, implored that an end should be put to his sufferings, and after a long hesitation, our hussar ordered one of his escort—a Pole—to blow the poor sufferer's brains out, which the trooper did with the utmost coolness. About this time our author saw a good deal of the Russians, and the following anecdote relating to them will prove amusing :

The execrable commissariat was the reason why the Russian troops behaved very badly in their quarters, and the presence of the enemy was often thought preferable to theirs. The poor soldiers would not starve, and hence stole provisions, and, as is usually the case, many other things stuck to their fingers on such occasions. The Cossacks especially displayed a real artistic feeling in stealing, and even the severest punishments, which they regularly received on the detection of their crime, were of no avail. In corporal punishment these Cossacks often showed an indifference to pain which was really astounding. I can remember the case of an old Cossack, whose white beard hung down to his waist : he had stolen a table-spoon at a house, but was detected and denounced. The colonel of the detachment ordered him to receive seventy-five blows with the Cossack *khantju*. The punishment appeared to me severe, and I was about to beg the delinquent off, when I saw him take a pull at his spirit-flask, quickly dismount, lay himself across the trunk of a tree, and call up the executioners. The two fellows struck till all cracked again, and I thought that the poor devil would be thoroughly tanned, but he did not move a feature or make the slightest complaint. When the quota had been administered he jumped up, rubbed his back a little, then walked humbly up to the colonel, tried to kiss his hand, and asked, in a flattering tone, "But, little father, I suppose I may now keep the shining thing, as I have received my right number of lashes?" It was only when the colonel replied in the negative that the Cossack really looked sad, but he soon recovered his spirits and trotted away, laughing and talking with his comrades as if nothing had occurred.

After the battle of Friedland, the Russians effected an armistice with the French, an example the Prussians were compelled to follow. The treaty of Tilsit was the final blow, and the once haughty Prussian army was reduced by it to a normal strength of forty thousand men. Our hussar asked for and obtained his discharge, although Blücher wished to retain him, and he proceeded to visit some relatives in the Ukraine, in the hope of obtaining a commission in the Russian army. Foiled in this, he returned to Königsberg at the close of 1808, and early in the following year joined the brave and unhappy Von Schill in his uprising against the French usurper. He gives us very interesting anecdotes about his leader, and darkly hints that he was induced to undertake his rash expedition under the impression that his king sanctioned it. Luckily for our author, he was thrown from his horse, and a farmer gave him a hiding-place. While lying here, he read in an Austrian paper that the brave Duke William of Brunswick-Oels was collecting a corps in Bohemia to fight the French, and he resolved to make the best of his way to head-quarters. On his road the hussar had to swim the Elbe to escape the Westphalian gendarmes, but he managed to join the duke after enduring great privations. The corps was to consist of two battalions of light infantry, a regiment of hussars, and a horse battery. With these troops the duke intended to enter North Germany, and draw the nation to his side, while the Austrians held Napoleon in check on the Danube. But the plan failed through the jealousy which even in those days of danger existed

between Austria and Prussia, and, after the battle of Wagram, the Duke of Brunswick found himself in a very awkward position, still he resolved to enter Saxony, and fight his way through to Westphalia. It was a mad exploit to try, at the head of some six thousand men, to defy Napoleon and all his German allies, and the duke's position was rendered worse when the Austrians signed an armistice with Napoleon, and he was left with only eighteen hundred men. The duke was urged to share in the armistice, but declined, and he actually fought his way through North Germany till he reached Oldenburg, and put his troops aboard vessels which conveyed them to Heligoland, under the fire of Danish batteries. Some of the vessels were stranded, and the soldiers aboard were, by Napoleon's special order, sent to the Brest galleys. From Heligoland the troops were conveyed to the Isle of Wight and attached to the Anglo-German Legion. Here our author was placed on half-pay, for it was found on reorganising the Black Hussars that there were many supernumerary officers, and he was one of the latest who had joined. To support himself, he was compelled to draw money from home, which reached him in a very roundabout way. Bills were bought at Wismar on Gothenburg, which were again exchanged for others on London, as a considerable trade went on at that time between England and Sweden. After knocking about for some time at Guernsey, our hussar, tired of doing nothing, proceeded to London, and made application to the Duke of Brunswick to get him placed on active service.

The duke himself would have willingly commanded a corps in the Peninsula, and thus have taken an active part in the war. He set all his influences in London at work to obtain this, but did not succeed. His most decided opponent was Wellington himself. The latter had always declined to have a German general under his orders, and the Duke of Brunswick above all, and through his omnipotent influence he always contrived to carry his point. I must honestly confess that Wellington was quite right. The duke, in spite of all his excellent military qualities, was ever a very difficult subordinate to manage: he could not get on with old Blücher, and he would, in all probability, have had a deadly quarrel with Wellington within a week. These two temperaments differed greatly, and it would have been as easy to unite fire and water as them. Nor would the duke have agreed with the other English generals, and had he been entrusted with a division in Wellington's army, it would have led to every sort of annoyance, and soon have placed him in an untenable position. Still the English ministry committed a great mistake in not employing the duke on active service. He ought to have been appointed to the command of his own Black Band and the German Legion, and ordered to operate with some ten thousand men on a distinct field.

Our hussar, however, obtained a passage to Spain to try what he could do, and he had numerous letters of introduction. He went aboard ship at Portsmouth, and dilates upon the horrible scenes he witnessed at that port, and the fights which constantly took place between the soldiers and Jack Tars. He landed in the Peninsula on June 1, 1810, and joined the mess of the artillery of the Anglo-German Legion during the fortnight he spent in Lisbon. This legion was first organised in 1804 from the fragments of the Hanoverian army, when it was dissolved in consequence of the Convention of Lauenburg. The officers were all Hanoverians, and the troops in course of time represented nearly every German state, as they were recruited from prisoners taken from the French. The com-

position of the legion has been very variously described. At the time of its greatest strength it consisted of two dragoon and three hussar regiments, eight battalions line infantry, two battalions light infantry, four batteries of field and two of horse artillery, with a small engineer corps. These troops, however, were never combined, but served in the most different scenes. A portion of the legion was employed in 1805 for a landing in Germany, another in 1807 took part in the expedition to Copenhagen, and some corps operated in Sweden for a while. In 1808, four infantry battalions, three batteries, the 3rd Hussars, and the light brigade were sent to the Peninsula. A portion of these were under Moore, and, after the retreat from Corunna, several of the transports were wrecked, and hundreds of German soldiers found their death in the sea. The 2nd Hussars and the light brigade were also employed in the senseless expedition to Walcheren, where they distinguished themselves, but suffered a terrible loss through sickness. Four infantry battalions and a battery were sent in 1809 to Sicily, where they remained for several years, and greatly distinguished themselves. The legion was also engaged in the campaign in the south of France, and fought most bravely at Waterloo. When our author landed in the Peninsula, the legion was represented by an hussar regiment, four battalions line infantry, and three field batteries, all which troops were attached to Wellington's army.

The hussar joined head-quarters at Celerico, and his first care was to present a letter of introduction which he had to Wellington, from H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who took every opportunity of aiding Germans in England by word and deed :

To present this letter I required an audience, and this was no easy matter for a young subaltern like myself, for the noble lord shut himself up, observed a more than princely etiquette, and was not accessible unless some pressing matter connected with the service occurred. He associated chiefly with his staff, composed of a great number of young men belonging to the most aristocratic English families. His personal appearance produced a peculiar effect upon me ; had I not known that the man whose presence I now entered was commander-in-chief of the British land forces, who had served with distinction in the East Indies, and had already gained a name in the Peninsula, the idea would never have occurred to me that he was a soldier, so little military was there in his appearance. The nobleman, accustomed to command, could be at once recognised in him, and I might have taken him for a minister, a diplomatist, or a rich landed gentleman ; but never for a soldier. His dress, too, was rather that of a civilian, and consisted of white trousers, waistcoat, and neckcloth, stiffly starched shirt, and a light-blue frock coat. On the beardless, finely-chiselled face, there was an unmistakable expression of unbending strength of will, great calmness and certainty, but at the same time of powerful self-esteem, and, indeed, Lord Wellington always seemed to me the true representative of the English aristocracy.

The hussar was courteously greeted by Wellington, who expressed his regret that he could only offer him a commission in the Portuguese army. This being respectfully declined, he attached him as volunteer to Crawford's staff, allowing him to draw rations but no pay. After a short interview, came an invitation to dinner for the same day, and our lieutenant found himself dismissed :

His lordship's table, at which his numerous adjutants and several field officers represented the guests, counted about twenty persons. The service and plate

displayed noble wealth. The servants waited in full livery, and most of the fare seemed to have come from England; in short, it was difficult to credit that I was at the table of a general who was opposed to a powerful army in the heart of a most desolated country. The etiquette at table was so strict, that it could not well be stricter at a prince's table. Most of the officers conversed together in a low voice, and all kept their eyes fixed on his lordship, who was very chary of words, to be in readiness to answer his questions. Business obliged Wellington to leave the table at an early hour, but at his request the guests remained; and when the cloth was removed, and the decanters began circulating, all displayed that noisy merriment, which Englishmen, in spite of their formality and stiffness, are wont to indulge in when wine has warmed their blood.

The story of the Peninsular War has been so often told that we need not dwell on it here; it is sufficient to say that our author was severely wounded, and was carried from the field in an ambulance cart. As it jolted along Wellington rode past, and stopped to express a few words of thanks for his past gallant conduct, and our author was highly delighted at such sympathy from the generally cold and reserved commander-in-chief. After the bullet had been extracted he was sent by easy stages to Lisbon, and, on final recovery, joined his regiment of Black Brunswickers, who were garrisoned in Ireland. As he found, however, that there was no prospect of the regiment being employed on active service, he resolved to make the best of his way to Russia. He went first to Gothenburg, and thence to St. Petersburg; but, as the head-quarters and the Emperor were at Wilna, he proceeded without further delay to that city, where he was soon attached to the staff of General Barclay de Tolly. He found a very unpleasant feeling existing in the army between the German and Russian generals, and as a specimen of the latter, we will quote his pen-and-ink photograph of General Araktjeyeff, commander-in-chief of the artillery:

I have known very few men for whom I felt such internal disgust at the first glance, as for this count. All those bad qualities which are only to be found in the Slavonic character, were combined in him, but he did not possess a single good quality of the race. He was cringingly flattering to all high-standing persons of influence, and, to make up for it, harsh, brutal, and cruel to his inferiors. I was once eye-witness how he treated a Russian veteran, covered with orders, who did not notice his approach and neglected to salute him. He struck him over the head with a large stick so violently, that the poor man sank to the ground senseless, and lay in a pool of blood. Without deigning a further glance at the victim of his brutality, he quietly continued his walk. At the same time this man was so wretchedly timid, that his cowardice became proverbial with the army. He could not endure firing, and when an action began he would ride away at full speed; and yet he was commandant of the artillery! It was always a riddle to me, that so gentle a monarch as the Emperor Alexander should tolerate such a ruffian in his vicinity, and even allow him considerable influence. But there was no lack of such contradictions in the Russian army of that day, and any foreigners who wished to serve in it, was compelled to put up with much that was unpleasant and even hurtful to his feelings.

Our author states that at the period when hostilities began with France, Barclay had not more than 110,000 men under his orders, while the second western army, under Bagration, did not amount to beyond 35,000, and the army of reserve was about the same strength. Thus, then, the Russians had not more than 200,000 men, of whom

20,000 were Cossacks, to oppose to Napoleon's army of at least 400,000. On the approach of the French the Russians evacuated Wilna, and orders were given that the stores of provisions should be burnt, to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy. But the Jews bought most of the stores from the commissariat, and bags of sawdust were burnt for flour. The Polish Jews, who cheated both sides equally, made enormous fortunes during the campaign. On the march to Drissa the army suffered severely by the desertion of the Poles, who had been forced under arms, and the loss, during the first month, our author estimates at no less than 6000 men. Ere long the Emperor Alexander became so sick of the squabbling among the generals, than he ran away from the army, leaving the command to Barclay. At first it was proposed to make a stand in the lines of Drissa, but the commander-in-chief thought it wiser to effect a junction with the second army, and this was carried out just before Smolenzk. The united armies had a strength of 115,000 line troops, and about 6000 Cossacks and irregulars. Against these Napoleon had at least 180,000, and Barclay had no resource but to continue his retreat. This aroused such dissatisfaction among the Russians, that Alexander was forced to yield to the public voice, and deposed Barclay from the command-in-chief, which was given to Prince Kutusoff, a man of sixty-nine years of age. The battle of the Borodino soon ensued, in which our author had for the first time the unhappiness of fighting against his own countrymen. The Russians, he states, displayed extraordinary tenacity in the combat, and he saw wounded men rush empty-handed on the foe, to tear their weapons from them and kill them. Even those who lay on the ground wrestled in the last death-pangs, and sought to murder each other with their fists. The terrible battle lasted twelve hours, and the Russian loss, in killed and wounded, was 40,000, while that of the French was from 20,000 to 30,000. This will serve to show the bitterness displayed on both sides. In spite of Prince Kutusoff's unfounded bulletin of victory, the battle of Borodino will ever remain an honour to the Russian army. Barclay de Tolly displayed the most extraordinary bravery, and had four horses shot under him; but this much maligned man was forced to resign his command, and was maltreated by the populace at Kaluga, while Kutusoff, who had done nothing, had honours heaped upon him, and received a present of 100,000 silver roubles from his blinded monarch. Our author, who was again severely wounded, was conveyed in a cart to Moscow:

Here I found the population in the greatest excitement, and the long streets and wide squares of the enormous city were filled with a restlessly heaving mass. The most varying reports were spread, but no one could distinguish truth from falsehood. It was officially announced that our army had gained a brilliant victory at the Borodino, but the thousands of wounded and stragglers, who gradually arrived, as well as the news that the army was retreating, contradicted the victory. . . . The sight offered me outside the gates of Moscow I shall never forget. As if a national migration were taking place, hundreds of thousands of persons were leaving the doomed city, heavily laden with their traps. Horses and conveyances were not to be procured for money, and even well-dressed men pushed trucks before them, and walked along with heavy bundles like Jew pedlars. Scenes of despair, of misery, of the deepest horror, occurred everywhere, and yells, groans, and execrations of the foe, whose thirst for conquest entailed the ruin of Moscow, filled the air. At the same time there was any

quantity of quarrelling, for nearly every minute the road was blocked, and the enormous procession could only move at a snail's pace. Orderlies and adjutants, who had important despatches to deliver, dashed through, and with the recklessness of noble Russians lavished blows of their whips, which entailed fresh cursing and oburgations; in short, it was such a scene as I could not have supposed possible.

Our author is of opinion that the burning of Moscow did not have such influence on the progress of the war as has generally been supposed. Even had the city been spared, Napoleon could not have remained there for the winter with his army, as provisions would have run short. The Cossacks, of whom twelve thousand arrived from the banks of the Don at this time, would have cut off his transports. The real destruction of the French army, according to our author, was the purposeless delay of four weeks at Moscow, instead of at once retreating or advancing into Little Russia. After the retreat of the French, Moscow offered a terrible appearance, and the returning citizens were furious at the attempt Napoleon made to blow up their sacred Kremlin, in which he, fortunately, only partially succeeded. With the wanton desecration of the churches by the French, the war assumed a fearfully barbarous character on the side of the outraged nation, and their savageness surpassed even anything the hussar had witnessed in Spain :

The most furious were the women, although as a rule the fair sex in Russia are generally gentle, good-tempered, and submissive. I saw a well-dressed and rather good-looking female tear the heart out of the body of a still quivering grenadier, and display it to the mob with a yell of triumph. I could mention a number of similar instances. Thus, we frequently found the bodies of Frenchmen hung up by the feet from trees, so that the poor wretches must have died in agony; others were laid between boards and sawn in two, or fastened to horses and dragged to death across-country. And yet, I repeat, the old Russian race is generally good tempered and kind, and the utmost frenzy alone could induce such barbarity.

While the French lay down and died by the roadside on the retreat, the Russians were also very badly off; owing to the cheating of the commissariat the troops were shamefully rationed, and the army on the march to Wilna melted away in the most extraordinary manner. The French were utterly demoralised, and our author states that one day he, with but six Cossacks, took fifty voltigeurs prisoners. Although these men were armed, they did not dare offer any resistance. Of the many horrible scenes connected with the retreat the most horrible is, perhaps, the following :

On December 5, under such intense cold that I could not sit my horse, but was forced to run by its side, I noticed a deserted peasant sledge in a wide plain of snow. The Cossacks I had with me curiously raised the canvas covering, and I went up to it. The sight I witnessed was fearful. A dead officer, both of whose feet had been shot off, was lying by the side of the corpses of two little girls, who must have been frozen or starved to death, for they held some strips of raw horseflesh in their rigid hands, which the frost had rendered hard as stone. Crouching in one corner was a lady, wrapped up in costly velvets and dirty horsecloths, almost a skeleton through hunger and cold, but yet displaying regular features and large black eyes, from which all animation, however, had disappeared. In a faint voice she implored food for a babe, which she held tightly pressed to her bosom with both hands, in order to warm it. When she showed it to us, in order the more to excite our compassion, this babe was also

- a corpse. The despair of excessive sorrow at this moment seized on the unhappy mother, she uttered a heartrending cry, and then, with a strength and rapidity hardly to be expected from so utterly exhausted a woman, she tore a pistol from the belt of a Cossack and blew her brains out. As I learned afterwards from papers found in the sledge, it was the family of a French colonel of artillery, which had thus miserably perished. Only too many such cases occurred.

At Wilna our hussar had the pleasure of giving a hearty thrashing to a rich Jew, who kicked an old French officer, who was unable to retaliate, because he had lost both hands. The fellow had the impudence to complain to General Miloradovitch, but when the latter heard the facts he told his Cossacks to give the Jew another thrashing. At Wilna the losses of the Russian army during the winter of 1812 were reckoned. Kutusoff had left the camp of Yarulino with exactly 110,000 men, and after a seven weeks' march he had scarce 50,000 left. And it must be borne in mind that he did not fight a single engagement during the period. Cold and the peculation of the commissariat had done the work. On hearing of York's capitulation at Tauroggen, our author resolved to leave the Russian service, and as a reward for past exertions the government gave him the order of St. George, fourth class, which was greatly esteemed, as it could only be obtained through bravery in the field. On reaching Königsberg, however, the hussar discovered that York's step was regarded as premature, and it was not known whether he might not be tried by court-martial for it, and in all probability shot. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the "old Bear," as he was popularly termed, should give our author a very unceremonious reception, until he reminded him how they had fought together side by side in Mecklenburg. The result of the interview was that York requested the hussar to undertake the training of the Landwehr cavalry of East Prussia. It was a sad disappointment to remain in country quarters and see his comrades go off to the wars, but the Fatherland required his services at home, and he could do nothing but obey. Indeed, sacrifices were the rule at this season in Eastern Prussia:

The landlords and farmers gave us all the horses for nothing, or, if they were very poor, at small prices, and yoked oxen to their ploughs. I remember a far from wealthy farmer who gave us a young horse, but would not at any price part with a mare he had, because she annually dropped a valuable foal. I had gone away about an hour from him when he came after me, and said in his honest East Prussian dialect, "I have thought it over, captain; a man must now give all he has for our king, and so you can take the grey mare, and pay me enough to buy me an old horse to drag my cart, for I have not a crown piece in the house."

A few months later the writer heard from his old commandant, Blucher, that he had a vacancy to offer him in his corps, and he could not resist this temptation. On reaching head-quarters, Marshal Forwarda, as he was now universally called, did not appear to him to have altered in the least; he was jolly as ever, though he had serious causes of vexation. The Russian generals Sacken and Langeron felt their pride insulted at being under a Prussian commander, and refused to obey. Here Blucher's mother-wit came into play, and he rendered himself such a favourite with the Cossacks that they declared he was born on the banks of the Don, and was removed to Prussia by some accident. The appointment Blucher had to offer our author was that of orderly officer to General Sacken, and

he trusted to his discretion to remove some of the existing differences. It is amusing to read his account of the abuse Blücher lavished on the Russian generals, especially on Langeron, whom he detested the more because he was of French extraction. The battle of the Katzbach, however, reconciled Blücher and Sacken, and they learned to estimate each other's sterling qualities. During the battle of Wartenburg—York's most brilliant victory, our author was sent with despatches to Blücher:

He was evidently in a good temper, and had a jest for each company as it marched past. Thus I heard him shout to some poor Landwehr troops, who had taken off their worn-out boots and were wading through the mud barefooted, "Well, boys, you are clever fellows; you would sooner go barefoot than have your boots full of mud." A Landwehrman replied ill-temperedly, "Yes, excellency, it is wretched work with the boots, they will not hold together." "Ah, you stupid devil, why are the Frenchmen standing over there, except for you to take their boots off them? It's famous walking on Paris soles, and the fellows will soon have to hurry back to France at such a rate that it will be a pity for good shoes. So, children, look sharp and get new boots from the Frenchmen," old Blücher replied, with a loud laugh, to which the Landwehr responded with a shout of delight.

Our author describes in glowing language the battle of the nations which sealed the fate of Napoleon. Both Russians and Prussians fought with distinguished bravery, and without the slightest jealousy. One episode, the Russian attack on the village of Pfaffendorf, is worthy quotation:

As the village of Gohlis was now sufficiently protected by two Prussian battalions, at three P.M. Sacken ordered his troops to advance once again on Pfaffendorf. After a long struggle, a few battalions at last succeeded in reaching the centre of the straggling village, but the French worked their batteries in the Rosenthal so well that our men were compelled to fall back again. During the bombardment a large house was fired, in which lay several hundred French, Prussian, and Russian wounded. It was terrible to see these poor wretches attempt to save themselves, but mostly unable to do so owing to their weakness or their wounds, and suffer the martyrdom of burning alive. Many Russian soldiers, it is true, defied the flames and enemy's bullets, and dashed into the burning building to save their comrades, but did not always succeed, and many of the rescuers found death in their generous effort. Some of the wounded tottered up to us, only dressed in a shirt, all black with smoke, and with the bandages burnt off their wounds. One young Polish officer, whose nose, chin, and one eye had been carried away by a cannon-shot, but who yet clung to life with extraordinary tenacity, I carried for a time on the front of my saddle-bow, for the purpose of conveying him to our ambulance. As I received fresh orders while proceeding there, I handed over my protégé to a slightly wounded Russian. The pair had got but a few yards from me, when a cannon-ball so destroyed them that their bodies actually flew in the air in patches. This burning French lazaretto at Pfaffendorf was the most fearful sight I witnessed during the whole of my military career.

The scenes inside Leipzig were equally exciting: thus, a large house was occupied by Poles, who incessantly fired on the advancing Russians. In vain did our hussar call to them to surrender; the major swore that they would never yield to a Russian, and, in fact, they were shot down to the last man. After the Elster-bridge was blown up, the French officers were taken prisoners *en masse*, and so many delivered up their swords to our author, that he was compelled to break their blades on a gun-wheel. The enthusiasm of the Prussians was intense. An old captain of Land-

wehr said, in the author's hearing: "Two of my sons fell before, and I have just received news that my third lad was shot at Möckern, but it is not too high a price to pay for such a victory as this. Why did God grant me sons, unless they could die for our king and our Prussian fatherland?" The allies slowly followed the French up, and at the beginning of the next January crossed the Rhine. At Brienne a desperate night engagement took place, in which Von Sacken was obliged to draw his sword, and his adjutant was killed by his side. It is plain that the army of Silesia suffered terribly during the campaign of 1814, and on more than one occasion was within an ace of being destroyed. Things got to the worst when old Blucher was taken ill:

The field-marshal, who was suffering from inflammation of the eyes, was ordered to protect them with a green shade, and as such a thing could not be procured at once, he put on an old lady's bonnet with a deep poke. Any one who had seen this man of seventy-three years of age, lying in his carriage, wrapped in a fur cloak and with this bonnet pulled over his eyes, would never have supposed that this decrepit and laughable apparition was Blucher, the general of hussars, the celebrated Marshal Forwards of the army of Silesia.

The troops suffered terribly through want of food: they had plenty of champagne to drink but no meat to eat, and they were growing despondent through the manner in which Napoleon seemed to multiply himself and deal them blow after blow. At length, however, light dawned: Colonel von Grolmann talked seriously with Alexander, and induced him to decree that Generals von Winzengerode and Von Bülow should join the army of Silesia, and advance on Paris. The spirits of the troops were also aroused by a smart night attack York made on Marmont's corps:

About seven in the evening of a starlit night the Prussian attacking columns started in perfect silence. Not a word was spoken, not a pipe lighted, for fear of attracting the attention of the enemy, and we marched on like an army of ghosts. Watchfulness on outpost duty has never been one of the praiseworthy military qualities of the French, and thus our van was enabled to get within five hundred yards of the enemy's bivouac-fires without being noticed. Suddenly, at a signal from General York, the troops burst into a loud hurrah, the drummers beat their instruments as if about to break them, the bugles brayed, the fugal-horns piped: in short, there was a tremendous row. And then all dashed at full speed upon the startled French, who had not at all expected this nocturnal attack. All who did not manage to escape, were cut down, stabbed, or trampled by our horses, and we incessantly pursued the foe, who at last got into such a state of disorder that regiments attacked one another. Our loss was but slight, but we captured about fifty of the enemy's guns.

The capture of Paris, our author declares, was not such an easy task as it has been described. Detached fights took place all round the city, and considerable bravery was displayed by the French. Langeron, after an obstinate attack, carried the Montmartre, and was about to shell Paris, had not Alexander threatened to cashier him if he did so. If Blucher had had his way, the city would have been bombarded for four-and-twenty hours, and then taken by storm. As for the Russian troops, they were furious, for their argument was, "Moscow the Holy was burnt, and Paris must be burnt in return." The army of Silesia was insulted by not being allowed to join the triumphal procession, because the troops were too ragged. Blucher refused to go, alleging his illness, while York declared bluntly that he had no full-dress uniform, and, besides, could not

leave his troops. It was certainly an ungracious return for all the exertions the army of Silesia had made. General dissatisfaction was felt that the troops were not quartered on the Parisians in the same way as Napoleon had treated Vienna, Berlin, and other German capitals, and the indulgence shown France was so great that, on March 31, York's troops were obliged to satisfy their hunger with ammunition bread. The Prussian commanders, however, speedily rectified this by writing their own requisitions for provisions, and having them executed by the adjoining villages.

Von Sacken being appointed military governor of Paris, our author naturally accompanied him as adjutant. He left him in May on furlough, and revisited his Penates, until the return of Napoleon to France called him back to the army. General satisfaction was felt at Blücher being appointed commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, which consisted of one hundred thousand well-trained troops. Our hussar fought at Ligny, one of the most gallant actions the Prussians ever contended, and though they were defeated, they were not at all dishonoured.

On the 17th of June the Prussian troops crossed the Dyle in very good spirits, to which Blücher in no slight measure contributed. Although he had been shaken by his fall on the previous day, he had rubbed his limbs with brandy, done the same for his inner man, and now rode, though in great pain, by the side of the troops, scattering jokes in all directions, which ran along the ranks like wild-fire. At night the Prussians bivouacked in the pouring rain, not far from Wavre, and made themselves tolerably comfortable with abundant provisions and spirits. They were well aware that they would have to fight again ere long, for Blücher had promised to support Wellington, and the old marshal was not the man to break his word. This idea greatly cheered the troops, who were burning to repay the yesterday's defeat.

About Waterloo our hussar has not much to tell us, for at the moment he got within the enemy's line of fire, a bullet struck him in the right shoulder-blade, and completely smashed it. His military career was thus stopped for ever. According to his editor, Captain Fritz (we regret that we do not learn his family name) died only two years back, universally respected, and true to the last to the motto, "With God, for King and Fatherland." In his time he probably saw more service than any of his contemporaries, and it is to be regretted that he did not get beyond a captaincy. This may be, perhaps, accounted for by the fact that his actual service with the Prussian army was not long. Great thanks are certainly due to Julius von Wicke for publishing this biography, which must be of good effect in Prussia, and aid in removing that slightly ignoble panic which was felt in Germany during the past year. Equally pleased are we to notice the healthy tone the old soldier employs when speaking of the first Napoleon: although animated by a hatred of the French, which we of to-day cannot understand, but which was perfectly justified by the humiliation the Germans suffered at the hands of their foes, our hussar never condescends to vulgar calumny of a great man. Throughout his biography we notice, on the contrary, a respectful admiration for the greatest captain of his age. Even in the overthrow of the Empire, the French must have found a melancholy consolation in the thought that a European coalition was required in order to check the progress of the conqueror.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY.*

WE have long urged the urgent necessity for founding an Acclimatisation Society in this country. Zoological societies, instructive and interesting as they are, have in reality no practical value except inasmuch as they are made to contribute directly or indirectly to the introduction of new species and varieties of animals useful to man. It is surprising in a country so eminently practical as this, that this great fact has not been felt and acted upon before. France, Holland, and Belgium have had their Acclimatisation Societies for years past. We have now our Acclimatisation Society in Great Britain, but it is as yet only the germ of what we hope to see it soon become. When we consider that scarcely a domestic animal, from the horse and sheep down to the dairy fowl, but have been introduced into this country from abroad, we feel at once how wide a field Nature presents to us for the introduction of other useful animals, and how much we neglect her bounties in not availing ourselves more largely of what has been so profusely scattered over the face of the earth.

The true destination of zoological gardens, M. Esquiros remarks, when treating of those of Holland, "would be to serve as a stage for facts and experiments in natural history. An investigation into the laws by virtue of which animals pass from the savage into the domestic state, attempts at acclimatisation, the improvement of conquered races, and the education of those that remain to conquer, such, in our view, is the field of practical studies to which zoological gardens ought to limit their instruction." "To extend," we should rather say, for hitherto, with the exception of efforts made by noblemen and private individuals in that direction, and occasional attempts made by the Zoological Society, little or nothing has been done in this country—certainly nothing as yet that has been systematically organised or carried out, and consequently promising any truly important results.

In the origin of things, M. Esquiros goes on to say, "Nature only put forth strength, the elements of production and the outlines of things; but man created labour, and created it not only in his own race, but slowly and painfully developed this labour, the generator of all positive wealth, in other living beings. He summons these organised beings, gifted like himself with instincts and wants, to the help of new-born

* The First Annual Report of the Society for the Acclimatisation of Animals, Birds, Fishes, Insects, and Vegetables within the United Kingdom. 1861.
Second Annual Report. 1862.

economy, and elevates the brutes to the dignity of useful beings. In the struggle begun between productive force and the parsimony of nature man develops successes and graduated resources. In proportion as he improves the social condition he throws his light and progress upon the animal kingdom, whose services he daily augments. Author of the blessings of domesticity he places some of his thought, resolution, and courage in the organs and movements of his dumb allies, and man thus creates one by one the animated instruments of industry." There is, however, a great space interposed between what is here portrayed and what is in reality accomplished. Instead of the progress of utilisation of animals being in accordance with that of society, it has been for years almost in a state of stagnancy. The horse, the ox, the sheep, the dog, the cat, deer, pigs, and domestic poultry, some thirty-two animals and birds altogether, have continued to be for years the sole conquests effected in the work of domesticating animals. Instead of daily augmenting the services of the animal kingdom, we cannot say a conquest once a year is effected, or sometimes once in ten years. If the progress of utilisation of animals bore any relation whatsoever to the progress of society, it is probable that we should have quadrupeds, birds, fish, and insects in thousands at our disposal which are now utterly ignored, and labour and food would be comparatively cheaper. Look at the new silkworm, lately introduced through the kind and intelligent consideration of Lady Dorothy Neville, the *Bombyx Cynthia*. It will live on the leaves of the ailanthus shrub, which can be made to flourish in our own climate, and hence its introduction and utilisation might possibly effect a total revolution in the silk trade and manufacture!

Man derived his most valuable—his now indispensable—acquisitions, oxen, sheep, goats, and pigs, from wild animals. How many congeners have these most useful of all the beasts of the field, and how many available varieties and breeds among these different species?

Pennant first argued, in his "British Zoology," that the ancient wild cattle of our island were the *Bisontes jubati* of Pliny; but he went on to confound these with the urus of the Hercynian forest, the aurochs of the Germans, and *Bos sylvestris* of systematists, so well described by Cæsar. The common ox is, however, now generally supposed to be descended neither from Cæsar's urus or the European bison, but it, as well as the last-named animal, are supposed to have been derived from two distinct species equally ancient, and which have existed in our climates at epochs more or less distant, and perhaps at the same time. Cuvier considers the aurochs, or European bison, the most massive of all existing quadrupeds after the rhinoceros, and still to be met with in some of the Lithuanian forests, as a distinct species which man has never subdued, whilst the remains only of the true *Urus* of the ancients, the original of our domestic ox, and the stock whence our wild cattle descended, are found in the superficial beds of certain districts.

The common ox has thirteen pairs of ribs, the European bison fourteen, and the American bison fifteen. The Indian is too irreclaimably savage in his habits to submit to the fetters which an attempt to domesticate animals would impose upon his liberty; a child of the wilderness, he depends on his bow or his rifle for his subsistence, and wanders free. Hence it is that he also likes to see the bison congregating in vast herds,

er roaming over the wide-extended savannahs and prairies of the American uplands, from New Mexico to the Great Slave Lake, as free as himself, and hence it is, apparently, that few or no attempts have been made to reduce the bison to subjection. Catesby, however, says that these animals have been known to breed with tame cattle, but Pennant declares, on the other hand, that even calves brought up grow impatient of restraint, and by reason of their great strength would break down the strongest enclosure, and entice the tame cattle into the corn-fields. That the experiment has been hitherto imperfectly made is manifest upon the face of it.

The Caledonian ox (*Bos Scoticus*), still preserved in one or two of the northern parks, although so domesticated as to live within such precincts, is said to retain many of the savage characters ascribed to the more powerful species mentioned by the ancients, and now found only in a fossil state. It possesses a kind of mane at mature age, and its throat and breast are covered with hair. Wild cattle, of a creamy-white colour, are also preserved in Chillingham Park, Hamilton, Lime Hall, in Cheshire, and several other places, but doubts are entertained by many if they are not domesticated oxen which have run wild, rather than descendants of the aboriginal race of oxen in Great Britain. It has even been stated that the race was originally imported by ecclesiastics from Italy, where herds of wild cattle, much resembling them, still exist. The Gisburne wild oxen, for example, are said to have been originally brought from Whalley Abbey, in Lancashire, upon the dissolution of that monastery in the time of Henry VIII.

In addition to the domesticated species known by the names of oxen, buffaloes, and yaks, the genus *Bos* comprehends several others equally distinct, which have rarely if ever been reclaimed from their native wildness. Two of these, the bison and the musk ox, are peculiar to the northern regions of America; one, the Polish aurochs, is now confined to a single European forest; a fourth, the arni, supposed by some to be a wild buffalo, and which exists only in Central Asia; and a fifth, the Cape buffalo. Thus it appears, that in this wide dispersion of the several races, each region has preserved its own peculiar kind in its original independence, while, on the other hand, two at least of the remaining species, the ox and the buffalo, have been industriously propagated under the auspices of man, throughout almost every part of the globe. The yak alone, of all the domestic species, remains confined within its primitive limits, in Thibet, namely, and a part of High Asia, where it is said to be generally cultivated almost to the exclusion of every other race. This is a state of things that ought not to continue: handsome specimens have been of late introduced into the Zoological Gardens, and it is to be hoped that the breed will be secured and propagated.

Another mountain species is the gayal, or gaval (*Bos gavaeus*), which is found wild in Aracan, Sylhet, and other hill provinces of India. This animal is very like the buffalo; it breeds with the common Indian bull, is very gentle, and is domesticated by the Kuis, whose herds roam at large in the forests near their villages during the day, but return of their own accord at evening. This is a remarkable case of a forest animal—for the gayal prefers leaves to grass—being domesticated, and it would be very desirable to know more about it. The gyall, described

by Lambert under the name of *Bos frontalis*, appears to be a variety of the gayal; the name is evidently the same, differently written. It lives in the same districts, but especially Chittagong. The male is described as being like our bull, and the horns are shorter than in Hardwicke's gayal, which again differ from Colebrooke's. The cow is very quiet, and is used for all the purposes of the dairy, as also for tilling the ground, and is more tractable than the buffalo. The jungly gau, or jungle ox, is considered to be identical with the *Bos frontalis*, and the three kinds might be well united under Frederick Cuvier's epithet of *Bos Sylhetanus*. M. Duvaucel says these are as common and as much spread in the Sylhet mountains as buffaloes in other parts of the country, are easily domesticated, and yield abundance of the richest milk.

The gûr, or gour (*Bos gour*), is distinguished from the ox of Sylhet by the form of its head and a distinct dewlap. This animal, which browses on leaves, is chiefly remarkable for having made its home on the Myn Pât, a high insulated mountain in Bahar, which has a table-land thirty-six miles in length by twenty-four in width, with a succession of open lawns and woods, and where were once twenty-five villages, but the inhabitants of which were all driven away by the wild beasts, against which the gûr has alone been able to hold his own. It is said that it will not brook captivity, but this may be mere native talk.

The arni, or urna, is, we have seen, now considered to be a variety of the wild buffalo. The domesticated Indian oxen, or zebus, vary much in their size and the direction of their horns, but are generally distinguished by a fatty elevated hump below the neck and over the withers. The ears of some are pendulous, and the dewlap is more or less developed. Many of these varieties may be seen in the gardens of the Zoological Society. The limbs of all are deer-like and elegant. The zebu has a wide range, being spread over the whole of Southern Asia, the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and the eastern coast of Africa, from Abyssinia to the Cape of Good Hope. They bear a charmed life among the Hindhus. The Cape buffalo (*Bos capensis*) does not appear to present any peculiar recommendations, except that its hide is said to be almost as tough as that of a rhinoceros, and is much sought after for harness. The flesh is described by some as good and high-flavoured, by others as ill-grained and coarse; the difference in these accounts, as in many others of a similar character, may be attributed in part to the sex, age, and condition of the animals eaten, and to the appetite and tastes of the feeder. The horns of the domesticated oxen of the Cape grow to an enormous size. The flesh of the bison, or American oxen, is declared by Darwin to be as superior to common beef as venison is to mutton. The musk ox (*Ovibos Moschatus*) would appear at first, from its range and its feeding upon lichens, to be incapable of domestication; but this is not quite certain, since Richardson says it eats grass at one season—probably when it can get it. Some stockings were made of the wool of this animal in France, and were said to have been equal to the finest silk. Sir John Richardson also says that the wool resembles that of the bison, but is perhaps finer, and would, in his opinion, be highly useful in the arts, if it could be procured in sufficient quantity.

Considering that oxen hold the first rank among the animals which are useful to man; how much the domesticated varieties minister to his wants,

in their life and in their death; that from the earliest times we find it in the homestall; and that there is scarcely a part of the animal, from horn to hoof, that is not available, too much attention could not be given by an Acclimatisation Society to the introduction of new species, varieties, and breeds.

In the dark ages the ox was considered as the representative of the Deity, and its form was venerated as that of a god, both in India and in Egypt. Judging from Egyptian remains, there were two great breeds of straight-backed cattle, the long-horned and the short-horned; and in Upper Egypt, at least, there was one without horns. Another hunched species existed, which served to draw chariots, yoked in the same manner as the Brahmini bulls of India are at present. It is still abundant in Nubia, and, under the name of *Bos sacer*, or *Indicus*, notwithstanding it breeds with the common species, is yet considered distinct, and must have been propagated for above three thousand years.

The apia, or mnevis, the sacred bull of the Egyptians, was selected without red; there was, besides, a sacred cow, and a black bull was worshipped at Hermonthis. It had the hair running the wrong way, or forward, and hence was evidently a species of guu (it is supposed *Catoblepas gorgon*, or *Catoblepas taurina*), and not a true ox or bull.

The rearing of horned cattle was especially encouraged by the people of Israel. Oxen and beeves (aluph) are designated in the Scriptures as the most important of all clean beasts. These animals were protected in some cases by the express provisions of the law; they were held clean, being the usual sacrifice of consideration, and the chief article of flesh diet of the population. The breed of cattle was most likely in ancient times, as it still is, inferior in size in Palestine to the Egyptian; and provender must have been abundant indeed if the number of beasts sacrificed at the great Jewish festivals mentioned in Josephus be correct, and could be sustained for a succession of years. The wild bulls of Bashan seem to have been like the so-called wild buffaloes of the Aleian plain in Cilicia,* and of the mouths of the Iris, in Pontus,† domestic species left to propagate without much human superintendence, except annually marking the increase, and selecting a portion for consumption. Baal is said to have been worshipped in the form of a beeve, and Moloch to have had a calf's or steer's head. Such were the child-like idols of a primitive people; they made, in precious metals, stones, and woods, the representation of what was most useful to them in life. Such was the golden calf which was cast by Aaron from the savings of the people, the calves set up by Jeroboam in Dan and Bethel, and the calf-idol carried in solemn pomp at the head of the processions of Ramesis the Great, or Sesostris. A similar rural divinity (to which, however, all kinds of strange myths of "animus mundi" and "Nabathæan secret of secrets" were afterwards added) belonged to the earliest Indian, Greek, and even Scandinavian mythologies.

The rocky mountains of Sardinia, Corsica, Crete, Cyprus, and Turkey in Europe, are inhabited by large flocks of the wild fox-coloured Moufflon sheep, having a white snout and belly, and light rims round the eyes. It

* Langlois, Voy. dans la Cilicie, p. 14.

† Hamilton's Asia Minor, vol. i. p. 233.

is scarcely inferior to the ibex in agility, and is the principal object of the chase in the countries of its abode. From this wild species our common domestic sheep is supposed to be descended, nor is it without indications of its original adaptation to the free life of the mountains. It is well to keep this fact in mind, for there are several kinds of sheep and goats that dwell on mountain heights in other portions of the globe, which might, probably, be acclimatised and domesticated with success and advantage. At all events, it shows that such a natural condition is not hostile to either. The argali, or *Ovis ammon*, of Thibet; the *Ovis tragelaphus*, of the Atlas; and the *Ovis montana*, of Canada, which attains stag-like dimensions, stand in this category.

Domestic sheep, Colonel Hamilton Smith remarks, although commonly regarded as the progeny of one particular wild species, are probably an instance, among many similar, where the wisdom of Providence has provided subsistence for man in different regions, by bestowing the domesticating and submissive instincts upon the different species of animals which the human family might find in their wanderings; for it is certain that even the American argali can be rendered tractable, and that the Corsican musmon will breed with the common sheep.

If we agreed with the views of the French naturalists, that our domestic sheep are descended from the wild sheep of the European mountains, and were not translated from the East, as many English naturalists believe, it would not remain the less certain that the Easterns had their own domestic sheep, the original of which is still found wild in Taurus, Kurdistan, and the high mountains of Persia, and is readily distinguished from two other wild species bordering in the same regions.

What breeds the earliest shepherd tribes reared in and about Palestine can now be only inferred from negative characters, yet they are sufficient to show that they were the same, or nearly so, as the common horned variety of Egypt and continental Europe—in general white, and occasionally black, although there was on the Upper Nile a speckled race; and so early as the time of Aristotle the Arabians possessed a rufous breed, another with a very long tail, and, above all, a broad-tailed sheep, which at present is commonly denominated the Syrian. These three varieties are said to be of African origin, the red hairy, in particular, having all the characteristics to mark its descent from the wild *Ovis tragelaphus*, or *Barbatus*, or Kebech, of the Arabian and Egyptian mountains. Flocks of the ancient breed, derived from the Arabs, are now extant in Syria, with little or no change in external characters, chiefly the broad-tailed and the common horned white, often with black and white about the face and feet, the tail somewhat thicker and longer than the European. The others are chiefly valued for the fat of their broad tails, which tastes not unlike marrow; for the flesh of neither race is remarkably delicate, nor are the fleeces of superior quality. These points would undoubtedly be improved by cultivation.

The breed of sheep, which is distinguished by two hemispheres of fat commencing at the loins, gradually swelling into a considerable mass towards the rump, and presenting behind two enlargements of a more or less globular form, not only extends over the north and south of Asia, but also over the far-spread Russian dominions; and the flocks of the Kalmuks, and of the Turkish and Mongolian races, absurdly called Tartars, are

almost entirely composed of it in the present day. The owners of the modern improved breeds would find great fault with some points about them; but many of the defects have, doubtless, been the result of neglect, and it is questionable if they would not repay introduction into this country, and the improvements that would thereby soon be effected in them.

It is not our object here to enter into details in regard to the numerous varieties of domestic animals, but the history of such attests that a Society of Acclimatisation could direct itself to the introduction and propagation of such, with as much promise of advantage as to that of species. In the matter of sheep, for example, the Southdown, as the head of the short wools, and the Leicester, as the head of the long wools, are gradually excluding all other breeds in England, just as the Cheviots are rapidly superseding the native black-faced sheep throughout the Highlands of Scotland. Yet the Southdowns themselves were formerly of a very small size, and far from possessing a good shape, and they still differ materially in different districts; take, for example, the Bagshot breed. The old Berkshire breed is now rarely seen. The Cannock Heath breed in Staffordshire has disappeared before the Leicesters. It is the same with the Tedderly breed. The "Magg" sheep of Northumberland have shared the same fate, and the Penistone are giving way in Yorkshire to Southdowns and Cheviots. The Woodland horned sheep are being superseded in Lancashire. The Delamere sheep is almost the only short-wooled breed remaining in Cheshire. The beautiful little sheep of Sherwood Forest, not yielding more than eight or nine pounds to the quarter, have passed away. Norfolk and Suffolk used to possess their peculiar breeds, remarkable for their long and thin faces; but they are now all crossed with Southdowns and Leicesters. The Dartmoor and Exmoor sheep have also attained earlier maturity, an increased size, and a more valuable fleece, by a cross with the Leicesters.

In Hampshire we now rarely, if ever, meet with some of the old and valuable breed that supplied the Winchester manufactory in the time of the Romans, when the woollen-cloth of Britain excelled that of every other part of the Roman Empire. The old Wiltshire breed of sheep, the largest and the heaviest of the fine-wooled sheep, has also gradually passed away. In Herefordshire we now meet with only a few flocks of that breed of sheep which was in former times the pride of the agriculturist—the Ryelands. After various experiments of crossing with Merinos, the fleece of this breed was so materially changed by the altered system of sheep-husbandry that was introduced, that its wool, like that of the Southdown, was rejected by the manufacturer for the purposes to which it had been applied. The many varieties of sheep in Shropshire have given way, as elsewhere, before the Cotswolds and the Leicesters. The short-wooled sheep are now indeed, in most districts, mainly kept up by crossing with the long-wooled. There is a breed in Westmoreland called the Hardwicks, of Scottish origin. They were brought from the north by a ship which was stranded on the coast of Cumberland. Being able to defy any degree of cold, they spread by degrees over the mountainous districts, and other breeds were crossed by them on account of this valuable property. This is just one of those points which would be anticipated by a Society of Acclimatisation. Few men abide more

tenaciously to the breeds and practices of their forefathers than many agriculturists do. The prejudice and jealousy of a proportion of the Irish farmers opposed themselves as long to crossing their Wicklow short-wools with our Southdowns as they did to supplant their ill-bred and unprofitable long-wooled sheep by the Leicester breed; yet the Irish sheep which are now brought so plentifully to the English market will scarcely yield to the best improved Leicesters that any part of Great Britain can produce.

No amount of prescience can prevent the material changes wrought in breeds by position and feeding, especially when artificial. We cannot expect the Downs of Surrey, the Midland pastures, the Cheviot and the Grampian mountains to produce precisely the same varieties of sheep. In the Highlands of Scotland, as in all other mountain districts, the wool is deteriorated by a considerable admixture of hair. But a great deal may be done by crossing breeds, as has been shown with regard to the Cheviots and the Leicesters, the Welsh and the Southdowns. Since the British sheep-master has begun to look more to the profit to be derived from the carcase—since the system of artificial feeding has been brought to so great perfection, and a far greater number of sheep can be fed and perfected on the same number of acres, the wool has grown in length, and it has increased in bulk of fibre, and it is no longer fit for the purposes to which it was once devoted. As the carcase increases in size, the wool becomes longer, heavier, and coarser. Unless we are to look for mutton from one district or county, and for wool from another, the most profitable system would appear after all to be that in which a balance is established between the excellence of the wool in regard to fineness—which is well known to be as much affected by temperature as by food—trueness of staple, elasticity, pliability, and softness, and its felting property or number of serrations, the weight and goodness of the carcase, and the degree of hardihood. But, alas! expeditious fattening makes money quickly, and if the wool is no longer used for olden purposes, it is for new, at nearly the same profit; and the modern race of men are content under the new system of things to supplant their fine cloths by rough tweeds.

The English wool having come to be rejected from the increased coarseness of the fibre by the manufacturer of fine cloths, crosses have been successfully introduced with the Merinos, and the cultivation of the same sheep and its fleece has proceeded most rapidly and prosperously in Australia, where there is not so great a demand for the carcase.

Holland, Flanders, and the west coast of France are all indebted to England for their best breeds of sheep. The exportation began in the thirteenth century, and attained its maximum in the fifteenth, under Edward IV. The wool of the western French sheep is now about the same value as that of our inferior Lincoln or Kentish. There is in Normandy a larger and coarser variety of the same breed. In the old province of Maine succeeds the old unimproved long and thin-carcased native French breed. Some of the native short wools in Brittany and Gascony are, however, very valuable; but in the Pyrenees we have, as might be anticipated, the “kempy” fleece. Migratory breeds and crosses with Merinos, and scarcely inferior to them, are met with in Roussillon and Languedoc.

Notwithstanding the accounts given by some authors of the Italian

sheep and of the care bestowed on them, it does not appear that there are many deserving of notice for importation of breed except a few crosses with Merinos.

The sheep of Switzerland are chiefly the common Swabian sheep, of a middling size, with scanty wool; the Flemish or Dutch sheep, with longer and finer wool; the Bergamesque sheep; and the Spanish or Merino sheep. The Bergamesque sheep are, according to Tchudi,* a peculiar and interesting species of domestic animals. They are much larger than common sheep, are high-legged, and have a sort of flap hanging from the chin to the breast, and pendent ears. These sheep migrate annually from the valleys of Brescia and the southern plains of the Tessin to the Alps of Engadine, and there pass the summer. Their wool is coarse; it is sheared twice a year into coarse cloth for the uniforms of the Austrian army, and is also used for blankets. The flesh is hard and unpalatable. If one of these sheep dies naturally the flesh is salted and dried in the air on stakes. Twenty or thirty of these carcasses will often hang on the walls of a hut at once. A high price, twenty-four krentzers a pound, is given for this air-dried meat in Italy! Cheese-making from sheep is a branch of industry almost peculiar to the Tessini. The Merino sheep bear the climate of the Alps well; they multiply rapidly, and are subject to few diseases. The long, fine, and highly-prized Merino wool underlies the dirty outer coat. In Piedmont there has been from time immemorial a breed of sheep inferior only to the Merinos. In most of the German states the Merino is now almost the only sheep that is herded. It is the same in Prussia, except that the sheep are somewhat diminished in size, while the wool retains its full value. The chief wealth of Hungary is derived from the pasturing Merino sheep, which extend also into the Danubian Provinces.

The sheep of Wallachia, however, which constitute the chief wealth of the country, have spiral horns turned upwards. The same breed is met with in Turkey in Europe, where the sheep are mostly small and white, black being the exception. Prince Milosch has introduced the Merino into Servia, and some attempts at improving the race have been made in Bosnia.

The Society of Acclimatisation, although yet in its infancy, has already voted a sum of 150*l.* for the purpose of introducing a breed of Chinese sheep into this country. Mr. Bartlett, of the Zoological Gardens, reports that they breed twice in the year, and produce sometimes four and sometimes five at a birth! The council of the society entertains a confident expectation that the permanent and extensive establishment of this valuable breed of Chinese sheep in England will soon be an accomplished fact. If so, seldom have 150*l.* been expended in a more patriotic or humane manner. The council have also had their attention called to a breed of small sheep pasturing near Aden, and to the purik of India. A pair of diminutive sheep from Brittany, a portion of a flock which were exhibited at the Crystal Palace, have also been purchased by the society and presented to Miss Burdett Coutts, under whose care they are doing well. Other specimens of these same sheep have been purchased by Colonel H. Vyse, 2nd Life Guards, and this gentleman has reported favourably of their progress.

* *Nature in the Alps*, p. 178.

The paucity of goats to be met with in Great Britain is a curious instance of the inconstancy of tastes. Even in its stronghold, Wales, where its horns measured three feet from tip to tip, it is no longer plentiful. There are still said to be some wild ones in Glamorganshire. But, as a rule, the dainty Cambrian dishes, the *Côch yr wden*, or "hung venison," and the excellent pasty of rock venison, "*Hyf*," are never to be met with. In many foreign countries the kid is, however, still preferred to lamb, and goat's flesh to mutton. The latter is an object of little or no value in Spain, and, except among the poorest, it is not there considered fit for food. Even in some parts of America there is a prejudice against it. The Kalmuks and Cossacks seldom touch it. The goat, on the other hand, was employed by the people of Israel in many respects as their representative; it formed a principal part of the Hebrew flocks, and both the milk and the young kids were daily articles of food. Among the poorer and more sober shepherd families the slaughter of a kid was a token of hospitality to strangers or of unusual festivity, as it is in the present day among the Arabs and Turkomans. As there are abundant carices and other coarse grasses in swampy districts, as between Norwich and Yarmouth, which are now waste, but that would feed herds of buffaloes, so goats would browse and find food round the cottages in the hills and amid shrubs where a sheep could not pick up a subsistence.

When the ibex was the most familiar form of wild goat the domestic animal used to be referred to it as the original stock; but when *Capra agagrus*, the Caucasian and Persian goat, came to be known, systematists at once decided it to be the original. But there is little certainty in the matter. The domestic goat of Western Europe may have once existed wild in the countries in which it is now domesticated. The races either known to, or kept by, the Hebrew people were probably: First, the domestic Syrian long-eared breed, with horns rather small and variously bent; the ears longer than the head, and pendulous; hair long, often black. Second, the Angora, or rather the Anadoli breed of Asia Minor, with long hair, more or less fine. Third, the Egyptian breed, with small spiral horns, long brown hair, very long ears. Fourth, a breed from Upper Egypt, without horns, having the nasal bones singularly elevated, the nose contracted, with the lower jaw protruding the incisors, and the female with udder low and purse-shaped. This race, the most degraded by climate and treatment of all the domestic varieties, is clad in long coarse hair, commonly of a rufous brown colour, and so distinct, that the earlier monuments of Egypt represent it with obvious precision.

Besides the domestic goats, Western Asia is possessed of one or more wild species—all large and vigorous animals, resembling the ibex or bouquetin of the Alps. Of these, Southern Syria, Arabia, Sinai, and the borders of the Red Sea contain at least one species, known to the Arabs by the name of *Beddan* and *Taytal*—the *Capra Jaela* of Ham. Smith, and *Capra Sinaitica* of Ehrenberg. This species lives in troops of fifteen or twenty, and they plunge down precipices with the same fearless impetuosity which distinguishes the ibex.

The Oriental bezoar is considered to be a concretion found in the intestines of the pesang or Caucasian goat, but we have seen it at Marash, in Taurus, and obtained from the ibex of that mountain chain, and which is probably, with that of Kurdistan, a distinct species. Professor Edward Forbes, however, believed the *kaik* or *kaigi* of Lycia and Crete to be

identical with the ibex of Switzerland,* while he admitted with Blyth that the ibex of Thibet and of the Himalaya was a distinct species. There seems, however, to be more than one species in the latter vast chains. Harn. Smith distinguishes the Jemlah goat as inhabiting the most elevated range of Central Asia; and Hodgson, the Jharal of the Nipalese, and which that gentleman says "more nearly resembles the ordinary types of the tame races than any wild species yet discovered." Colonel Sykes also notices the bukee of the Mahrattas. Abyssinia has also its goat; and there are probably many other mountain species as yet undescribed. No animal, as Pennant long ago remarked, seems so subject to varieties as the goat—the dog excepted—and hence, according to climate and position, it varies infinitely in stature, colour, length, and fineness of hair. Hence it is that the attempts to acclimatise the Angora goat have failed—similar conditions to those in which this animal prospers on the central table-land of Lesser Asia, an extreme climate, with very cold winters and very hot summers, must be found to produce the same variety. So also with the renowned Cashmere goat, which it has already been attempted to acclimatise in this country.

It would not be deemed an act of wisdom to acclimatise monkeys, as an addition to our culinary resources; yet the Count de la Hure tells us that different species of mycetes, or howling monkeys, supply the Indians of Brazil with "abundant and delicate repasts."† Bats are even more repulsive than monkeys, yet eating bats is prohibited by the Mosaic law (Lev. xi. 19); showing that there were at that time men who ate bats—a practice still in vogue in the great Australasian islands, where the frugivorous pteropi of the harpy or goblin family are caught and eaten. A species allied to the *pteropus edulis*, or edible bat, has been found in the Pyramids, and is supposed to exist in Arabia; and it was to one or more species of this section that the Mosaic prohibition is supposed to have been directed.

The insectivorous mammals do not present many species that claim attention as useful to man. The flesh of the hedgehog, when it has been well fed, is said, however, to be sweet and well flavoured, and is eaten in many places on the Continent. It is also upon the gipsy carte in Great Britain, but is not met with at the table of the epicurean, nor does it seem to be wanted. The shrews have a bad reputation for biting; yet the *Sorex religiosus* appears to have been, for some reason or another, venerated by the Egyptians. Other species of this scented and pugnacious little creature have been found embalmed.

If the insectivore present few creatures useful to man—the so-called musk-rat, but which is a water castor (*Mygale moschata*), excepted—still less can be expected of the carnivorous quadrupeds. Yet, as if Nature was inexhaustible in her provision of the necessities of man, we even here find many animals of exceeding utility. The brown bear, "the old man with the fur cloak" of the superstitious Laplanders, seems to give the necessities as well as the comforts of life to many northern nations. The flesh and fat are dainties with the Siberians, the skin is their only coverlet and cloak, the intestines are used as glass. The Indians hold the flesh of the black bear in as much esteem as its fur was once

* Travels in Lycia, &c., vol. ii. p. 62.

† L'Empire du Brésil, p. 412.

held by the furriers. The viverridæ, the civets, genets, mangoustes, suricates, musk-weasels, and others, are of little use save for their furs and scents. Otters are not only valuable for their furs, but as an article of food are permitted by the Roman Catholics to be eaten on fast-days, upon the same principle that a water-hen is fish. The otter may also be domesticated, and brought up to fish. The Scotch have a tradition that the death of the spotted "king of the otters" is always accompanied by the death of a man. Lions, tigers, wolves, jackals, hyænas, foxes, and other predatory animals of the same kind may be fairly passed over, notwithstanding that the renowned lion-killer of Algeria and his friend and co-romancer Alexandre Dumas used to satiate their appetites after the chase by partaking of cotelettes derived from their victims, and that one at least of the feline tribe—the cat—has been domesticated. Seals, although amphibious carnivora, are all in all with the Arctians. They provide Esquimaux and Greenlanders alike with food, clothing, and light. The tongues of the seal, known as the sea elephant, are deemed to be savoury and wholesome. The flesh of the walrus is also highly valued by the inhabitants of the Arctic regions, nor does it seem to have come amiss to our northern voyagers. Cook and Parry both speak of it in eulogistic terms; sailors, however, have a prejudice against these uncouth creatures, which would be removed, if they were known, as they ought to be, by the name of sea-cows instead of sea-horses. The marsupials, or purse-bearing animals, contribute the well-known Virginian opossum, "the wonder of all the land animals," but of which Lawson said their ugly tails put him out of conceit with them as fare; the wombat, the flesh of which is excellent, and which is now expected to be naturalised in this country, and the different species of kangaroo, all easily domesticated, and from which great things are yet anticipated, although neglected in the very countries in which they are native, for the still more easily domesticated sheep.

The rodentia furnish many animals useful to man. Squirrels, it is well known, can be tamed, and it is also said may be eaten. The grey squirrel and black squirrel, both American, are said to make excellent pies, the flesh tasting like that of rabbit, but more juicy. We may see "pâtés à l'ecureuil" in vogue yet. The Hindhus esteem the jerboa as good and nutritious food. It is just possible that the resources of some of the muridæ, or rat-tribe, may have been overlooked, but we do not hold the inquiry as either wise or useful.

There can be no mistake, however, with regard to the family of the leporidæ, the types of which are the common hare and rabbit. The lagomys, or ground-hare of the Russians, might perhaps be introduced in covers as a variety to the rabbit. The guinea-pig, which belongs to this family, is easily domesticated and propagated, and its flesh is said to be well flavoured, but somehow or other it has never become popular. We suspect that, like the rabbit, it would be best wild. It is a curious thing that the cony of Palestine, "the wise and feeble folk" of Solomon, should not be a rabbit at all, but a kind of marmot (*Hyrax Syriacus*). It is neither a rodent, like hares and rabbits, nor a ruminant, but is anomalous, and most nearly allied to the great pachyderms of systematic zoology. The flesh of porcupines is held in much esteem in some parts of the world, and must not be omitted from a cosmopolitan "carte," which is very different from a local bill of fare, and comprises an infinite

variety of resources and culinary delicacies, the mere mention of some of which would probably make modern gastronomes stand aghast.

The South American hog, the *Capybara* (cabiai of Brazil, or water-haas of Guiana), has recently and very properly attracted attention as an animal adapted for advantageous acclimatisation. Dalton tells us in his "History of British Guiana" (vol. ii. p. 407) that the flesh of these animals is considered excellent food, and they are often hunted. They are readily domesticated, and feed on roots and vegetables. So also of the paca (*Celogenys*) of Brazil and Guiana, and of which there are a brown and a yellow species. This lovely little animal abounds in the forests of South America, and is often domesticated. Dalton says he had one in his possession whose graceful actions often reminded him of the cat. The same writer describes the paca, or labba, as "the glory of the sportsman and the native," but largely as it is preyed upon by men and animals nature has provided for the continuance of the species by rendering it prolific.

There is also the agouti or acouri (*Chloromys*), of which there are several species that live in herds in South America, and constitute game of the first quality. Dalton says the agouti of Guiana is much sought after as game by the wild native and the civilised colonist, who equally enjoy the sport and the food it affords. There is also the acuchi (*Chloromys acuchi*), another smaller animal of the same description.

The elephant has been brought under the dominion of man from time immemorial, and trained to swell the pomp of pageants and add to the terrors of war, as well as to perform the more useful offices of a beast of burden and draught. It will probably, however, never be nurtured as an article of diet. The flesh, it is true, is relished by the inhabitants of many districts of Africa. Major Denham speaks of it as esteemed by all, and he says that though it looked coarse it was better flavoured than any beef he found in the country. The Romans considered the trunk as the most delicious part, but Le Vaillant speaks of the foot as a dish for a king. Sir James Emerson Tennant says of the Ceylon elephant, that the flesh is occasionally tasted as a matter of curiosity: as a steak it is coarse and tough, but the tongue is as delicate as that of an ox, and the foot is said to make palatable soup. The Kaffirs attached to the pioneer corps in the Kandyan province were in the habit of securing the heart of any elephant shot in their vicinity, and said it was their custom to eat it in Africa. The flesh of the hippopotamus is also much esteemed by some as an article of food. The "wasser ochs," as it is called at the Cape, is indeed much in request both among the natives and the colonists, and the epicures of Cape Town do not disdain to use their influence with the country farmers to obtain a preference in the matter of the sea-cow's speck, as the fat which lies immediately under the skin is called when salted and dried. The sight of the huge calf at the Zoological Gardens never gave us a longing for hippopotamus veal cutlets, nor did it look as if requiring the fat of bacon to be served up with it. The size of the elephant and of the hippopotamus of themselves preclude their acclimatisation upon a large scale, did not other circumstances oppose it; but this is not the case with the tapir, which, like the capybara, has hitherto met with unmerited neglect. This animal is mild in captivity, and easily domesticated. Sonnini states that several tame tapirs are permitted to go at liberty through the streets of Cayenne, and to wander into the

woods, whence they return in the evening to the house where they are kept and fed. He adds, that they are capable of attachment to their owner, and expresses his opinion that care and attention might convert its qualities of strength, docility, and patience to account as a beast of burden. The tapir is hunted for the sake of its tough hide and its flesh, which is said not to be liked by the European (for it is coarse and dry), but to be relished by the unsophisticated palate of the Indian. These bad points would probably be remedied by artificial feeding, and the flesh rendered palatable and succulent.

The flesh of the rhinoceros is said to be not unpleasant food. Sparrman had a piece of one of the animals shot by his party broiled immediately: it tasted in a great measure like pork, but, in his opinion, was much coarser.

A great deal has been done to improve the variety of breeds in the *suidæ*, or swine family, but probably a great deal more still remains to be done. The Chinese pig and African boar have both been imported into this country with advantage for the purpose of improving our native sorts. We are not aware if this is the case with the Babyrussa or with the Papuan hog, both eligible species, and the latter of which seems to be an intermediate between the peccaries and the true hogs. So also with regard to the phacochæri, or African wart-hogs, which are more herbivorous and cleanly than our domestic descendants of the European wild-hog. The peccaries (*Dicotyles*), or hogs of the New World, have been bred in a state of domestication in South America and in the West India islands, but the flesh is said to be inferior to that of the common hog both in flavour and fatness. It also does not equal the latter in productiveness. There is also a fœtid gland on the back which has to be carefully removed. D'Azara, however, seems to have revelled in its scent as a perfume, and Tyson and others considered it agreeable enough.

Notwithstanding that swine's flesh was prohibited among the Egyptians, Arabians, and Phœnicians, and was prohibited by the Hebrew lawgiver, pigs appear to have been reared and more or less consumed at all times. Egyptian pictures, the parable of the prodigal son and Christ's miraculous cure of the demoniac, furnish ample proofs that during the dominion of the Romans they were kept around the kingdom of Judah. The reasoning of the ancients and of commentators, rabbinical and medical men, regarding the unhealthiness of pork in moderate quantities, is only so far correct that it takes a long time to digest (from four to five hours), and with some constitutions has in hot climates a tendency to the production of cutaneous eruptions. But experience has now fully established the fact that neither in the tropics nor in the East during the first centuries of Christianity, or in the era of the Crusades, or among the Christians of the present day, are any serious ill effects to be ascribed to the use of swine's flesh; while the Moslem and Jewish population, which is debarred the use of this kind of food, is, perhaps, more liable to disease, and especially to cholera and plague, than others, because it lacks the stamina of resistance to infection and that supply of fibrous nutriment which keeps the body in a strong condition.

The Society of Acclimatisation of Paris, under its enthusiastic president, M. Isidore G. St. Hilaire, lost much valuable time in endeavours to introduce the horse as an article of food. Now, though we have no sound objections to horseflesh, and it constitutes the chief article of diet

among some of the so-called Tartar races—that is, Turkish and Mongolian nomades of High Asia—we can see no more chance of overcoming a deep-seated prejudice than if we were to attempt to introduce the rhinoceros or the river-horse as dietary resources. This reminds us, however, that there is a river-cow as well as a sea-cow—the ayu (*Manatus*) of Nigritia—has it no useful applications? It seems well deserving of study. The flesh of camels is also edible, but the animals are so much more valuable as beasts of burden that they are never likely to be reared for food. So it is also in part the case with the llamas, which were described as “sheep” by the earlier Spanish writers, and were so useful in giving food and raiment and serving as beasts of burden, and at the same time, as John de Laet (fol. Leyden, 1633) had it (*vilissimo alitur*), “kept for next to nothing,” that some have looked upon them as they have the potato root with the Irish, and spontaneous vegetation among intertropical nations, as impediments to civilisation.

Surrounded by herds of such animals, which required almost no care, and by the spontaneous productions of the soil, the Indian had no incentive to improvement. Humboldt has an eloquent passage on this subject: “When we attentively examine this wild part of America, we seem to be carried back to the first ages when the earth was peopled step by step; we appear to assist at the birth of human societies. In the Old World we behold the pastoral life prepare a people of hunters for the agricultural life. In the New World we look in vain for these progressive developments of civilisation of a people. Those species of ruminating animals which constitute the riches of the people of the Old World are wanting in the New. The bison and the musk-ox have not yet been reduced to the domestic state; the enormous multiplication of the llama and the guanaco have not produced in the natives the habits of the pastoral life.” These multitudes are already lessened, and the form itself will probably ere long be extinct (notwithstanding praiseworthy attempts to introduce them into Australia). Civilisation has taken with it the animals of the Old Continent to the New World, and superseded its native domestic races, as it has in Australia. The aborigines of the one, satisfied with their herds of bisons and llamas, with the former of which they also peopled their imaginary heavens, did not in some instances advance in civilisation as far as a pastoral life; the Australian aborigine, with still more limited resources, would not, without the introduction of domestic animals, have ever risen above the lowest of all grades of humanity: the acclimatisation of animals benefits, then, the human species all over the world.

The Cervidæ, or deer tribe, including stags, elks, reindeer, fallow-deer, the axis, the brockets, and the antelopes, including the common antelopes, prongbucks, deerens, pallahs, madoquas, nyl-ghaus, steenboks, grysboks, and other herds of South Africa; the koodoo, the eland, the bush antelope, the gazelle, the chamois (the only European species), the thar, the bakir-al-wash or wild-ox, the gnu, and a host of other congeners, present the widest field among the mammals for the experiments of the acclimatiser.

The eland, said to be of slow growth, but which promises, perhaps, more than any other species, has been acclimatised by several noblemen, as the Earl of Breadalbane, Lord Hill, and Lord Powerscourt. But the finances of the Society of Acclimatisation have not permitted its attempt-

ing such a costly experiment as the breeding and domestication of this animal, although one gentleman offered to obtain young elands from Africa at about 5*l.* per head. We hope to see the difficulty here alluded to quickly removed. The Zoological Society is, in the mean time, experimenting upon a hybrid between the common cow and the eland.

Viscount Powerscourt, who has paid great and most commendable attention to the subject of acclimatisation, and has successfully carried out many interesting experiments, has been lately more particularly engaged in experiments in the hybridisation of the deer tribe. He reports that he has now two living specimens of undoubted hybrids between the sambur and red deer, having many characteristics of both—the ears and coat of the sambur, with the general form of the red deer. His herd of sambur now consists of five females and one male, besides the two hybrids, all doing well, and looking as if the climate agreed with them. He has also in his park a pair of Japanese deer, which are like sambur in appearance, though not so large as the roe deer. His experiments in breeding the wapiti have been crowned with success, the herd (of two fine stags and two hinds) in his park being now quite acclimatised.

It is obviously, however, in the great family of birds that the Society of Acclimatisation can do most good. When we consider that the greater part of the insectivorous and all the granivorous birds are edible, it will be seen what a wide field for research presents itself here. Neither the species, nor the varieties of the natural family of the Columbae, or pigeon tribe, have been yet fully experimented upon, or has inquiry been exhausted. The Gallinæ, with their peacocks, pheasants, lophophoræ, turkeys, argus, guinea-fowls, curassows, penelopes or quans, grouse, partridges, quails, tinamous, and turnix, still present a wide field for experiment and research. Nor are the great families of the Grallatores or waders, of the Pinnatipedes or semi-webbed feet, and of the Palmipedes or true web-footed birds, less promising in resources.

The Society for the Acclimatisation of Animals, Birds, Fishes, Insects, and Vegetables, as it comprehensively designates itself, has received lots of live quail from Canada through Messrs. Cunard, Stevenson, and others, and they have been placed under the care of Lord Malmesbury at Heron's Court, and since that of other members of the society. Two specimens of prairie grouse have also been put out. The society has likewise established a fish-hatching apparatus at Sunbury. The cultivation of the Chinese yam (*Dioscorea batatas*) and of the West Indian sweet potato have also been advocated by the society. Various beans and peas from the White Nile have been supplied by Mr. Petherick, as also from Honduras by Chief Justice Temple. Dr. Günther has brought over to England the *Sitaris glanis*, a good new pond fish; as also the guaranier (*Ophrohemus olfax*), a native of Jamaica, and which has been pronounced to be the very best fresh-water fish in the world.

In the second year of its existence, the society received several game and curassows, as also some Chinese sand grouse, which latter were taken care of by the late lamented Prince Consort (who took the greatest interest in the subject of acclimatisation). Specimens are expected of a fine cross between the wild turkey of Honduras and the European turkey, and of the gelinotte of Norway. The Hon. G. Berkeley has been pursuing some most interesting experiments on the hybridisation of birds, as has also Lord Cressen, who has acclimatised the Kallagee pheasant from the hills

of North India, and the Cheer pheasant. Attention has been called to the introduction of the Murray cod, as a new pond fish. Crawfish have been distributed throughout various parts of Scotland, and are said to be thriving. On the other hand, the pearl mussel has been introduced from Scotland into England. Altogether the society is beginning to manifest vitality and energy, and the system upon which it is arranged is said to be in good working order.

But it is manifest that the society is not only as yet in embryo, but that the system upon which it is worked is unworthy of the country, and utterly inadequate to the accomplishment of the objects in view. A good condensed account of what the French Société d'Acclimatisation was doing, under the protection of the Emperor and the able presidency of the lamented Isidore G. St. Hilaire, with some details regarding what had been done in other countries, was published in a late number of the *New Monthly*, February, 1862, pp. 208 *et seq.* We refer the reader back to this article for much important information. M. Esquiro's excellent work on the "Dutch at Home" also contains some useful but rather too theoretical hints, derived from the contemplation of the societies of a more mixed character in Holland.

The mechanism of these natural history societies, such as are found to work in Holland and Belgium, M. Esquiro describes as extremely simple. An organising committee, such as already exists in the case of the British Society, is formed; this committee appoints a council and director; and a capital, divided into shares, is estimated, and fixed upon the probable wants of the enterprise. From that day the establishment lives, it has a head, members, and, if we may say so, its alimentary organs.

So soon as the first conditions are satisfied and ensure the existence of the company, the ground is purchased. The choice of the site is most important; it must have a south frontage for animals from hot countries, a northern one for those from cold countries, and a marshy substratum for aquatic specimens.

When once opened, the institution exists on its entrance fees and subscriptions; and the purchase of animals is entrusted to the director, who must establish relations with travellers, consuls, and captains. When the animals are obtained, a profound knowledge of their manners and wants can alone ensure their preservation; and the great point is to reproduce artificially around them the natural conditions of their country—in other words, make climates. A committee of foundation shareholders and subscribers, who have free entrance to the gardens on payment of about 1*l.* a year, form the external basis of the establishment; while a management, whose acts are submitted to the surveillance of the founders and shareholders, represents the internal and executive authority of the institution.

The Zoological Gardens of Amsterdam, Antwerp, Ghent, and Brussels present us in these arrangements with a type of institutions unknown in France, and only in England upon a different system. The Antwerp society was founded by a loan of 4000*l.*, whose shares were taken up by the inhabitants of the town itself, and which sum of money was devoted to the purchase of the ground and the erection of the first buildings. The ground was enlarged in 1847, and the internal works have gradually

increased. The expenses now amount to 4000*l.* a year, and this sum is produced—first, by the payment of a franc a head, which the society receives from non-subscribing visitors; secondly, by the sale of exotic birds and other animals, most of them bred in the establishment (and the tariff for which should always be fixed and printed by the council according to the success met with in breeding); and, thirdly, by an entrance fee of 20 francs and an annual sum of 25 francs, paid by each member of the society. It now musters two thousand five hundred members.

The capital of the society at Ghent, at the outset 12,000*l.*, was increased in 1853 to 18,000*l.* The grounds gradually purchased now possess a superficies of nearly thirteen acres. The number of shareholders at present exceeds four thousand. The resources are hence abundant: in 1855 the income of the institution amounted to about 2500*l.*, and the whole of the expenses did not exceed 1800*l.* The societies are thus formed by shareholders (among whom there might even be ballots for animals, as with the Horticultural Society for plants) and subscribers owe nothing to the state, and they derive their resources from their own development. It is unquestionable but that what has succeeded so well in Holland and Belgium could be made to succeed in London under proper and careful management. There are some points, however, that are objectionable in these natural history societies of Belgium and Holland: they are Zoological Gardens as well as Parks for Acclimatisation, and we should not wish to trench upon the objects of another and most praiseworthy institution already in existence. They are also simultaneously places for study and amusement. This we consider there would be no necessity for, for the same reason that we should oppose the investment of a fraction in useless animals. It is all very good to write as M. Esquiros does of an investigation of the laws by virtue of which the animals pass from the savage into the domestic state, of displaying the stages the jackal went through before attaining the shape, instinct, and functions of the European dog (which it probably never did), and to found a course, as it were, of universal history in the animal kingdom; the process would be difficult, expensive, and unsatisfactory. Then, again, the French acclimatisers write of the Romans fattening marmots and dormice as the Chinese do dogs and rats, and of the fox being eaten in the extreme North with as much satisfaction as a dish of roast mice in Southern France; these are, on the face of them, unpopular and ridiculous if not repulsive inquiries. The objects of a society of acclimatisation should be eminently practical. It should direct its means and energies to the conquest of new useful species—useful in all the various senses for burden, for food, for the arts. There are plenty such conquests yet to be made. It should, then, study and make known the means of acclimatising and propagating these. It should try the effects of hybridisation in animals and birds, and, above all, it should propagate the best races, breeds, and descriptions of known as well as unknown animals, birds, fishes, insects, and vegetables, avoiding collision with other societies by strictly and closely adhering to what is eminently and practically useful, or that is hoped or calculated to be so, to most members of the community. Such a society would not only deserve well of the country but it would receive a merited support, and would, we venture to predict, be one of the most affluent, most useful, and most popular societies in the country.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE TENTH.

I.

CHARLOTTE PAIN'S "TURN-OUT."

A **STYLISH** vehicle, high enough for a fire-escape, its green wheels picked out with gleaming red, was dashing up the street of Prior's Ash. A lady was seated in it, driving its pair of blood-horses, whose restive mettle appeared more fit for a man's guidance than a woman's. You need not be told that it was Charlotte Pain: nobody else of her sex in Prior's Ash would have driven such a turn-out. Prior's Ash, rather at a loss what name to give it, for the like of it had never been seen in that sober place, christened it "Mrs. Pain's turn-out:" so, if you grumble at the name, you must grumble at them, not at me.

Past the bank it flew; when, as if a sudden thought appeared to take the driver, it suddenly whirled round, to the imminent danger of the street in general, retraced its steps past the bank, dashed round the corner of Crosse-street, and drew up at the entrance to Mr. George Godolphin's. The servant sprang from the seat behind.

"Inquire if Mrs. George Godolphin is within."

Mrs. George Godolphin was within, and Charlotte entered. Across the hall, up the handsome staircase, lined with paintings, to the still more handsome drawing-room, swept she, conducted by a servant. Margery looked out at an opposite door, as Charlotte entered that of the drawing-room, her curious eyes taking in at a glance Charlotte's attire. Charlotte wore a handsome mauve brocaded skirt, trailing on the ground at the very least half a yard behind her, and a close habit body of mauve velvet. A black hat with a turned-up brim, and profusion of mauve feathers, surmounted her head, and a little bit of gauze, mauve-coloured also, came half way down her face, fitting tight round the nose and cheeks.

Margery retired with a sniff. Had it been anybody she approved, any especial friend of her mistress's, she would have invited her into her mistress's presence, to the little sitting-room, where Maria was. A pretty sitting-room, tastily furnished. The bedroom, dressing-room, and this sitting-room communicated with each other. Being who it was, Margery allowed the grand drawing-room the honour of receiving the visitor.

Maria sat at a table, her drawing materials before her. Miss Meta, perched in a high chair, was accommodated with a pencil and paper opposite. "It's Mrs. Pain in a mask," was the salutation of Margery.

Maria laid down her pencil. "Mrs. Pain in a mask!" she echoed.

"It looks like nothing else, ma'am, the thing she's got on," responded Margery. "I never saw Christian folks make themselves into such spectacles afore. It's to be hoped she won't go in that guise to call at Ashlydyat: Miss Janet would be for sending for the mad doctor."

Maria smiled. "You never admire Mrs. Pain's style of dress, Margery."

"It's not a taking one," rejoined Margery. "Honest faces would as soon see themselves standing out from a brass warming-pan, as with one of them brazen hats stuck atop of 'em."

Apart from her prejudices against Mrs. Pain—whatever those prejudices might be—it was evident that Margery did not admire the fashionable head-gear. Had Maria ventured to put one on, Margery would most probably have removed it from her head with her own fingers, and an intimation that it was not "proper." Maria moved to the door, and Miss Meta scrambled off her chair, to follow her. "Meta go too, mamma."

Margery caught the child up as if she were snatching her from a burning furnace, smothered her in her arms, and whispered unheard-of visions of immediate cakes and sweetmeats, that were to be had by ascending to the nursery, and bore her away in triumph. Did she fear there was contamination for the child in Mrs. Pain's hat?

Maria, not having observed the bit of by-play, proceeded to the presence of Charlotte. Not a greater contrast had there been between them in those old days at Broomhead, than there was now. Maria, the same quiet, essentially lady-like girl as of yore: she looked but a girl still, in her pretty dress of spring muslin. Charlotte was standing at the window, watching her restless horses, which the servant was driving about, from one street to the other, but could scarcely manage. She put back her hand to Maria.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. George Godolphin? Excuse my apparent rudeness: I am looking at my horses. If the man cannot keep them within bounds, I must go down myself."

Maria took her place by the side of Charlotte. The horses looked terrific animals to her eyes, very much inclined to kick the carriage to pieces and to bolt into the bank afterwards. "Did you drive them here?"

"Nobody else can drive them," replied Charlotte, with a laugh. "I should like to seduce Kate behind them some day when she is down here: she would be in a fit with fright before we were home again."

"How can you risk your own life, Mrs. Pain?"

"My life! that is a good joke," said Charlotte. "If I could not manage the horses, I should not drive them. Did you notice the one I was riding yesterday, when you met me with your husband—a party of us together?"

"Not particularly," replied Maria. "It was just at the turn of the road, you know. I think I looked chiefly at George."

"You ought to have noticed my horse. You must see him another time. He is the most splendid animal: down from London only the previous day. I rode him yesterday for the first time."

"I should not detect any of his beauties; I scarcely know one horse from another," acknowledged Maria.

"Ah! You are not particularly observant," returned Charlotte, in a good-humoured tone of sarcasm. "The horse was a present to me. He cost a hundred and thirty guineas. Those animals below are getting quieter now."

She withdrew from the window, sitting down on a sofa. Maria took

a seat near her. "We had been to see Mrs. Averil yesterday when we met you," observed Maria. "She is still a great sufferer."

"So Lord Averil told me," answered Charlotte. "He dined at the Folly yesterday."

"Did he? George did not mention that Lord Averil was of the party. Did you dine with them?"

"Not I," answered Charlotte. "It was bore enough to have them in the drawing-room afterwards. Only a few of them came in. As to your husband, I never set eyes upon him at all."

"He came home early. I think his head ached. He——"

"Oh, he did come home, then!" interrupted Charlotte.

Maria looked surprised. "Of course he came home. Why should he not?"

"How should I know why?" was Charlotte's answer. "This house has the bother of it to-night, I hear. It is nothing but a bother, a gentleman's dinner-party!"

"It is a sort of business party to-night, I believe," observed Maria.

"Verrall is coming. He told me so. Do you know how Mr. Godolphin is?"

"He seems as well as usual. He is come to-day, and I saw him for a minute. George told me that he did not appear at dinner yesterday, Margery——"

A commotion in the street. Charlotte flew to one of the windows, opened it, and stretched herself out. But she could not see the carriage, which was then in Crosse-street. A mob was collecting and shouting.

"I suppose I had better go. That stupid man never can keep horses in good humour, if they have any spirit. Good-by, Mrs. George Godolphin."

She ran down the stairs and out at the hall door, giving no time to a servant to show her out. Maria proceeded to her little sitting-room, which looked into Crosse-street, to see whether anything was the matter.

Something might have been, but that George Godolphin, hearing the outcry, had flown out to the aid of the servant. The man, in his fear—he was a timid man with horses, and it was a wonder Charlotte kept him—had got out of the carriage. George leaped into it, took the reins and the whip, and succeeded in restoring the horses to what Charlotte called good humour. Maria's heart beat when she saw her husband there: she, like the man, was timid. George, however, alighted unharmed, and stood talking with Charlotte. He was without his hat. Then he handed Charlotte in, and stood looking up and talking to her again, the seat being about a mile above his head. Charlotte, at any rate, had no fear; she nodded a final adieu to George, and drove away at a fast pace, George gazing after her.

Intimate as George Godolphin was with Charlotte Pain, no such thought as that of attributing it to a wrong motive, ever occurred to Maria. She had been jealous of Charlotte Pain in the old days, when she was Maria Hastings, dreading that George might choose her for his wife: but with their marriage all such feeling ceased. Maria was an English gentlewoman, in the best sense of the term; of a refined, retiring nature, of simply modest speech, innocent of heart: to associate

harm now with her husband and Charlotte, was a thing next to impossible for her to glance at. Unbiased by others, she would never be likely to glance at it. She did not like Charlotte: where tastes and qualities are so much opposed as they were in her and Charlotte Pain, mutual predilection is not easy: but, to suspect any greater cause for dislike, was foreign to Maria's nature. Had Maria even received a hint that the fine saddle-horse, boasted of by Charlotte as worthy Maria's especial observation, and costing a hundred and thirty guineas, was a present from her husband, she would have attached no motive to the gift, but kindness; given him no worse word than a hint at extravagance. Maria could almost as soon have disbelieved in herself, as disbelieved in the cardinal virtues of George Godolphin.

It was the day of one of George's dinner-parties: as Charlotte has announced for our information. Fourteen were expected to sit down, inclusive of himself and his brother. Mostly countrymen; men who did business with the bank; Mr. Verrall and Lord Averil being two of them: but Mr. Verrall did not do business with the bank, and was not looked upon as a countryman. It was not Maria's custom to appear at all at these parties: she did not, like Charlotte Pain, play the hostess afterwards in the drawing-room. Sometimes Maria would spend these evenings out: at Ashlydyat, or at the rectory: sometimes, as was her intention on this evening, she would remain in the pretty sitting-room in her own apartments, leaving the house free. She had been busy over her drawing all day, and had not quitted it to stir abroad.

Mr. George had stirred abroad. Mr. George had taken a late afternoon ride with Charlotte Pain. He came home barely in time to dress. The bank was closed for the day: the clerks had all gone, save one; the old cashier, Mr. Hurde. He sometimes stayed later than the rest.

"Any private letters for me?" inquired George, hastening into the office, whip in hand, and devouring the letter-rack with eager eyes, where the unopened letters were usually put.

The cashier, a tall man once, but stooping now, with silver spectacles and white whiskers, stretched up his neck to look also. "There's one there, sir," he cried, before George had quite crossed the office.

George made a grab at the letter. It stuck in the rack, and he gave vent to an impatient word. A blank look of disappointment came over his face, when he saw the direction.

"This is not for me. This is for Mr. Hastings. Who sorted the letters?"

"Mr. Hastings, I believe, sir, as usual."

"What made him put his own letter in the rack?" muttered George to himself. He went about the office; he went into the private room and searched his own table. No, there was no letter for him. Mr. Hurde remembered that Mr. George Godolphin had been put out in the morning by not receiving an expected letter.

George looked at his watch. "There's no time to go to Verrall's," he thought. "And he would be starting to come here by the time I got up to the Folly."

Up to his own room to dress, which was not a long process. He then entered his wife's sitting-room.

"Drawing still, Maria?"

She looked up with a bright glance. "I have been so industrious! I have been drawing nearly all day. See! I have nearly finished this."

George stood by the table in a listless manner, his thoughts preoccupied: not pleasantly preoccupied, either. Presently he began turning over the old sketches in Maria's portfolio. Maria quitted her seat, and stood by her husband, her arm round his neck. He was now sitting sideways on a chair.

"I put some of these drawings into the portfolio this morning," she observed. "I found them in a box in the lumber room. They had not been disinterred, I do believe, since they came here from the rectory. Do you remember that one, George?"

He took the sketch she pointed to, in his hand. A few moments and then the recollection flashed over him. "It is a scene near Broomhead! That is Bray's cottage."

"How glad I am that you recognise it!" she cried, gleefully. "It is a proof that I sketched it faithfully. Do you remember the day I did it, George?"

George could not remember that. "Not particularly," he answered.

"Oh, George! It was the day when I was frightened by seeing that snake—or whatever it was. You and I and Charlotte Pain were there. We took refuge in Bray's house."

"Refuge from the snake?" asked George.

Maria laughed. "Lady Godolphin came up, and said I ought to go there and rest, and take some water. How terribly frightened I was! I can recel it still. Bray wanted to marry us afterwards," she continued, laughing more heartily.

"Bray would have married me to both of you, you and Charlotte, for a crown apiece," said George.

"Were you in earnest—when you asked me to let him do it?" she dreamily inquired, after a pause, her thoughts cast back to the past.

"I dare say I was, Maria. We do foolish things sometimes. Had you said yes, I should have thought you a silly girl afterwards for your pains."

"Of course you would. Do you see that old Welshwoman in the doorway?" resumed Maria, pointing to the drawing. "She was a nice old body, in spite of her pipe. I wonder whether she is alive? Perhaps Margery knows. Margery had a letter from her sister this morning."

"Had she?" carelessly returned George. "I saw there was a letter for her with the Scotch postmark. Has Bray come to grief yet?"

"I fancy they are always in grief, by the frequency of the appeals to Margery. Lady Godolphin is kind to the wife. She tells Margery if it were not for my lady, she should starve."

An arrival was heard as Maria spoke, and George rang the bell. It was answered by Maria's maid, but George said he wanted the butler. The man appeared.

"Is Mr. Verrall come?"

"No, sir. It is Mr. Godolphin."

"When Mr. Verrall comes, show him into the bank parlour, and call me. I wish to see him before he goes into the drawing-room."

The man departed with his order. George went into the bedroom, which was adjoining. A few minutes, and some one else was heard to

come in, and run up the stairs with eager steps. It was followed by an impatient knocking at Maria's door.

"It proved to be Isaac Hastings. A fine-looking young man, with a sensible countenance. "Have they gone in to dinner yet, Maria?" he hastily cried.

"No. It is not time. Nobody's come but Mr. Godolphin."

"I did such a stupid trick. I——"

"Is it you, Isaac?" interrupted George, returning to the room. "I could not think who it was, rushing up."

"I wanted to catch you, sir, before you went in to dinner," replied Isaac, holding out a letter to George. "It came for you this afternoon," he continued, "and I put it, as I thought, in the rack; and one for myself, which also came, I put in my pocket. Just now I found I had brought away yours, and left mine."

"Yours is in the rack now," said George. "I wondered what brought it there. Hurde said you sorted the letters."

He took the letter, glanced at its superscription, and retired to the window to read it. There appeared to be but a very few lines. George read it twice over, and then lifted his flushed face—flushed as it seemed with pain—with a perplexed, hopeless sort of expression. Maria could see his face in the pier-glass. She turned to him:

"George, what is it? You have had bad news!"

He crushed the letter in his hand: "Bad news! Nothing of the sort. Why should you think that? It is a business letter that I ought to have had yesterday, though, and I am vexed at the delay."

He left the room again. Isaac prepared to depart.

"Will you stay and take tea with me, Isaac?" asked Maria. "I have dined. I am expecting Rose."

"I am out at tea already," answered Isaac, with a laugh. "I was at Grace's. We were beginning tea, when I put my hand in my pocket to take out the letter, and found it was Mr. George Godolphin's."

"You were not in a hurry to read your own letter," returned Maria.

"No. I knew who it was from. There was no hurry. I ran all the way from Grace's here, and now I must run back again. Good-by, Maria."

Isaac went. George was in and out of the room, walking about in a restless manner. Several arrivals had been heard, and Maria felt sure that all the guests, or nearly all, must have come. "Why don't you go to them, George?" she asked.

The hour for dinner struck as she spoke, and George quitted the room. He did not enter the drawing-room, but went down and spoke to the butler.

"Is Mr. Verrall not come yet?"

"No, sir. Every one else is here."

George retraced his steps up-stairs and entered the drawing-room. He was gay George again; handsome George; not a line of perplexity could be traced on his open brow, not a shade of care in his bright blue eye. He shook hands with his guests, offering only a half apology for his tardiness, and saying that he knew his brother was there to replace him.

Some minutes of busy conversation, and then it flagged: another few

minutes of it, and a second flag. Thomas Godolphin whispered his brother, "George, I should not wait. Mr. Verrall cannot be coming."

George went quite red, apparently with anger. "Not be coming? Of course he is coming! There's nothing likely to detain him."

Thomas said no more. But the waiting—well, you all know what it is, this awkward waiting for dinner. By-and-by the butler looked into the room. George thought it might be a hint that the dinner was spoiling, and he reluctantly gave orders for serving.

A knock at the door—a loud knock—resounding through the house. George Godolphin's face lighted up. "There he is!" he exclaimed. "But it was too bad of him to keep us waiting."

There he is *not*, George might have said, could he have looked through the closed door at the applicant standing there. It was only an evening visitor for Maria, pretty Rose Hastings.

II.

A REVELATION IN THE ASH-TREE WALK.

THE dinner-table was spacious, consequently the absence of one at it, was conspicuous. Mr. Verrall's chair was still left: he would come yet, George said. There was no clergyman present, and Thomas Godolphin said the grace. He sat at the foot of the table, opposite to his brother.

"We are thirteen!" exclaimed Sir John Pevans, a young baronet, who had been reared to be a milksop, and feared consumption for himself. "I don't much like it. It is the ominous number, you know."

Some of them laughed. "What is that peculiar superstition?" asked Colonel Max. "I have never been able to understand it."

"The superstition is, that if a party of thirteen sit down to dinner, one of them is sure to die before the year is out," replied young Pevans, speaking with grave seriousness.

"Why is thirteen not as good a number to sit down as any other?" cried Colonel Max, humouring the baronet. "As good as fourteen, for instance?"

"It's the odd number."

"The odd number. It's no more the odd number, Pevans, than any other number's odd, that's not even. What do you say to eleven?—what do you say to fifteen?"

"I can't explain it," returned Sir John. "I only know that the superstition does exist, and that I have noticed, in more instances than one, that it has been borne out. Three or four parties who have sat down to dinner thirteen, have lost one of them before the year has come round. You laugh at me, of course; I have been laughed at before: but, suppose you notice it now? We are thirteen of us: see if we are all alive by the end of the year."

Thomas Godolphin, in his inmost heart, thought it not unlikely that one of them, at any rate, would not be there. Several faces were broad with amusement: the most serious of them was Lord Averil's.

"You don't believe in it, Averil!" uttered Colonel Max, in surprise, as he gazed at him.

"I!" was the answer. "Certainly not. Why should you ask it?"

"You look so grave over it."

"I never like to joke, though it be but by a smile, on the subject of death," replied Lord Averil. "I once received a lesson upon the point, and it will serve me for my life."

"Will your lordship tell us what it was?" interposed Sir John, who had been introduced to Lord Averil that day for the first time.

"I cannot tell it now," replied Lord Averil. "It is not a subject suited to a merry party," he frankly added. "But it would not tend to bear out your superstition, Sir John: you are possibly thinking that it might."

"If I have sat down once thirteen, I have sat down fifty times," cried Colonel Max, "and we all lived the year out and many a year on to it. I'd not mention such nonsense again, were I you, Sir John."

Sir John did not answer for a moment: he was enjoying his first glass of sparkling wine. "Only notice, that's all," nodded he. "I don't want to be a croaker, but I *don't* like to sit down thirteen."

"Could we not make Verrall the scapegoat, and invoke the evil to fall on *his* head?" cried a mocking voice. "It is his fault."

"Sir John," interrupted another, "how do you calculate the time? Is the damage to accrue before this veritable year of grace is out; or do you give us full twelve months from this evening?"

"Ridicule me as much as you like," said Sir John, good humouredly. "All I say is, Notice. If every one of us, now sitting here, is alive this time twelvemonth, then I'll not put faith in it again. I hope we shall be!"

"I hope we shall be, too," acquiesced Colonel Max. "You are a social subject, though, to invite to dinner, Pevans! I should fancy Mr. George Godolphin is thinking so."

Mr. George Godolphin appeared to be thinking of something that rendered him somewhat distraught. In point of fact, his duties as host were considerably broken in upon by listening to the door. Above the conversation, the clatter of plates, the drawing of corks, his ear was alive, hoping for the knock that should announce Mr. Verrall. It was of course strange that he neither came nor sent. But no knock seemed to come: and George could only rally his powers and forget Mr. Verrall.

It was a *recherché* repast. George Godolphin's state dinners always were. No trouble or expense was spared at them. Luxuries, in season and out of season, would be there. The turtle would seem richer at his table than at any other, the venison more than venison; the Moselle was of a fuller flavour, the sparkling hermitage was of the rarest vintage. The dinner this day did not disgrace its predecessors, and the guests appeared to enjoy themselves to the utmost, in spite of the absence of Mr. Verrall, and Sir John Pevans's prognostications thereon.

The evening was drawing on, and some of the gentlemen were solacing themselves with a cup of coffee, when the butler slipped a note into his master's hand. "The man is waiting for an answer, sir," he whispered.

George glided out of the room, opened the note, and read it. So fully impressed had he been with the conviction that it came from Mr. Verrall, explaining the cause of his absence, that he positively had to read it twice over before he could take in the fact fully that it was not

from Mr. Verrall at all. A very few lines in pencil, dated from the principal inn of the place, and running as follows :

"DEAR GODOLPHIN,—I am ill and creaky, and have halted here mid-way in my journey, to get a night's rest, before going on again, which I must do at six in the morning. Come in for half an hour, there's a good fellow ! I don't know when we may meet again. The regiment embarks to-morrow ; and it can't embark without me. Come at once, or I shall be gone to bed.

"G. ST. AUBYN."

One burning desire, almost irrepressible, had hung over George all the evening—that he could run up to Verrall's and learn the cause of his absence. Mr. Verrall's absence in itself would not in the least have troubled George ; but he had a most urgent reason for wishing to see him : hence his anxiety. To leave his guests to themselves, and do so, would have been scarcely the thing : but this note appeared to afford just the excuse wanting. At any rate, George determined to make it the excuse.

"One of the waiters brought this, I suppose, Pierce ?" he said to the butler.

"Yes, sir."

"My compliments, and I will be with Captain St. Aubyn directly."

George went into the room again. Intending to proclaim his proposed absence, and plead Captain St. Aubyn's illness (which he would put in a strong light) as his justification for the inroad upon good manners. A sudden thought came over him that he would only tell Thomas. George drew him aside.

"Thomas, you'll be host for me for half an hour," he whispered. "St. Aubyn has just sent me an urgent summons to go and see him at the Bell. He was passing through Prior's Ash, and is forced to halt and lie up : very ill."

"Won't to-morrow morning do ?" asked Thomas.

"He goes on at six. The regiment embarks to-morrow. I'll be back before they have had time to miss me. If they do miss me, say it is a duty of friendship that any one of them would have answered, as I am doing, if called upon. I'll soon be back."

Away he went. Thomas felt unusually well that evening, and exerted himself for his brother. Once out of the house, George hesitated. Should he dash up to Lady Godolphin's Folly first, and ease his mind, or should he go first to the Bell ? The Bell was very near, but in the opposite direction to Ashlydyat. He turned first to the Bell, and was soon in the presence of Captain St. Aubyn.

They had been long friends, the two : first at school ; then at college ; and since, up to now. St. Aubyn was of the same county, but from its extreme confines. George had seen him some days before, and had then wished him God speed. He was bound for Malta.

"I am sorry to have sent for you," exclaimed Captain St. Aubyn, holding out his hand to George. "I hear you have friends this evening."

"It is just the kindest thing you could have done for me," impulsively answered George. "I would have given a five-pound note out of

my pocket for a plea to absent myself; and your letter came and afforded it."

What more he chose to explain was between themselves: it was not much: and in five minutes George was on his way to Lady Godolphin's Folly. On he strode, his eager legs scarcely touching the ground. He lifted his hat and bared his brow, hot with anxiety, to the night air. It was a very light night, the moon high; and, as George pushed through the dark grove on the grounds of the Folly, he saw Charlotte Pain emerge from the same at a little distance, a dark shawl, or mantle, thrown completely over her head and figure, apparently for the purpose of disguise or concealment. Her face was turned for a moment towards the moonlight, and there was no mistaking the features of Charlotte Pain. Then she crouched down, and sped along under the friendly cover of the trees. George hastened to overtake her.

But when he got up with her, as he thought, there was no Charlotte there. There was no anybody. Where had she crept to? How had she disappeared? She must have plunged among the trees again. But George was in too much haste then to see Mr. Verrall, to puzzle himself over Charlotte. He crossed to the terrace and rang at the bell.

Were the servants making merry? He had to ring again. A tolerable peal this time. Its echoes might have been heard at Ashlydyat.

"Is Mr. Verrall at home?"

"No, sir. Mrs. Pain is."

"Mrs. Pain is not," thought George to himself. But he followed the man to the drawing-room.

To his indescribable astonishment, there sat Charlotte, at work. She was in evening dress, her gown and hair interlaced with jewels. Calmly and quietly sat she, very quietly for her, her King Charley reposing upon a chair at her side, fast asleep. It was next to impossible to fancy, or believe, that she could have been outside a minute or two ago, scudding in and out of the trees, as if dodging somebody, perhaps himself. And yet, had it been necessary, George thought he could have sworn that the face he saw was the face of Charlotte. So bewildered did he feel, as to be diverted for a moment from the business which had taken him there.

"You may well be surprised!" cried Charlotte, looking at him; and George noticed, as she spoke, that she was unusually pale, not a vestige of colour in her cheeks or lips. "To see me at work is one of the world's wonders. A crochet mat took my fancy to-day in a shop, and I bought it, thinking I'd make one like it. Instead of that, I have managed to unravel the other."

She pointed on the ground as she spoke. There, half covered by her dress, lay a heap of crinkled-looking cotton; no doubt the unravelled-out mat. Charlotte was plying the needle again with assiduity, her eyes fixed on the pattern of instruction at her elbow.

"How very quickly you must have come in!" exclaimed George.

"Come in from where?" asked Charlotte.

"As I came to the door, I saw you stooping down near the grove on the left, something dark over your head."

"You fancied it," said Charlotte. "I have not been out."

"But I certainly did see you," repeated George. "I could not be mistaken. You—were I fanciful, Charlotte, I should say you were in

mischievous, and wanted to escape observation. You were stooping down under shade of the trees and running along quickly."

Charlotte lifted her face and looked at him with wondering eyes. "Are you joking, or are you in earnest?" asked she.

"I never was more in earnest in my life. I could have staked my life upon its being you."

"Then I assure you I have not stirred out of this room since I came into it after dinner. What possessed me to try at this senseless work, I cannot tell," she added, flinging it to the other end of the room in a momentary accession of temper. "It has given me the headache, and they brought some tea to me."

"You are looking very pale," remarked George.

"Am I? I don't often get such a headache as this. The pain is here, over my left temple. Bathe it for me, will you, George?"

A handkerchief and some eau-de-Cologne were lying on the table by her. George gallantly undertook the office: but he could not overget his wonder. "I'll tell you what, Charlotte. If it was not yourself, it must have been your——"

"It must have been my old blind black dog," interrupted Charlotte. "He has a habit of creeping about the trees at night. There! I am sure that's near enough. I don't believe it was anything."

"Your double I was going to say," persisted George. "I never saw your face, if I did not think I saw it then. It proves how mistaken we may be. Where's Verrall? A pretty trick he played me this evening."

"What trick?" repeated Charlotte. "Verrall's gone to London."

"Gone to London!" shouted George, his tone one of painful dismay. "It cannot be."

"It *is*," said Charlotte. "When I got in from our ride I found Verrall going off by the train. He had received a telegraphic message, which took him up."

"Why did he not call upon me? He knew—he knew—the necessity there was for me to see him. He ought to have come."

"I conclude he was in a hurry to catch the train," said Charlotte.

"Why did he not send?"

"He did send. I heard him send a verbal message by one of the servants: to the effect that he was summoned unexpectedly to London, and could not, therefore, attend your dinner. How early you have broken up!"

"We have not broken up. I left my guests to see after Verrall. No message was brought to me."

"Then I will inquire," began Charlotte, rising. George gently pushed her back.

"It is of little consequence," he said. "It might have saved me some suspense; but I am glad I got the dinner over without knowing it. I must see Verrall."

Charlotte carried her point, and rang the bell. "If you are glad, George, it is no extenuation for the negligence of the servants. They may be forgetting some message of more importance, if they are left unimproved now."

"But, forgotten, the message had not been. The servant, it appeared,

had misunderstood his master, and carried the message to Ashlydyat, instead of to the bank.

"How very stupid he must have been!" uttered Charlotte to George, when the explanation had been arrived at. "Sometimes I think servants have but half their share of brains."

"Charlotte, I must see Verrall. I had a letter this evening from London which I ought to have had yesterday, and it has driven me to my wits' end."

"About the old business?" questioned Charlotte.

"Just so. Look here."

He took the letter from his pocket: the letter brought back to him by Isaac Hastings, and which he had assured Maria had not contained bad news: opened it, and handed it to Charlotte for her perusal. Better, possibly, for Mr. George Godolphin that he had made a bosom friend of his wife than of Charlotte Pain! Better for gentlemen in general, it may be, that they should tell their secrets to their wives than to their wives' rivals—however comprehensive the fascinations of these latter ladies may be. George, however, made his own bed, as we all do; and George would have to lie upon it.

"What am I to do, Charlotte?"

Charlotte sat bending over the note, and pressing her forehead. Her look was one of perplexity; perplexity great as George's.

"It is a dangerous position," she said at length. "If not averted——"

She came to a dead pause, and their eyes met.

"Ay!" he repeated—"if not averted! Nothing would remain for me but——"

"Hush, George," said she, laying her hand upon his lips, and then letting it fall upon his hand, where it remained.

There they sat, it is hard to say how long, heads together, talking earnestly. Charlotte was in his full confidence. Whatever may have been the nature, the depth of his perplexities, she fathomed them. At length George sprang up with a start.

"I am forgetting everything! I forgot those people were at home, waiting for me. Charlotte, I must go."

She rose, put her arm within his, and took a step with him, as if she would go to let him out. Perhaps she was in the habit of letting him out.

"Not there! not that way!" she abruptly said, for George was turning to unclosethe shutter of the window. "Come into the next room, and I'll open that."

The next room was dark. They opened the window, and stood yet a minute within the room, talking anxiously still. Then he quitted her, and went forth.

He intended to take the lonely road homewards, that dark, narrow road you may remember to have heard of, where the ash-trees met overhead, and, as report went, a ghost was in the habit of taking walking exercise by night. George had no thoughts for ghosts just then: he had a "ghost" within him, frightful enough to scare away a whole lane full. Nevertheless, George Godolphin did take a step back with a start, when, just inside the Ash-tree walk, after passing the turnstile, there came a dismal groan from some dark figure seated on a broken bench.

It was all dark together there. The thick ash-trees hid the moon; George had just emerged from where her beams shone bright and open; and not at first did he distinguish who it was, sitting there. But his eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity.

"Thomas!" he uttered in consternation. "Is it you?"

For answer, Thomas Godolphin caught hold of his brother, bent forward, and laid his forehead upon George's arm, another deep groan breaking from him.

That George Godolphin would rather have been waylaid by a real ghost, than by his brother at that particular time and place, was certain. It may be very charming to a schoolboy to steal cherry-pudding, but it's not pleasant to be caught coming out of the pantry by the master. Better that the whole world should detect any undue anxiety for Mr. Verrall's companionship just then, than that Thomas Godolphin should. At least, George thought so: but conscience makes the best of us cowards. Nevertheless, he gave his earnest sympathy to his brother.

"Lean on me, Thomas. Let me support you. How have you been taken ill?"

Another minute, and the paroxysm of pain was past. Thomas wiped the dew from his brow, and George sat down on the narrow bench beside him.

"How came you to be here alone, Thomas? Where is your carriage?"

"I ordered the carriage early, and it came just as you had gone out," explained Thomas. "Feeling well, I sent it away, saying I would walk home. The pain overtook me just as I reached this spot, and but for the bench I should have fallen. But, George, what brings *you* here?" was the next very natural question. "You told me you were going to the Bell."

"So I was; so I did," said George, speaking volubly. "St. Aubyn I found very poorly: I told him he would be best in bed, and came away. It was a nice night; I felt inclined for a run, so I came up here to ask Verrall what had kept him away. He was sent for to London, it seems, and the stupid servant took his apology to Ashlydyat, instead of to the bank."

Thomas Godolphin might well have rejoined, "If Verrall is away, where have you stopped?" But he made no remark.

"Are they all gone?" asked George, alluding to his guests.

"They are all gone. I made it right with them respecting your absence. My being there was almost the same thing: they appeared to regard it so. George, I believe I must have your arm as far as the house. See what an old man I am getting."

"Will you not rest longer? I am in no hurry, as they have gone. What can this pain be, that seems to be attacking you of late?"

"Has it never occurred to you what it may be?" quietly rejoined Thomas.

"No," replied George. But he noticed that Thomas's tone was peculiar one, and he began to run over in his own mind all the pharmacopœia of ailments that flesh is heir to. "It cannot be rheumatism, can it, Thomas?"

"It is something worse than rheumatism," said Thomas, in his
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serene, ever-thoughtful tone. "A short while, George, and you will be master of Ashlydyat."

George's heart seemed to stand still, and then bound onwards in a tumult. The words struck upon every chord of feeling he possessed—struck from more causes than one.

"What do you mean, Thomas? What do you fear may be the matter with you?"

"Do you remember what killed our mother?"

There was a painful pause. "Oh, Thomas!"

"It is so," said Thomas, quietly.

"I hope you are mistaken! I *hope* you are mistaken!" reiterated George. "Have you had advice? You must have advice."

"I have had it. Snow confirms my own suspicions. I desired the truth."

"Who's Snow?" returned George, disparagingly. "Go to London, Thomas; consult the best men there. Or telegraph for one of them down to you."

"For the satisfaction of you all, I may do so," he replied. "But it cannot benefit me, George."

"Good Heavens, what a dreadful thing!" uttered George, with feeling. "What a blow to fall upon you!"

"You would regard it so, were it to fall upon you; and naturally. You are young, joyous; you have your wife and children. I have none of these attributes: and—if I had them all, we are in the hands of One who knows what is best."

George Godolphin did not feel very joyous just then: had not felt particularly joyous for a long time. Somehow, his own inward care was more palpable to him than this news, sad though it was, imparted by his brother. He lifted his right hand to his temples and kept it there. Thomas suffered his own hand to fall upon George's left, which rested on his knee. A more holy contact than that imparted by Mrs. Charlotte Pain's.

"Don't grieve, George. I am more than resigned. I think of it as a happy change. This world, take it at its best, is full of care: if we seem free from it one year, it only falls upon us more unsparingly the next. It is wisely ordered: were the world made too pleasant to us, we might be wishing that it could be our permanent home."

Heaven knew that George had enough care upon him. *He* knew it. But he was not yet weary of the world. Few do weary of it, whatever may be their care, until they have learned to look for a better.

"In the days gone by, I have felt tempted to wonder why Ethel should have been taken," resumed Thomas Godolphin. "I see now how merciful the fiat was. George, I have been more thoughtfully observant, perhaps, than many are; and I have learnt to see, to know, how marvellously all these fiats are fraught with mercy; full of dark sorrow as they may seem to us. It would have been a bitter trial to me to leave her here unprotected; in deep sorrow; perhaps with young children. I scarcely think I could have been reconciled to go; and I know what her grief would have been. All's for the best."

Most rare was it for undemonstrative Thomas Godolphin thus to express his hidden sentiments. George never knew him to do so before. The time and place were peculiarly fitted for it: the still, light

night, telling of peacefulness; the shady trees around, the blue sky overhead. In these paroxysms of the disease, Thomas felt brought almost face to face with death.

"It will be a blow to Janet!" exclaimed George, the thought striking him.

"She will feel it as one."

"Thomas! can *nothing* be done for you?" was the impulsive rejoinder, spoken in all hearty good feeling.

"Could it be done for my mother, George?"

"I know. But, since then, science has made strides. Diseases, once deemed incurable, yield now to skill and enlightenment. I wish you would go to London!"

"There are some few diseases which bring death with them, in spite of human skill: which will bring it to the end of time," rejoined Thomas Godolphin. "This is one."

"Well, Thomas, you have given me my pill for to-night: and for a great many more nights; and days too. I *wish* I had not heard it! But that, you will say, is a wish savouring only of selfishness. It is a dreadful affliction for you! Thomas, I must say it—a dreadful affliction."

"The disease, or the ending, do you mean?" Thomas asked, with a smile.

"Both are. But I spoke more particularly of the disease. The disease in itself is a lingering death, and nothing better."

"A lingering death is the most favoured death—as I regard it: a sudden death the most unhappy one. See what time is given me to 'set my house in order,' he added, the sober, pleasant smile deepening. "I must not fail to do it well, must I?"

"And the pain, Thomas! That will be lingering, too."

"I must bear it."

He rose as he spoke, and put his arm within his brother's. George seemed to him then the same powerful protector that he, Thomas, must have seemed to Sir George in that midnight walk at Broomhead. He stood a minute or two, as if gathering his strength, and then walked forward, leaning heavily on George. It was the pain, the excessive agony that so unnerved him: a little while, and he would seem in the possession of his strength again.

"Ay, George, it will soon be yours. I shall not long keep you out of Ashlydyat. I cannot quite tell how you will manage alone at the bank when I am gone," he continued, more in a business tone. "I think of it a great deal. Sometimes I fancy it might be better if you took a staid, sober partner; one of middle age, a thorough man of business. Great confidence has been accorded me, you know, George. I suppose people like my steady habits."

"They like you for your honest integrity," returned George, the words seeming to break from him impulsively. "I shall manage very well, I daresay, when the time comes. I suppose I must settle down to steadiness; to be more like you have been. I can," he continued, in a sort of soliloquy. "I can, and I will."

"And George, you will be a good master," went on Thomas. "Be a kind, considerate, good master to all who shall then be dependent on you."

I have tried to be so : and, now that the end has come, it is, I assure you, a pleasant consciousness to possess—to look back upon. I have a few, very few poor pensioners who may have been a little the better for me : those I shall take care of, and Janet will sometimes see them. But some of the servants lapse to you with Ashlydyat : I speak of them. Make them comfortable. Most of them are already in years : take care of them when they shall be too old to work."

"Oh, I'll do that," said George. "I expect Ja——"

George's words died away. They had turned round the ash-trees, and were in front of the Dark Plain. White enough looked the plain that night; but dark was the Shadow on it. Yes, it was there! The dark, the portentous, the terrific Shadow of Ashlydyat!

They stood still. Perhaps their hearts stood still. Who can know? A man would rather confess to an unholy deed, than acknowledge his belief in a ghostly superstition.

"How dark it is to-night!" broke from George.

In truth, it had never been darker, never more intensely distinct. If, as the popular belief went, the evil to overtake the Godolphins was foreshadowed to be greater or less, according to the darker or lighter hue of the Shadow, why then never did the like ill fall on the Godolphins, that was to fall now.

"It is black, not dark," replied Thomas, in answer to George's remark. "I never saw it black as it is now. Last night it was comparatively light."

George turned his gaze quickly upwards to the moon. Searching in the aspect of that luminary a solution of the black shade of to-night. "There's no difference!" he cried aloud. "The moon was as bright as this, last night, but no brighter. I don't think it could be brighter. You say the Shadow was there last night, Thomas?"

"Yes. But not so dark."

"But, Thomas! you were ill last night; you could not see it."

"I came as far as the turnstile here with Lord Averil. He called at Ashlydyat after leaving Lady Godolphin's Folly. I was better then, and strolled out of the house with him."

"Did he see the Shadow?"

"I don't know. It was there; but not very distinct. He did not appear to observe it. We were passing quickly, and talking about my illness."

"Did you impart to Lord Averil any hint of what your illness may be?" asked George, hastily.

"Not an indication of it. Janet, Snow, and you are my only confidants as yet. Bexley partially so. Were that Shadow to be seen by Prior's Ash, and the fact of my illness to transpire, people would be for saying that it was a forewarning of my end," he continued, with a grave smile, as he and George turned to pursue their road to Ashlydyat.

They reached the porch in silence. George shook hands with his brother. "Don't you attempt to come to business to-morrow," he said. "I will come up in the evening, and see you."

"Won't you come in now, George?"

"Not now. Good night, Thomas. I heartily wish you better."

George turned and retraced his steps, past the ash-trees, past the Dark

Plain. Intensely black the Shadow did certainly look : blacker even than when he had passed it just before—at least so it appeared to George's eyes. He halted a moment, quite struck with the sombre hue. "Thomas said it appeared but light last night," he half muttered : "and for *him* death cannot be much of an evil. Superstitious Janet, daft Margery, would both say that the evil affects me; that I am to bring it!" he added, with a smile of mockery at the words. "Angry enough it certainly looks!"

It did look angry. But George vouchsafed it no further attention. He had too much on his mind to give heed to shadows, even though were the ominous Shadow of Ashlydyat. George, as he had said to Charlotte Pain, was pretty near at his wits' end. One of his minor perplexities was, how he should get to London. He had urgent necessity for proceeding thither in search of Mr. Verrall, and equally urgent was it that the expedition should be kept from the knowledge of Thomas Godolphin. What convenient excuse could he invent for his absence?

Rapidly arranging his plans, he proceeded again to the Bell Inn, held a few minutes' confidential conversation with Captain St. Aubyn, waking that gentleman out of his first sleep to hold it—not that he by any means enlightened *him* as to any trouble that might be running riot with his brain—and then went straight home. Maria came forward to meet him.

"How is poor Captain St. Aubyn, George? Very ill?"

"Very. How did you know anything about it, Maria?"

"Thomas told me you had been sent for. Thomas came to my sitting-room before he left, after the rest were gone. You have stayed a good while with him."

"Ay. What should you say if I were to go back and stop the night with him?" asked George, half jokingly.

"Is he so ill as that?"

"And also to accompany him a stage or two on his journey to-morrow morning? He starts at six, and he is about as fit to travel as an invalid first out of bed after a month's illness."

"Do you really mean that you are going to do all that, George?" she inquired, in surprise.

George nodded. "I do not fancy Thomas will be here to-morrow, Maria. Ask to speak to Isaac. Tell him that I shall be home some time in the afternoon, but I have gone out of town a few miles with a sick friend. He can say so if I am particularly inquired for."

George went to his bedroom. Maria followed him. He was changing his dress-coat and waistcoat, and he took an over-coat upon his arm. Then he looked at his watch.

"What is the time?" asked Maria.

"Twenty minutes past eleven. Good night, my darling."

She fondly held his face down to hers while he kissed her, giving him—as George had once saucily told her she would do—kiss for kiss. There was no shame in it now; only love. "Oh, George, my dearest, mind you come back safe and well to me!" she murmured, the tears filling her eyes.

"Don't I always come back safe and well to you, you foolish child! Take care of yourself, Maria."

He went down stairs, unlocked the large door which shut in the bank

premises, and entered the manager's room—his own. Unlocking his desk, he took from it one or two things that he required, and was re-locking it when Maria came in.

"I found this on the floor of our room, George. I think you must have dropped it."

It was the letter which had caused George such tribulation. "Thank you," he said eagerly, wondering at his carelessness; for it would not have been altogether agreeable had that letter been found and read by indiscriminate people. In changing some things from one coat to the other, he must have dropped it.

"Must you really go, George?"

"And this minute, too. One more good-by, my dearest."

Their last farewell, their last kiss was taken, Maria's hand lingering in his. Could she have divined that Mr. George's tender adieux sometimes strayed elsewhere!—that his confidences were given, but not to her! George locked the door, and Maria took the key, to deposit it in its place. He then went out at the hall door, and closed it after him.

It was well Maria did not watch him away! Well for her astonishment. Instead of going to the Bell Inn, he turned short round to the left, and took the cross cut which led to the railway. Gaining the station in time to catch the express train, which passed through Prior's Ash at midnight for London.

III.

MR. VERRALL'S CHAMBERS.

IN thoroughly handsome chambers towards the west end of London, fitted up with a costly elegance more in accordance (one would think) with a place consecrated to the refinements of life, than to business, there sat one morning a dark gentleman, of most staid and respectable appearance. To look at his clean, smoothly-shaven face, his grey hair, his gold-rimmed spectacles, his staid appearance altogether, every item of which carried respectability with it, you might have trusted the man at the first glance. In point of fact, he was got up *to be* trusted. A fire was pleasant on those spring mornings, and a large and clear one burnt in the burnished grate. Miniature statues, and other articles possessing, one must suppose, some rare excellence, gave to the room an artistic look; and the venerable gentleman (venerable in staid respectability, you must understand, more than from age, for his years were barely fifty) sat enjoying its blaze, and culling choice morsels from the *Times*. The money article, the prices of stock, a large insolvency case, and other news, especially acceptable to men of business, being eagerly read by him.

An architect might go and take a model of these chambers, so artistically were they arranged. A client could pass into any one of the three rooms, and not come out by the same door; he might go up to them by the wide and handsome staircase, and descend by means of a ladder, and emerge in a back street. Not altogether a ladder, literally speaking; but by a staircase so narrow as to deserve the name. It did happen, once in a way, that a gentleman might prefer that means of exit, even if he did not of entrance. These chambers were, not to keep you longer in suspense, the offices of the great bill-discounting firm, Trueworthy and Co.

One peculiar feature in their internal economy was, that no client ever got to see Mr. Trueworthy. He was too great a man to stoop to business in his own proper person: he was taking his pleasure in the East; or he was on a visit to some foreign court, the especial guest of its imperial head; or sojourning with his bosom friend the Duke of Dorsetshire at his shooting-box; or reposing at his own country-seat; or ill in bed with the gout: from one or other of these contingencies Mr. Trueworthy was invariably invisible. It happened now and then that there was a disturbance in these elegant chambers, caused by some ill-bred and ill-advised gentleman, who persisted in saying that he had been treated hardly—in point of fact, ruined. One or two had, on these occasions, broadly asserted their conviction that there was no Mr. Trueworthy: but of course their ravings, whether on the score of their own wrongs, or on the non-existence of that estimable gentleman, whose fashionable movements might have filled a weekly column of the Court Circular, were taken for what they were worth.

In the years gone by—but a very few years, though—the firm had owned another head: at any rate, another name. A young and fair man, who had disdained the exclusiveness adopted by his successor, and deemed himself not too great a mortal to be seen of men. This unfortunate principal had managed his affairs very badly. In some way or other, he came to grief. Perhaps the blame lay in his youth. Somebody was so wicked as to prefer against him a charge of swindling; and ill-natured tongues said it would go hard with him—fifteen years at least. What they meant by the last phrase, they best knew. Like many another charge, it never came to anything. The very hour before he would have been captured, he made his escape, and never since had been seen or heard of. Some surmised that he was dead, some that he was in hiding abroad: only one thing was certain; that into this country he could not again enter.

All that, however, was past and gone. The gentleman, Mr. Brompton, sitting at his ease over his newspaper, his legs stretched out to the blaze, was the confidential manager and head of the office: half the applicants did not know but he was the principal: strangers, at first, invariably believed that he was. A lower satellite, a clerk, or whatever he might be, sat in an outer room and bowed in the clients, his bow showing far more deference to this gentleman, than to the clients themselves. How could they suppose he was anything less than the principal?

On this morning, there went up the broad staircase a gentleman whose remarkable good looks drew the eyes of the passers-by towards him, as he got out of the cab which brought him. The clerk took a hasty step forward, to impede his progress, for the gentleman was crossing the office with a bold step: and all steps might not be admitted to that inner room. The gentleman, however, put up his hand, as if to say, Don't you know me? and went on. The clerk, who at the first moment had probably not had time to recognise him, threw open the inner door.

"Mr. George Godolphin, sir."

Mr. George Godolphin strode on. He was evidently not on familiar terms with the gentleman, who rose to receive him, for he did not shake hands. His tone and manner were courteous.

"Is Mr. Verrall here?"

"He is not here, Mr. Godolphin. I am not sure that he will be here to-day."

"I must see him," said George, firmly. "I have followed him to town to see him. You know that he came up yesterday?"

"Yes. I met him last night."

"I should suppose, as he was sent for unexpectedly—which I hear was the case—that he was sent for on business; and therefore that he would be here to-day," pursued George.

"I am not sure of it. He left it an open question."

George looked uncommonly perplexed. "I must see him, and I must be back at Prior's Ash during business hours to-day. I want to catch the eleven down-train if I can."

"Can I do for you as well as Mr. Verrall?" asked Mr. Brompton, after a pause.

"No, you can't. Verrall I must see. It is very strange you don't know whether he is to be here, or not."

"It happens to-day that I do not know. Mr. Verrall left it last night, I say, an open question."

"It is the loss of time that I am thinking of," returned George. "You see if I go down now to his residence, he may have left it to come up; and we should just miss each other."

"Very true," assented Mr. Brompton.

George stood a moment in thought, and then turned on his heel, and departed. "Do you know whether Mr. Verrall will be up this morning?" he asked of the clerk, as he passed through the outer room.

The clerk shook his head. "I am unable to say, sir."

George went down to the cab, and entered it. "Where to, sir?" asked the driver, as he closed the door.

"The South-Western Railway."

As the echo of George's footsteps died away on the stairs, Mr. Brompton, first slipping the bolt of the door which led into the clerk's room, opened the door of another room. A double door, thoroughly well padded, deadening all semblance of sound between the apartments. It was a larger and more luxurious room still. Two gentlemen were seated in it; by a similar bright fire: though, to look at the face of the one—a young man, whose handkerchief, as it lay carelessly on the table beside him, bore a viscount's coronet—nobody would have thought the fire was needed. His face was of a glowing red, and he was talking in angry excitement, but with a tone and manner somewhat subdued, as if he were in the presence of a master, and dared not put forth his mettle. In short, he looked something like a caged lion. Opposite to him, listening with cold, imperturbable courtesy, his face utterly impassive, as it ever was, his eyes calm, his yellow hair in perfect order, his moustaches smooth, his elbows resting on the arms of his chair, and the tips of his fingers meeting, on one of which fingers shone a monster diamond of the purest water, was Mr. Verrall. Early as the hour was, glasses and champagne stood on the table.

Mr. Brompton telegraphed a sign to Mr. Verrall, and he came out, leaving the viscount to waste his anger upon air. The viscount might rely on one thing: that it was just as good to bestow it upon air as upon Mr. Verrall, for all the impression it would make on the latter.

"Godolphin has been here," said Mr. Brompton, keeping the thick doors carefully closed.

"He has followed me to town, then! I thought he might. It is of no use my seeing him. If he won't go deeper into the mire, why, the explosion must come."

"He must go deeper into it," remarked Mr. Brompton.

"He holds out against it, and words seem wasted on him. Where's he gone?"

"Down to your house, I expect. He says he must be back home to-day, but must see you first. I thought you would not care to meet him, so said I didn't know whether you'd be here or not."

Mr. Verrall mused. "Yes, I'll see him. I can't deal with him altogether as I do with others. And he has been a lucky card to us."

Mr. Verrall went back to his viscount, who by that time was striding in the most explosive manner up and down the room. Mr. Brompton sat down to his newspaper again, and his interesting news of the Insolvent Court.

In one of the most charming villas on the banks of the Thames, a villa which literally lacked nothing desirable, that money could buy, sums of which had been lavished upon it, sat Mrs. Verrall at a late breakfast, on that same morning. She jumped up with a little scream at the sight of George Godolphin crossing the velvet lawn.

"What ill news have you come to tell me? Is Charlotte killed? or is Lady Godolphin's Folly on fire?"

"Charlotte was well when I left her, and the Folly standing," replied George, throwing care momentarily to the winds, as he was sure to do in the presence of a pretty woman.

"She *will* be killed, you know, some day; with those horses of hers," rejoined Mrs. Verrall. "What have you come for, then, at this unexpected hour?" When Verrall arrived last night, he said you were dinner-holding at Prior's Ash."

"I want to see Verrall. Is he up yet?"

"Up! He was up and away, ages before I awoke. He went up early to the office."

George paused: "I have been to the office, and Mr. Brompton said he did not know whether he would be there to-day at all."

"Oh, well, I don't know," returned Mrs. Verrall, believing she might have made an inconvenient admission. "When he goes up to town, I assume he goes to the office; but he may be bound to the wilds of Siberia for anything I can tell."

"When do you expect him home?" asked George.

"I did not ask him when," carelessly replied Mrs. Verrall. "It may be to-day, or it may be next month. What will you take for breakfast?"

"I will not take anything," replied George, holding out his hand to depart.

"But you are not going again in this hasty manner! What sort of a visit do you call this?"

"A hasty one," replied George. "I must be at Prior's Ash this afternoon. Any message to Charlotte?"

"Why—yes—I have," said Mrs. Verrall, with some emphasis. "I was

about to despatch a small parcel this very next hour to Charlotte, by post. But—when shall you see her? To-night?"

"I can see her to-night if you wish."

"It would oblige me much. The truth is, it is something I ought to have sent yesterday, and I forgot it. Be sure let her have it to-night."

Mrs. Verrall rang, and a small packet, no larger than a thick letter, was brought in. George took it, and was soon being whirled back to London.

He stepped into a cab at the Waterloo station, telling the man he should have double pay if he'd drive at double speed, and it conveyed him to Mr. Verrall's chambers.

George went straight to Mr. Brompton's room, as before. That gentleman had finished his *Times*, and was buried deep in a pile of letters. "Is Verrall in now?" asked George.

"He is here now, Mr. Godolphin. He was here two minutes after you departed: it's a wonder you did not meet."

George knew the way to Mr. Verrall's room, and was allowed to enter. Mr. Verrall, alone then, turned round with a cordial grasp.

"Halloa!" said he. "We somehow missed this morning. How are you?"

"I say, Verrall, how came you to play me such a trick as to go off in that clandestine manner yesterday?" remonstrated George. "You know the uncertainty I was in: that if I did not get what I hoped to get, I should be on my beam ends."

"My dear fellow, I supposed you had got it. Hearing nothing of you all day, I concluded it had come by the morning's post."

"It had not come, then," returned George, in a crusty tone. In spite of his blind trust in the unbleached good faith of Mr. Verrall, there were moments when a thought would cross him whether that gentleman had been playing a double game. This was one.

"I had a hasty summons, and was obliged to come away without delay," explained Mr. Verrall. "I sent you a message."

"Which I never got," retorted George. "But the message is not the question. See here! A pretty letter this is for a man to receive! It came by the afternoon post."

Mr. Verrall took the letter and digested the contents deliberately; in all probability he had known their substance before. "What do you think of it?" demanded George.

"It's unfortunate," said Mr. Verrall.

"It's ruin," returned George.

"Unless averted. But it must be averted."

"How?"

"There is one way, you know," said Mr. Verrall, after a pause. "I have pointed it out to you already."

"And I wish your tongue had been blistered, Verrall, before you ever had pointed it out to me!" foamed George. "There!"

Mr. Verrall raised his impassive eyebrows. "You must be aware——"

"Man!" interrupted George, his voice hoarse with emotion, as he grasped Mr. Verrall's shoulder, "do you know that the temptation, since you suggested it, is ever standing out before me, like an *ignis fatuus*, beckoning me on to it? Though I know that it would prove nothing but a curse to engulf me."

"Here, George, take this," said Mr. Verrall, pouring out a large tumbler of sparkling wine, and forcing it upon him. "The worst of you is, that you get so excited over things! and then you are sure to look at them in a wrong light. Just hear me for a moment. The pressure is all at this present moment, is it not? If you can lift it, you will recover yourself fast enough. Has it ever struck you," Mr. Verrall added, somewhat abruptly, "that your brother is fading?"

Remembering the scene with his brother on the previous night, George looked very conscious. He simply nodded an answer.

"With Ashlydyat yours, you would recover yourself almost immediately. There would positively be no risk."

"*No risk!*" repeated George, with emphasis.

"I cannot see that there would be. Everything's a risk, if you come to that. We are in risk of earthquakes, of a national bankruptcy, of various other calamities: but the risk that would attend the step I suggested to you is really so slight as not to be called a risk. It never can be known: the chances are as a hundred thousand to one."

"But there remains the one," persisted George.

"To let an exposé come would be an act of madness, at the worst look out; but it is madness and double madness when you may so soon succeed to Ashlydyat."

"Oblige me by not counting upon that, Verrall," said George. "I hope, ill as my brother appears to be, that he may live yet."

"I don't wish to count upon it," returned Mr. Verrall. "It is for you to count upon it, not me. Were I in your place, I should not shut my eyes to the palpable fact. Look here: your object is to get out of this mess?"

"You know it is," said George.

"Very well. I see but one way for you to do it. The money must be raised for it, and how is that to be done? Why, by the means I suggest. It will never be known. A little time, and things can be worked round again."

"I have been thinking to work things round this long while," said George. "And they grow worse instead of better."

"Therefore I say that you should not shut your eyes to the prospect of Ashlydyat. Sit down. Be yourself again, and let us talk things over quietly."

"You see, Verrall, the risk falls wholly upon me."

"And, upon whom the benefit, for which the risk will be incurred?" pointedly returned Mr. Verrall.

"It seems to me that I don't get the lion's share in these benefits," was George's remark.

"Sit down, I say. Can't you be still? Here, take some more wine. There, now let us talk it over."

And, talk it over they did, as may be inferred. For it was a full hour afterwards when George came out. He leaped into the cab, which had waited, telling the man that he must drive as if he were going through fire and water. The man did so: and George arrived at the Paddington station just in time to lose the train.

Ah! when we see these gentlemen flying along in their Hansom cabs, so apparently at their ease, if we could but see also the miserable perplexity that is racking some of their hearts!

CHARLES THE RASH, DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

M. JOSEPH FERRARI, of "Guelf and Ghibelin" repute, traces the commencement of what he calls *cette brillante fantasmagorie* of the Dukes of Burgundy, to the day when John the Second, vanquished and taken prisoner, restored its self-government to the duchy, in granting it to his son Philip the Hardy—his hope being, that the blood royal, supplying the place of a waning centralisation, would avail to retain the Burgundians within the pale of French polity. The times of crisis that ensued saw the dukes continually on the rise, extending their dominions, encroaching on France, invading the Netherlands and Holland, marching at the head of all the malcontents of the kingdom, and playing the part, in general, of the condottieri who had dispossessed the Popes and the Visconti. But no sooner was France's time of crisis over, than the Dukes of Burgundy found themselves attacked, in turn, by a "mortal distress." Charles *le Téméraire* seeks in vain to escape the misery which overwhelms him; "deprived of the aid of the insurgents of the realm, compelled to continue his wars at any cost, in order to maintain his soldiers, who reign like brigands over his provinces; utterly unable to return to the attack on French unity, now definitely reconstituted, and doomed to clash against Germany, whose territorial subdivision deceives him into the hope of an easy conquest; he falls from catastrophe to catastrophe, precipitated by a fatality that dismisses him no-whither [*le fait rentrer dans le néant*] with the rapidity of ancient tragedy. Every instant brings him tidings of some new disaster; in every combat, he sees the elements as well as men in revolt against him: the very stones of the mountains seem to become alive, that they may crush his chivalric array; the herdsmen of Switzerland overwhelm him at Morat, at Grandson, at Nancy. Hurried on by the delirium of Macbeth, he deals blows on his friends, servants, mercenaries; and his death, the work of war and treason, restores to France her provinces, to Lorraine her duke, to the Netherlands their chiefs, to Holland her liberty, and to all the limitrophal centres an assured certainty that the sinister history of the four dukes who prospered in, and by means of, the universal distress, can never again be repeated."* The moral of Duke Charles's impetuous rashness being (were not M. Ferrari so pronounced a fatalist) that

—often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.†

Gazing pensively on the tombs of Charles the Bold and Mary of Burgundy, at Bruges, M. Michelet asks himself whether he is dreaming—whether it is a visionary phantasm, or a reality of history; for in those tombs he can see "*la trop naïve image de ce système*," the genealogical tree of the houses of Austria and Burgundy.

Bella gerant alii; tu, felix Austria, nube.

* Ferrari, *Hist. des Révol. d'Italie, ou, Guelfes et Gibelins*, t. iv. pp. 137 sq.

† Tennyson, *Maud*, vi. 7.

For, according to Michelet, these intermarriages contain in the germ all the wars that follow; they have all been fruitful in battles, in famines; these *feux de joie* have set Europe on fire. Fruitful, prolific marriages; cradles piled up with mourning, rich in children and in calamity; every fresh birth, he says, deserved a flood of tears, if one only bore in mind that these numberless offshoots brought royal titles for sovereignty over distant peoples; that thrones must be had for them; and that, "of these innocent nurslings, not one but might require, for milk, the blood of a million men.

"Certes," this highest-coloured of historians goes on to say, "it is not without cause that these tombs at Bruges, of purple marble, covered with their brazen statues, disturb the mind by the combined splendour and gloom of their appearance. Those trees, with their boughs of copper embracing the *soubassement*,—every branch an alliance, every leaf a marriage, every single fruit a prince's nativity—to ignorant eyes seem like an elaborate enigma; but, to intelligent observers, they are an object of consternation; angels bear them up, charming *naïfs* children, and yet are they, for all that, the angels of death.

"Look at Charles the Rash, grandfather of Charles the Fifth; he comes out of three tragedies: that of *Jean-sans-Peur*—of the fatal marriage which was the death of Louis of Orleans, and which settled the English in France; that of *York and Lancaster*, which waged the wars of the Roses, and slew fourscore princes (but who counts up the people?); lastly, the *Portugal tragedy*, that of Peter the Cruel, the bastard who founded his dynasty with his dagger. Charles the Rash himself, by heritage, marriage, and conquests, is the *hymen fatal* of ever so many States. . . Flemings, Walloons, Germans, fight one another, tear one another to pieces, in him. Insomuch that in one solitary man you see two moral battles fought, two absurd crossings of discordant elements, in hurly-burly commingling. As regards race and blood, he is Burgundy, Portugal, England, he is the North and the South; as regards principedom and sovereignty, he is five or six peoples together. What am I saying? he is five or six different ages; he is barbarian Frisia, wherein yet survives the German *Gau* of the times of Arminius; he is industrial Flanders, the Manchester of that day; he is noble, feudal Burgundy. At Dijon and at Ghent, at the chapters of the Golden Fleece, he has the look, you think, of a sort of Gothic Louis XIV. presiding at King Arthur's Round Table."* *Tel il meurt à Nancy*—inflated with arrogance, whirled onwards by passion, wincing under the spasms of mortified pride, thwarted in his resolves, bated in his pretensions, angered to his inmost heart, and eating it away in dogged wrath.

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath,

urged his adversaries,

—but now

Make boot of his destruction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.†

* Michelet, *Renaissance*, pp. 417-19.

† Shakspeare: *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. 1.

It seems to have been the victory at the battle of Montlhéry—so graphically depicted by Philippe de Commines—that, as much as anything, turned Charles's head, made him fancy himself an Alexander, and set him on dreaming by day and night of war and conquest—*lui qui n'y avait point songé auparavant**—and encouraged him to disregard the counsel of others, and to take counsel of himself alone. During seven consecutive years that Commines accompanied him in his campaigns, never once did the chamberlain hear him confess to fatigue, or give tokens of hesitation. Philip threw away good advice, and lost all his pains, in trying to restrain him within bounds, and instil into him a little of his own "jeune prudence." The spurred jack-boot which Burgundy flung at his face one day, was, no doubt, in unthankful acknowledgment for some of Philip's extra *best Advice Gratis*.

Not but what Charles was himself didactically disposed, and indeed used to bore his lieges a little with his hortatory harangues. Chastellain tells us that he delighted in rhetorical display (*en beau parler*), and in admonishing his nobles to virtue, like an orator, while seated above them in a raised chair of state. Indeed, the joyous household of the Good Duke, his father, is said to have assumed the austerity of a convent under the new régime. He introduced a severe order into everything, says Michelet: the large common table at which officers and lords ate with the master, was done away: he divided them, and appointed them different tables; and, after the meal was over, they were made to file off before the prince, who noted down such as were "conspicuous by their absence"—all of whom had their day's salary stopped. "No man could be more exact or work harder. Morning and evening he took his seat at the council-table, 'working himself and making his officers work beyond all measure.'" This was not the sort of man the Flemings, Hollanders, and northern people of German tongue, looked for in that young count in whom they had reposed such great hopes. As Count of Charolais, he was right popular with them, by speaking their language, borrowing in case of need from their purses, and living with them, and after their manner—amphibiously, on land and water—for he dearly loved going out for a sail. But, "as soon as he became master, it was found out that there was quite another man within him beyond what they had supposed,—a man of business, of accounts, and of love of money. 'He took the bit in his mouth, and watched, and pored over the study of his finances.'" His cruel treatment of the Liégiers gave a bitter foretaste of what his dukedom would be—or rather was the bitter first-fruits of his accession to power. When an uneasy crowd awaited him at Brussels, on his return from Liège, it was easy, says the historian, to see from his violence and gloomy air, that the end of this business of Liège was with him only a beginning: he revolved in his mind more things than one man's head could contain; and you might have read in his countenance the threatening motto, "I have undertaken it."† He was

* Sainte-Beuve.

† "This is the expression of the formidable portrait attributed to Van Eyck. That which used to form part of the valuable collection in Ghent (sold in 1840), exhibited a lowering, violent, bilious cast of countenance; the complexion clearly indicating the Anglo-Portuguese origin of the duke: it has often been copied."
—(Note by Michelet.)

about to *undertake*. The appearance of a comet at his accession filled men's thoughts. "But what was easily to be foreseen was, that with such a man there would be much to do and to suffer; that his followers would have little rest; and that he would tire out every one before being himself tired. He was never known to betray either fear or fatigue. 'Strong of arm and loin, good stout limbs, long hands, a rude joustier, to hurl any man from his horse, brown complexion and hair—which was thick and matted.' Son of so *prudish* a woman, and so much of the *béguine*, from his boyish days an insatiable devourer of the antique romances of the paladins of old, it was believed that he would turn out a true mirror of chivalry. He was devout, it was said, and especially towards the Virgin Mary. It was remarked that his eyes were 'angelically clear.'" Olivier de la Marche reports his understanding and good sense to have been so great, as to enable him to overcome his temperament, so that nothing could be milder or more courteous than he was in his youth."* The same authority makes him out an apt scholar too, and sundry excellent things, native or acquired. *The* portrait of him, by Chastellain,—to whose portraiture the definite article has been emphatically assigned,—endows him with a well-cultivated mind, with manly eloquence, and a ready wit. "He spoke with great good sense and profundity, and could continue for a long time if needful,"† is a sentence which, as Michelet observes, altogether contradicts the assertion of Commynes, that "he was deficient in penetration and sense," &c.,—though, after all, the contradiction may be only an apparent one, since it is possible to be diffuse, logical, and yet injudicious.‡ At any rate, it was possible for this eloquent and intellectual duke to carry the *sic volo sic jubeo* to disastrous lengths—carrying out the saw, no wise saw, much in the fashion of self-willed Cornwall in Shakespeare's tragedy—

'Tis the duke's pleasure,—
Whose disposition all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd.§

Hardly a chapter of European history or romance, as Mr. Lothrop Motley has said, is more familiar to the world than the one which records the meteoric course of Charles the Bold. The propriety of his title, adds that historian, was never doubtful. No prince was ever bolder, while it is certain that no quality could be less desirable at that particular moment in the history of his house. It was not the quality to confirm a usurping family in its ill-gotten possessions.||

Danton's notorious prescription, *l'audace, encore l'audace, toujours l'audace*, as the universal solvent in political affairs, was not altogether original in principle or in expression, however novel may have been the practical uses to which that burly conspirator consigned it. Lord Bacon, in his essay on Boldness, alluding to the Grecian orator's answer when asked what was an orator's chief part, "Action"—and again to the question, what next? "Action"—and, the third time, what next again?

* Olivier de la Marche, édit. Petitot, x. 62.

† Chastellain, édit. 1836, pp. 448 *et seq.*

‡ See, *passim*, Michelet, *Histoire de France*, t. vi. l. xv. ch. iv.

§ King Lear, Act II. Sc. 2.

|| History of the Dutch Republic: Historical Introduction, § vii.

"Action"—proceeds to say, that "wonderful like is the case of boldness" in public affairs generally. "What first? Boldness. What second and third? Boldness." But what he observes in disparagement of this quality, when characteristic of certain ill-conditioned natures, is only too applicable, in the main, to Duke Charles of Burgundy. "And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts. But nevertheless it doth fascinate and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage. . . . Certainly, to men of great judgment, bold persons are a sport to behold. . . . This is well to be weighed—that boldness is ever blind, for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences."* Such blindness—amounting almost to judicial blindness—confirmed the stubborn rashness of one we may well style, in Lear's harped-on but jarring phrase, the "fiery duke." For,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fixed he is
In his own course.†

The temerity of a Charles le Téméraire was unquestionably inopportune at that stage of the dukedom. As the American writer we have already named puts the case, renewed aggressions upon the rights of others, warranted retaliation and invited attack. "Justice, prudence, firmness, wisdom of internal administration, were desirable in the son of Philip and the rival of Louis. These attributes the gladiator lacked entirely. His career might have been a brilliant one in the old days of chivalry. His image might have appeared as imposing as the romantic forms of Baldwin Bras de Fer or Godfrey of Bouillon, had he not been misplaced in history." Nevertheless, it is added,† he imagined himself governed by a profound policy—his one dominant idea being, to make Burgundy a kingdom. From the moment when, with almost the first standing army known to history, and with coffers well filled by his cautious father's economy,§ he threw himself into the lists against the crafty Louis, down to the day when he was found dead, naked, deserted, and with his face frozen into a pool of blood and water, he faithfully pursued this thought. His ducal cap was to be exchanged for a kingly crown, while all the provinces which lay beneath the Mediterranean and the North Sea, and between France and Germany, were to be united under his sceptre.

"The Netherlands, with their wealth, had been already appropriated, and their freedom crushed. Another land of liberty remained, physically the reverse of Holland, but stamped with the same courageous nationality, the same ardent love of human rights. Switzerland was to be conquered. Her eternal battlements of ice and granite were to constitute the great bulwark of his realm. The world knows well the result of the struggle between the lord of so many duchies and earldoms, and the Alpine mountaineers. With all his boldness, Charles was but an indifferent

* Bacon's Essays: Of Boldness.

† King Lear, II. 4.

‡ See Motley's Dutch Republic, *ubi supra*.

§ Philip the Good, we read, levied largely, spent profusely, but was yet so thrifty a housekeeper as to leave four hundred thousand crowns of gold, a vast amount in those days, besides three million marks' worth of plate and furniture, to be wasted like water in the insane career of his son.—*Ibid.* I. § vii.—Cf. Barante, *Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*.

soldier. His only merit was physical courage. He imagined himself a consummate commander, and, in conversation with his jester, was fond of comparing himself to Hannibal. 'We are getting well Hannibalised to-day, my lord,' said the bitter fool, as they rode off together from the disastrous defeat of Gransen. Well 'Hannibalised' he was, too, at Gransen, at Murten, and at Nancy. He followed the track of his prototype only to the base of the mountains."*

Yields everything to discipline of swords?

asks Wordsworth, in one of his martial sonnets, on patriotic thoughts intent,

Is man as good as man, none low, none high?—
Nor discipline nor valour can withstand
The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout,
When in some great extremity breaks out
A people, on their own beloved Land
Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight
Of a just God for liberty and right.†

The secret, how to make a people invincible, says M. Jules Simon, is—not the accustoming them to the smell of gunpowder, but the teaching and enabling them to love the manners, laws, language, and soil of their native land; and he points to the Swiss mountaineers who defeated Duke Charles, as approving themselves better soldiers and better men, when the struggle came, than the hardiest mercenaries Europe could show. "Les montagnards suisses, qui battirent Charles le Téméraire, valaient mieux comme hommes et même comme soldats que les plus hardis condottières de l'Europe."‡ And one is reminded by the contempt of Burgundy's side for the homely rugged mountaineers of a passage in Clarendon's History, which runs thus: "There cannot be given a better, or it may be another reason for this defeat, besides the providence of God, which was the effect of the other, than the extreme contempt and disdain this body had of the enemy; and the presumption in their own strength, courage, and conduct; which made them not enough think, and rely upon Him who alone disposes of the events of battles."§ Charles's confidence of what would be the result of Granson, Murten, or Nancy, might be expressed in the language ascribed by a living dramatist to an earlier Duke of Burgundy, who knows so well where to light upon the Flemish host, and is positive enough that

It shall be left to feed the vultures there.

And Charles would infallibly have added, in his vainglorious certitude:

Where'er 'tis met, that such will be its fate
I am as sure as that this glove is steel,
And I am Duke of Burgundy.||

The great disasters of Charles the Bold, observes M. Sainte-Beuve,¶ who calls him the Charles XII. of that age, belong properly to the his-

* Motley.

† Wordsworth: Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty.

‡ Jules Simon: *Le Devoir*, IV^{me} partie, ch. iii.

§ Clarendon: *Hist. of the Rebellion*, book vii.

¶ Henry Taylor: Philip van Artevelde, Second Part, Act. V. Sc. 2.

|| Portraits Contemporains: M. de Barante.

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tory of Switzerland, of which they constitute the most glorious prize; and in this view they have naturally found a narrative painter in the admirable John von Müller, that "most ancient of modern historians." The critic lays stress, however, upon the argument of M. de Gingins,* that the complex quarrel the Swiss had with Duke Charles cannot, after all, be justified from a national point of view, whether in its preliminary stages, or in its subsequent diversities. Hereditary enemies of the house of Austria, uncertain and but very recent friends to the French crown, the Confederates had, on the contrary, at all times found in the house of Burgundy a fast and faithful ally. Commercial and trading interests, political interests, all bound them together; the Franche-Comté of Burgundy was almost become the second fatherland of the Swiss. How then explain the abrupt split or disruption that ensued? The intrigues of the Archduke Sigismund for the recovery of Upper Alsatia, which he had given up to Duke Charles in a moment of distress; the gold, and especially the fair-spoken words of Louis XI.; such were the initial motives that induced the Swiss, hurried on by Bernae, to espouse a quarrel not their own, and become the active auxiliaries of an old adversary, against a prince who had never been aught but loyal to them. The second phase of this war, the memorable campaign of 1476, rendered illustrious for evermore by the names of Granson and of Morat,†—that hand-to-hand struggle, in which it seemed as though the entrapped Swiss were confined to the mere work of defence, is better adapted, no doubt, to cause some illusion; but even in this second period, if we may trust M. de Gingins' mode of analysing and disentangling it, one is constrained to acknowledge that Duke Charles (Charles le *Hardi*, as he invariably calls him, and not le *Téméraire*) only came to reinstate the Comte de Romont and other seigneurs in their patrimonial possessions, of which the Swiss had unjustly deprived them, on account of their attachment to his person; and came to deliver the Neuchâtel country from the oppressive occupation of the Bernese. All the glory of success and the dazzling fame of an immortal day of battle, cannot, it is argued, to an impartial investigator, "attenuate" these anterior facts and the testimonies which enforce them. And, once more—the campaign which ended with the battle of Nancy, and which forms the third period of the Burgundian war, "was in no sense a national war any more than all those of the same kind in which the *capitulés* Swiss troops have since figured." In short, the *ensemble* of such a quarrel, entirely political and mercenary even, in which the Confederates served above all things the ambition of

* In the appendices to vols. vii. and viii. of Monnard's translation (French) of Von Müller.

†

"There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain—
MORAT! the proud, the patriot field! where man
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that plain;
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,
A bony heap, thro' ages to remain,
Themselves their monument

* * * *

Morat and Marathon twin-names shall stand,
They were true glory's stainless victories," &c.

Childs Harold, c. iii.

Berne, can only in a dim and distant way be assimilated to Helvetia's first Golden Age, to the pure and Spartan-like defence maintained by poor and independent little cantons. But then again the *éclat* of the triumph emancipated and elevated Switzerland—put her *hors de page*, and gave her a place in the rank of European States. "The battle of Morat changed the face of Europe; it disembarrassed France, raised Austria, and opened to these two nations the road to Italy, which the house of Burgundy was at least taking steps to close against them. Look, now, at the Swiss during the thirty years that elapsed between Morat and Marignano! Without them nothing is done; and the greatest blows that are struck are often of their striking."^{*}

Whatever may be thought of the "new views" thus opened out, as regards the concluding history of the house of Burgundy, there is justice in M. Sainte-Beuve's remark, that the effect of such narratives as Müller's and Barante's still remains; the popular impression of that day is made to live again in grand and solemn traits, not to be destroyed by the more or less of diplomatic knowledge. The fatal destiny which weighed on the unhappy Charles, the more deeply its character and progress are studied, the more gloomily pathetic the record of it becomes.†

That the popular impression in question was deep, general, and abiding, one illustrative fact may serve to show. It is observed by the learned historian of the Literature of the North during the Middle Ages, that of war songs, "*cette suite traditionnelle des anciens bardits germaniques*," there must have been incessant supplies, amid the conflicts which agitated the Empire for so many ages; but that they "evaporated" in the heat of strife—born in the moment of peril, with that moment they too ceased to exist. "There was needed a national war, that of the Swiss against Charles of Burgundy, to arouse an entire people against the efforts of despotism, for songs chanted on battle-fields to be repeated after the battles were won, and for a real poet, Veit Weber, to charge himself with perpetuating them. Born in Germany, but full of enthusiasm for Helvetic independence, this warlike songster fought in 1476 in the ranks of the Confederates, on the days of Granson and of Morat, and, a new Tyrtæus, animated their phalanxes against the veterans of Charles the Bold." His style and poignant energy express with vivid force the *acharnement* of both parties, breathing but threatenings and slaughter: an example is given in M. Eichhoff's‡ instructive work. Notwithstanding, therefore, the *denationalising*, or *disintegrating* tendency of M. de Gingins' facts, the popular impression of a popular movement, of a national enterprise, of a whole race dealing a strong blow, and a blow all together, abides and is like to abide. Diplomatic documents notwithstanding, the sympathies of posterity are uncritically bestowed on the Confederates and their feats of arms, as presenting a signal and sublime instance of Freedom's creed, that

* M. J. Olivier, *Hist. de la Révolution helvétique dans le Canton de Vaud*.

† Sainte-Beuve, *Port. Contemp.*, t. ii.

‡ *Tableau de la Littérature du Nord au Moyen Age, en Allemagne et en Angleterre, en Scandinavie et en Slavonie*. Par F. G. Eichhoff (1857), ch. xxxiv. "*Chants de guerre serbes et suisses*."

Ye stamp no *nation* out, though day and night
 Ye tread them with that absolute heel which grates
 And grinds them flat from all attempted height.
 You kill worms sooner with a garden spade
 Than you kill peoples: peoples will not die;
 The tail curls stronger when you lop the head;
 They writhe at every wound and multiply,
 And shudder into a heap of life that's made
 Thus vital from God's own vitality.
 'Tis hard to shrivel back a day of God's
 Once fixed for judgment: 'tis as hard to change
 The people's, when they rise beneath their loads
 And heave them from their backs with violent wrench
 To crush the oppressor.*

By one of the many who have instituted comparisons and contrasts between Duke Charles and Louis XI.,—one who says that “both were indeed utterly selfish, but there the resemblance ends,”—the Duke's ruling principle is ruled to have been vanity, and vanity of the least intellectual kind: his first object being the fame of a conqueror, or rather of a soldier, for in his battles he seems to have aimed more at showing courage and personal strength than the calmness and combination of a general; and his other great source of delight being the exhibition of his wealth and splendour,—in the pomp of his dress and his retinue. “In these ignoble pursuits he seems to have been utterly indifferent to the sufferings he inflicted on others, and to the risks he himself encountered; and ultimately threw away his life, his army, and the prosperity of his country, in a war undertaken without any object, for he was attacking those who were anxious to be his auxiliaries, and persevered in after success was impossible, merely to postpone the humiliation of a retreat.”†

In two of Sir Walter Scott's historical novels the Duke of Burgundy figures prominently, and is seen in quite as favourable a light, personally, as can be justified or approved of, in historical romance. His temper, we are told in “*Quentin Durward*,” though rough, fierce, headlong, and unyielding, was not, unless in the full tide of passion, faithless or ungenerous, faults which usually belong to colder dispositions.‡ His letting off Louis XI., when he had him caged so neatly at Peronne, may put us in mind of Ralpho's harangue—

To save, when you have power to kill,
 Argues your power above your will;
 And that your will and power have less
 Than both might have of selfishness.§

The good faith exercised by Louis, however, after the battle of Montl'héry, when Charles, then Comte de Charalois, had put himself in a similar manner within the French king's power, and for which piece of rashness the Burgundians “rated him in no measured terms,”|| may have had its effect in influencing the Duke's decision at Peronne, nor was that decision come to, probably, without costing Charles a pang. His favourite buffoon was sure of notice by a novelist with such an eye for the picturesque and the grotesque as Sir Walter. Le Glorieux, the Duke's jester, is therefore

* E. Barrett Browning: *Casa Guidi Windows*.

† Senior.

‡ *Quentin Durward*, vol. ii. ch. x.

§ *Hudibras*, part i. canto ii.

|| See Philippe de Commynes.

introduced at full length, as a companion without whom Charles seldom stirred—"for, like most men of his hasty and coarse character, Charles carried to extremity the general taste of that age for court-fools and jesters—experiencing that pleasure in their display of eccentricity and mental infirmity, which his more acute, but not more benevolent rival [Louis], loved better to extract from marking the imperfections of humanity in its nobler specimens, and finding subjects for mirth in the

Fears of the brave and follies of the wise."*

But it is in "*Anne of Geierstein*" that the portrait of Duke Charles best stands out from its frame, and gives the world assurance of the man, the manner of man, he was. There we see him, at one time, amid the rich and glorious display of the Burgundian camp, in which near the walls of Dijon, Charles, the wealthiest prince in Europe, displays his own extravagance, and encourages his followers to similar profusion. Not that he himself affected sumptuous attire or gorgeous environments; for, entering within the ducal pavilion, our reporter notes that "the plainness of the furniture, and the coarse apparatus of the Duke's toilette, formed a strong contrast to the appearance of the exterior;" it being one of Charles's inconsistencies, to exhibit in his own person during war an austerity both of garb and manners which was "more like the rudeness of a German *lanzknecht*, than the bearing of a prince of exalted rank; while, at the same time, he encouraged and enjoined a great splendour of expense and display amongst his vassals and courtiers, as if to be rudely attired, and to despise every restraint, even of ordinary ceremony, were a privilege of the sovereign alone. Yet when it pleased him to assume state in person and manners, none knew better than Charles of Burgundy how he ought to adorn and demean himself.

"Upon his toilette appeared brushes and combs, which might have claimed dismissal as past the term of service, overworn hats and doublets, dog-leashes, leather-belts, and other such paltry articles; amongst which lay at random, as it seemed, the great diamond called *Sanci*,—the three rubies termed the *Three Brothers of Antwerp*,—another great diamond called the *Lamp of Flanders*, and other precious stones of scarcely inferior value and rarity." This extraordinary display, it is added,† somewhat resembled the character of the Duke himself, who mixed cruelty with justice, magnanimity with meanness of spirit, economy with extravagance, and liberality with avarice; being, in fact, consistent in nothing excepting in his obstinate determination to follow the opinion he had once formed, in every situation of things, and through all variety of risks.

At another time we have, in the same work, a sketch of this impetuous prince, by his own partisan; according to which, it was easy to excite his ambition or thirst of power, but well-nigh impossible to limit him to the just measures by which it was most likely to be gratified. "He is ever like the young archer, startled from his mark by some swallow crossing his eye, even careless as he draws the string. Now irregularly and offensively suspicious—now unreservedly lavish of his confidence—not long since the enemy of the line of Lancaster, and the ally of her deadly foe—now its last and only stay and hope."‡

* *Quentin Durward*, II. ch. x.

† *Anne of Geierstein*, II. ch. vii.

‡ See *Ibid.*, closing pages of ch. viii.

Then again we see him chafing at an unexpected defeat. "The loss of Granson," says Oxford, "was very great; but to the strength of Burgundy it is but a scratch on the shoulders of a giant. It is the spirit of Charles himself, his wisdom at least, and his foresight, which have given way under the mortification of a defeat, by such as he accounted considerable enemies, and expected to have trampled down with a few squadrons of his men-at-arms. His temper is become froward, peevish, and arbitrary, devoted to those who flatter, and, there is too much reason to believe,* betray him; and suspicious of those counsellors who give him wholesome advice." And though anon Charles overruns the Pays de Vaud, and recovers most of the places he had lost after the defeat at Granson, yet, instead of attempting to secure a well-defended frontier, or, what would be still more politic, to achieve a peace upon equitable terms with his now redoubtable neighbour, this "most obstinate of princes" resumes the purpose of penetrating into the recesses of the Alpine mountains, and "chastising the mountaineers even within their own strongholds, though experience might have taught him the danger, nay desperation, of the attempt."† Morat is the result of this new temerity.

We have another glimpse of him, accordingly, after Morat. "He is like a man distracted," says, or is supposed to say, the future historian of that busy period.‡ "After the battle of Granson, he was never, to my thinking, of the same sound judgment as before. But then, he was capricious, unreasonable, peremptory, and inconsistent, and resented every counsel that was offered, as if it had been in insult; was jealous of the least trespass in point of ceremonial, as if his subjects were holding him in contempt. Now there is a total change, as if this second blow had stunned him, and suppressed the violent passions which the first called into action. He is silent as a Carthusian, solitary as a hermit, expresses interest in nothing, least of all in the guidance of his army. He was, you know, anxious about his dress; so much so, that there was some affectation even in the rudenesses which he practised in that matter. But, woe's me, you will see a change now; he will not suffer his hair or nails to be trimmed or arranged. He is totally heedless of respect or disrespect towards him, takes little or no nourishment, uses strong wines, which, however, do not seem to affect his understanding; he will bear nothing of war or state affairs, as little of hunting or of sport. Suppose an anchorite brought from a cell to govern a kingdom, you see in him, except in point of devotion, a picture of the fiery, active Charles of Burgundy."§

The Burgundians had settled among themselves, after Campobasso's || defection, that the Duke ought to be warned of the small force on which

* Alluding to the treacherous Campobasso.

† Anne of Geierstein, II. ch. xv.

‡ The Sieur d'Argentin.

§ Anne of Geierstein, II. ch. xvi.

|| This Neapolitan (says Michelet), who only served for gain, and who had for a long time received no pay, was on the look-out for a master to whom he could sell his own, and had offered himself to the Duke of Brittany, to whom he pretended to be distantly related, and next to Louis XI., to whom he boasted that he would rid him of the Duke of Burgundy—offering either to make away with him in the confusion of battle, or to bear him off when visiting his camp, and then despatch him. The king warned Burgundy of this, but he utterly refused to credit it.

he could now depend—for things were at a much worse pass than even during the gloomy two months he spent in a castle of the Jura, trying to form a camp, to which scarcely a recruit could be allured, while bad news came in without stint—how this ally had gone over, how that officer had disobeyed orders, how one town of Lorraine had surrendered, and then another. “As these reports were brought in, he said nothing. It would have done him great good, says Commynes, ‘to confide his grief to a bosom friend.’ A friend! The man’s disposition rendered friendship out of the question, and the position in which he was placed rarely admits of it: men of the kind are too much feared to be loved.”* Now that he was in extremity, on the eve of the Nancy tragedy, needful as it seemed to acquaint him with his position, yet no one durst address him. “He was almost always shut up in his tent, reading, or pretending to read. The Lord of Chimai, who took the risk upon himself, and forced his way in, found him lying, dressed, on a bed, and could extract but one word from him: ‘If needs be, I will fight alone.’”† The good king of Portugal (who sought to play Mr. Harmony between him and Louis XI.—for a consideration) also ventured inside, and got the same short answer, neither more nor less.

A tragedy in three acts was appointed for the fiery Duke’s last appearance on this world’s stage. The first act, Granson; the second, Morat; and now the third was at hand, Nancy. Step by step he had fallen; to this pass had his distempered spirit haled him onwards. Of self-control he knew nothing; by self-will he was enslaved, blinded, and undone.

He that hath no rule over his own spirit,—said the Wise Man, thousands of years before Duke Charles was born,—is like a city that is broken down, and without walls.‡ In much such a state the fiery Duke left his dominions, to say nothing of his own downfall and doom. An old English poet who flourished just a century before him, says of a man’s ire, which “is in soth executour of pride,”—

Ire is a sinne, oon the grete of sevene,§
Abominable to the God of hevене,
And to himself it is destruccioun,

as Burgundy so bitterly found at the close of his career. Well may the poet add, glancing from its effects on the individual to its effects on a realm,

It is grete harm, and also grete pité,
To set an irous man in high degré.||

Another old English poet, who flourished just a century *after* the Duke, might be quoted with a similar application:

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had governaunce it well to guyde:
But when the frantick fitt inflamed his sprite,
His force was vaine, and strook more often wyde
Than at the aymèd mark which he had eyde:
And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,

* Michelet, *Histoire de France*, l. xviii. ch. ii.

† Id. Ibid.

‡ Prov. xxv. 28.

§ One of, if not the greatest of the seven deadly sins.

|| Chaucer, *The Somnoure’s Tale*.

Whylest reason, blent though passion, nought descryde;
 But as a blindfold bull, at random fares,
 And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he hurts nought cares.*

"You know his temper," says Scott's Lancastrian noble, in one place, "to be wilful, sudden, haughty, and unpersuadable."† "When I first knew the noble Duke, who was then Earl of Charolois," he says, in another, "his temper, though always sufficiently fiery, was calmness to the impetuosity which he now displays on the smallest contradiction. Such is the course of an uninterrupted flow of prosperity. He has ascended, by his own courage and the advantage of circumstances, from the doubtful place of a feudatory and tributary prince, to rank with the most powerful sovereigns in Europe, and to assume independent majesty."‡ Pity but he had shared somewhat in the cautious circumspection of the French monarch, and ranked near that wily potentate in shrewdness as well as power. But the difference between bold Duke and astute King, personally, was not unlike that between thistle and rattlesnake, fool and knave, in Butler :

As thistles wear the softest down,
 To hide their prickles till they're grown ;
 And then declare themselves, and tear
 Whatever ventures to come near :
 So a smooth knave does greater feats
 Than one that idly rails and threats,
 And all the mischief, that he meant,
 Does like a rattlesnake prevent.§

As a conqueror, Charles of Burgundy has been pronounced signally unsuccessful ; as a politician, able to outwit none but himself ; only as a tyrant within his own ground, it is affirmed, could he sustain the character which he took upon him, and for which he was badly cast. He lost the crown which he might have secured, according to Mr. Motley, because he thought the Emperor's son unworthy the heiress of Burgundy ; and yet, after her father's death, her marriage with that very Maximilian alone secured the possession of her paternal inheritance. "Unsuccessful in schemes of conquest, and in political intrigue, as an oppressor of the Netherlands, he nearly carried out his plans. These provinces he regarded merely as a bank to draw upon. His immediate intercourse with the country was confined to the extortion of vast requests. They were granted with ever-increasing reluctance by the estates. The new taxes and excises, which the sanguinary extravagance of the Duke rendered necessary, could seldom be collected in the various cities without tumults, sedition, and bloodshed." Insomuch that the historian declares few princes to have ever been a greater curse to the people whom they were allowed to hold as property. Charles nearly succeeded, he adds, in establishing a centralised despotism upon the ruins of the provincial institutions. "His sudden death alone deferred the catastrophe. . . . His triumphs were but few, his fall ignominious. His father's treasure was squandered, the curse of a standing army fixed upon his people, the trade and manufactures of the country paralysed by his extortions, and he accomplished nothing." With all the semblance of pitiless aversion this republican historian takes leave of him with the bare record, that he

* Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, II. 4-7.

† *Ibid.*, ch. viii.

‡ Anne of Gelerstein, II. ch. vi.

§ Butler's *Miscellaneous Poems*.

lost his life in the forty-fourth year of his age (1477), leaving all the provinces, duchies, and lordships, which formed the miscellaneous realm of Burgundy, to his only child, the Lady Mary. "Thus already the countries which Philip had wrested from the feeble hand of Jacqueline [of Holland], had fallen to another female. Philip's own granddaughter, as young, fair, and unprotected as Jacqueline, was now mistress of those broad domains."* And a troublesome heritage she found it, though the trouble was soon over, and Max's bride slept as unbrokenly as her sire, when they found his hacked and riddled corpse in the swamps of Nancy.

Of the finding of that corpse, we might do worse than take Scott's brief account,† embodied though the facts be in a work of fancy. Thiebault had seen the Duke, followed by some half-score of his guards, riding across a hollow water-course, and making for the open country to the northward. That track his remaining friends pursue. Then we read: "They looked back more than once on the camp, now one great scene of conflagration, by whose red and glaring light they could discover on the ground the traces of Charles's retreat. About three miles from the scene of their defeat, the sound of which they still heard, mingled with the bells of Nancy, which were ringing in triumph, they reached a half-frozen swamp, round which lay several dead bodies. The most conspicuous was that of Charles of Burgundy, once the possessor of such unlimited power—such unbounded wealth. He was partly stripped and plundered, as were those who lay round him. His body was pierced with several wounds, inflicted by various weapons. His sword was still in his hand, and the singular ferocity which was wont to animate his features in battle, still dwelt on his stiffened countenance."‡ Philippe de Commines tells us of a gentleman who pursued the Duke in his flight, and to whom Charles cried out for quarter, but who, "being deaf, and not hearing him,"—none are so deaf as those who *won't* hear§—immediately killed and stripped him, and left him naked in the ditch. The mud whereof clings to the Duke's memory to this hour, or is used by moralists, satirists, and cynics, to fling against him and bespatter his magnificence. Even Mr. Carlyle, in his speculations on the antecedents of the Diamond Necklace, suggests that some of the diamonds may, among other diversified fortunes, have served as eyes of Heathen Idols, and received worship—then, by fortune of war or theft, been knocked out, and exchanged among camp-sutlers for a little spirituous liquor, and bought by Jews, and worn as signets on the fingers of tawny or white Majesties; and again been lost, "in old-forgotten glorious victories," with the fingers too, and perhaps life, "as by Charles the Rash, among the mud-ditches of Nancy."|| And why may not imagination so trace them? Surely, 'twere *not* (in Horatio's phrase¶) to consider too curiously, to consider so.

* Motley, *Hist. of the Dutch Republic*, I. § vii.

† For ample and minute details, however, see Von Müller's *History of the Swiss Confederacy*, Barante's *History of the Dukes of Burgundy*, and book xviii. of Michelet's *History of France*.

‡ See the last chapter of *Anne of Geierstein*.

§ It is asserted, however, that the man not only was really deaf, but unaware of the Duke's rank, and that he could never be consoled for this day's deed, but pined away, and died of grief.

|| Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. iii.: "The Diamond Necklace."

¶ *Hamlet*, V. 1.

THE GLACIERS OF MONT BLANC.

BY A PRIVATE OF THE 38TH MIDDLESEX (ARTISTS).

PART I.

ASSUMING that the official register preserved at Chamounix by the "guide-chef," and certified by the mayor of the place, is a correct record of the various successful ascents of Mont Blanc, the following result, gleaned therefrom, is not only of interest, but somewhat curious, and flattering at the same time to the prowess of our countrymen. It would seem, from the extract of the register supplied to me, and duly certified by the aforesaid mayor of Chamounix and by the chief of the Society of Guides, that since the first attainment of the summit by Jacques Balmat in 1786—now seventy-six years ago—there had been, up to the year 1855 (the date of the return), ninety-eight successful ascents. Of these sixty-one were Englishmen, two Irish, and one Scotch, making a total of sixty-four of the United Kingdom. Of Frenchmen there were ten, Americans five, and nineteen of all other nations combined, making thirty-four, and ninety-eight in all. The unsuccessful attempts are not recorded, but are many.

Since the year 1855 the ascents have been more frequent, although in 1860, when I wished to try to reach the summit, no one succeeded, the weather being always unfavourable. The following year I was more fortunate, and my ascent is officially registered as the "113th successful ascent."

The return will no doubt shortly be made out embracing the whole period from 1786 to the present time. I cannot pass over the name of Jacques Balmat without a tribute of respect to his memory. There are other names also which will ever be associated with Mont Blanc : Paccard, De Saussure, Dr. Hamell, Clarke, Shirwell, Sir Charles Fellowes ; and in later times Auldjo, Albert Smith, Professor Tyndall, Wills, Auguste Balmat, Hudson, and Kennedy. Their exploits are well known to all Alpine men, nor do I think that the name of my principal guide, Jean Marie Couttet, will be easily forgotten. He has been several times up, and is a very superior man. I confess that I feel somewhat proud of his letter, which follows the certificate of my ascent, and beg to submit, in the first instance, these my credentials, before I can presume to offer myself to my indulgent reader as a Guide for Mont Blanc.

"Le guide-chef soussigné atteste et certifie à qu'il appartiendra que le 6 Août 1861, Monsieur — a fait avec succès l'ascension du Mont Blanc, accompagné des guides Couttet Jean Marie, Tournier Edouard, Couttet Jean, tous guides effectifs de la Société des Guides de Chamonix, qui ont signé avec moi le présent certificat, lequel est délivré pour servir de document authentique au titulaire. Chamonix, le 7 Août 1861."

Signed by the chief guide, the mayor of Chamounix, and the guides who accompanied me.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM JEAN MARIE COUTTET.

"19th Nov., 1861.

"Le Mont Blanc est bien solitaire. Nous sommes déjà dans la neige depuis quelques jours, mais il ne fait pas encore aussi froid que lorsque nous étions sur le Mont Blanc. Vous aviez la barbe bien gelée, mais cela ne vous empêcha-pas de surmonter et de franchir les passages les plus difficiles, avec beaucoup de courage et de sang-froid, même où nous avons été obligés de faire des escaliers avec la hache, pour faire escalader la caravane au delà des crevasses; vous avez, malgré cela, été toujours du nombre des bons marcheurs.

"Comme vous désirez savoir le nom du rocher que nous avons traversé au-dessus du glacier d'Argentière, on l'appelle le Rocher du Chardonnet, de même que l'aiguille qui est au-dessus. Vous devez vous rappeler que nous avions de la peine à nous cramponner avec les mains et les pieds, tant il y a peu d'espace pour pouvoir y tenir l'équilibre. Aussi, ce n'est pas sans raison qu'il n'y a que les chasseurs et les chercheurs de minéraux, qui le traverse; il est tellement escarpé, qu'il forme un précipice d'environ mille pieds de hauteur."

Such are my credentials *verbatim et literatim*. Will you accept me as your guide to the summit of Mont Blanc? If so, you must first go into a little training—as I did myself—and accompany me upon some of my excursions from the valley of Chamounix on to the glaciers of Mont Blanc, which stream down into the valley, or on to those which hang suspended above it, as well as up to the summits of some of the mountain ranges which enclose the valley.

It would tire you too much to ask you to go with me round Mont Blanc, a delightful pedestrian tour which I accomplished last year, though often in pelting rain—for the summer of 1860 will ever be memorable in the Alpine annals as the wettest summer ever known: neither was it much better in England, as my companions in arms—the Volunteers—can amply vouch for)—and over the dreary snows of the Col du Bonhomme, at an elevation of some eight thousand feet, in a chilling mist, when it was difficult to trace the pass from one pole to the next (erected to mark the route), but nevertheless to be most amply rewarded on afterwards descending by the Allée Blanche and viewing its glorious glacier, as also the Glacier de Miage, the Glacier de la Brenva, together with the view of Mont Blanc from this opposite side, and then to ascend from Courmayeur to the convent on the Great St. Bernard, to pass the night at an elevation of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea—the highest residence in Europe—all of which pedestrian exploits were to me only incentives to study more closely this "monarch of mountains." With this aforesaid excursion I will not now fatigue you, contenting myself by advising every one to undertake it who may have the time and opportunity. It cannot fail to repay their toil.

We will, however, for the present confine ourselves to the valley of Chamounix, and to its immediate glaciers. Foremost of these is the well-known Mer de Glace, well known, at least in some respects, to the mass of visitors, but comparatively very little known. Of the many who annually ascend the Montanvert and cross the glacier, how little do they really know of the Mer de Glace! This noble ice stream requires to be

explored to witness all its varied structure: its rents, chasms, crevasses, its strange fantastic pyramids, blocks, and needles of ice, of every conceivable form; its thousand trickling rills, torrents, and cascades (*moulines*, as the last are termed); its huge blocks of granite, which everywhere strew the surface, some perched, like tables, on pinnacles of ice; its beautiful azure tints revealed to the eye as it penetrates its fissures; the smooth, polished surface of the sides, often like the purest alabaster, and as often resembling the finest polished marble; the pendent icicles from overhanging ledges of snow, beautifully clear and transparent, five or six feet in length, and sometimes twice the length, hanging like stalactites; these and a thousand other of its endless marvels require to be studied closely by those who delight to contemplate the works of the Omnipotent Creator of the universe, ever teeming with the works of His hand, animate and inanimate. In order to do this they must quit the beaten track from the Montanvert, by which we have now come, or by the *Mauvais Pas* (which, by-the-by, is anything but what its name would imply), and go at least to the Jardin.

Thither, then, let us make our first grand promenade.

This is, truly, a most enchanting excursion, to accomplish which it is necessary to start from Chamounix at a very early hour of the morning, ascending the Montanvert, which is now an excellent mule path, or to sleep at the little pavilion on the side of the mountain, just above the glacier, which saves about a couple of hours' ascent.

On the two occasions of my visiting the Jardin I started on foot from Chamounix, and returned there to sleep. Each time it occupied the whole day, and it is a good stiff walk.

Quitting the little house on the Montanvert, where, as is customary, my guide took his breakfast, and put some provisions in his knapsack for our mutual convenience, we kept along the mountain-side, above the glacier, till we reached Les Ponts.

Poor Albert Smith has given a vivid description of this spot, and, considering that it was a first impression, a just and truthful one, very nearly what I felt myself on my first essay, and what most untrained men would assuredly feel. I would here wish to bear the fullest testimony to the accuracy, throughout, of his account of the ascent of Mont Blanc, as described in a charming little work edited by his friend Mr. Edmund Yates, always remembering that the author was entirely a novice to Alpine work.

It is only when one has been repeatedly over the treacherous glaciers, and clambered dangerous precipices, that he learns where the *real* danger lies, and what at first sight might have appeared to him to be so, he soon sees was in a great measure *ideal*; so with Les Ponts.

The first time I crossed the rocks it seemed to me, to say the least of it, rather ugly work. Albert Smith states that he was contemplating the possibility of proceeding any farther, when Devouassoud coolly exclaimed, " 'Suivez-moi, messieurs, s'il vous plait!' " and laid hold of a projecting ledge, springing like a chamois, and setting his foot on a small excavation barely three inches deep, from whence he crawled on to the face of the rock which overhung the glacier. We continued literally to tread in his footsteps, and leaning towards the inclining face of the rock, with our iron-shod poles in our left hand, crept cautiously onward, never daring to

look down upon the glacier, which was at an awful depth below us. I can compare the passage," he continues, "to nothing better than clinging sideways along the tiles of a steeply-pitched house, with no other footing to hold than occasional inequalities or ridges, and the certain prospect of being instantaneously dashed to pieces should these fail you."

A better description could not well be penned, except, indeed, that the foothold on the rock is *less* than three inches, in some parts barely two. Having for the first time crossed Les Ponts last year, on my way to the Jardin, and entertained the same sort of feeling, I determined to make a separate visit to it this year, for the sole purpose, whilst training, of calmly surveying it. Crossing and recrossing it several times, for practice, entirely divested it of all its terrors, which I found to be ideal.

The depth below was, in fact, about one hundred feet; but you may say, as Mercutio did, "'Tis enough—'twill serve," should you lose your footing. This, however, is an almost inconceivable event, as the rock is not vertical, but slopes away from the glacier like a "steeply pitched roof," and is of a slaty character, with ridges, where the hands and feet can be so securely placed by clinging as to render a mishap next to impossible.

And now, "gentle reader," having conducted you, as I hope safely, across this precipice, I must take you down to the moraine, over many a heap of "granite blocks, ice, and wet grit." (Another description of Albert Smith's, as comprehensive as could well be conveyed in a few words, and saves all prolixity on the subject of moraines. They are all alike.) Carefully traversing the apparently interminable masses of rock, the glacier has now to be crossed. There is no difficulty in this, except in finding the easiest way, which is the business of the guides, and, by common consent, appears to be near the foot of the Aiguille de Charmoz. I noticed that here and there a few stones were piled on the ice, to indicate the route. I doubt, however, if any stranger could cross the glacier by himself; certainly not without incurring risk and delay.

Having safely crossed, and arrived at the foot of the Glacier de Lechaud, which descends to the Mer de Glace from La Grande Jorasse—whose rocky precipices tower to the height of near thirteen thousand five hundred feet*—a spot called the Convercle, at the foot of the Aiguille du Moine, is now attained. It is very precipitous, especially by Les Egralets, and, for some reason or another, which I had not time sufficiently to consider and account for, was suffocatingly hot. This is the most distressing part of this "grande course" (as the guides term it); but the natural inference is, that the mid-day sun has been shining upon these rocks, and that, although nearly seven thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, they are so entirely shut in by the Grande Jorasse and other surrounding heights, and lying, as it were, in a basin, there is little or no current of air. Be that as it may, on both occasions of my visit I found the Convercle and Les Egralets exceedingly oppressive, and was very glad when we struck across the Glacier du Taléfre (which unites with the Glacier de Lechaud) and cooled our feet in the snow, which was now ankle deep. Near the centre of this glacier lies Le Jardin, which is said to be about seven acres in extent (Murray). It is a rock covered with a little herbage and abundant in wild flowers—a very oasis in the

* Professor Forbes.

icy desert. Not unused to sublime scenery, having travelled extensively in Europe (in Norway, Iceland, the Pyrenees, the Tyrol, and in Switzerland), I do not hesitate to say that I had never hitherto seen anything approaching, what may truly be termed, the sublime grandeur of this particular spot. To one who has not been there it would be simply impossible by pen or pencil to hope even to convey any adequate notion.

On a first visit to this glorious recess one really almost seems to have passed the confines of the globe, and to have entered into another world, so wholly different is everything around. The intense blue of the sky, the strange glare on the unsulphur snow, the still stranger green moonlight effect of the shadows, the solemn stillness around, the great sea of ice stretched out at one's feet, the three vast glaciers of Taléfre, Lechaud, and Du Géant (or Tacul), glistening in the sun, all being visible at once, shut in by dark, lofty, mural precipices, combine to form a scene of the most surpassing grandeur, a scene never to be forgotten. Last year, and this, the day of my visit was superb, not a cloud in the heavens on either occasion.

I did not expect at this elevation (9893 feet—*vide* Professor Forbes's beautiful map) to meet with any animal life, but was greatly surprised to see a small species of black spider crossing the snow. There seemed to be a little colony of them.

I also observed two solitary crows, who,

Fond of the speculative height
Thither had winged their airy flight,

probably managing to scrape up a living, during the summer months, on the rock of the Jardin, from the remnants of the provisions brought up by visitors. They can find little else to eat (but the spiders), I should think.

The sun strikes with great force upon the rock at the Jardin, and it is necessary to keep the face covered with a veil—a most necessary precaution on all glaciers. I have seen men fearfully disfigured from want of common precaution, their eyes dreadfully inflamed, and faces like one in the worst stage of confluent small-pox. A little glycerine or tallow-grease would prevent all this, or even a handkerchief, which now served my purpose, as my blue veil (given to me by a fair and valued friend) was fluttering in the breeze at the head of my bâton, as it invariably did when I had reached the giddy heights to which my imagination aspired, or had ascended high on the glaciers, where it formed a pleasing object amidst the snow and ice, contrasting beautifully in colour, hanging sometimes listlessly on the bâton, and at others gracefully unfurling itself to a "cat's-paw" of wind. This said veil ultimately signalled to Chamounix my successful ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc.

Now, having finished our repast at the Jardin, and enjoyed the almost unearthly view, gathered a few of the Alpine flowers for those we love, and deposited our card, or our name, in some empty bottle, for the information of the next comer—as the custom at the Jardin is—the sun's declination reminds us that we have a long trudge homewards, and that it is time to bid adieu to one of the most enchanting spots on the face of God's earth, but we cannot do so without a fervent hope that it may yet once again be our most happy and favoured lot to revisit this wonderful

scene of beauty. On our homeward track over the *Mer de Glace* we will pause a few minutes to inspect a "moulin," or, in other words, a beautiful cascade, falling into a deep chasm in the ice, fed by innumerable rivulets, streams, and water-courses, formed by the melting of the surface of the glacier during the heat of the mid-day sun, but all of which towards nightfall become still and tranquil, and silent as the grave. Nothing, perhaps, strikes one more than this, particularly in the upper portions of a glacier. No sooner is the sun down, than a thin coating of ice immediately covers the surface of all the running streams, which become apparently, to all external appearance, stagnant. It is, however, but "the death of each day's life," "Great Nature's second course," for the morrow's sun will as assuredly set all in motion again, as it will many countless millions of earth's inhabitants.

The return home from the *Jardin* is speedily accomplished. The object has been attained, and the whole is now a continuous descent, except where the moraine has to be ascended and traversed to reach the actual starting-point—the little house on the *Montanvert*—where the honest manly tenant (of 1860-61) will welcome you in a manner which can alone be congenial to your feelings, free alike from servility, cupidity, or indifference, equally attentive and obliging to "all comers."

Having here regaled ourselves, the setting sun warns us to return to *Chamounix*, ere the darkness would render the path through the fir forest difficult and dangerous, and we are just in time, as we approach towards the foot of the mountain, and ere we reach the valley, to take a parting glass (of water, if it suits you, which it doesn't me) at the *châlet* of a guide, who is just about to close his shutters for the night and return himself to *Chamounix*. This guide, you will at once have noticed, is lame; he has lost all the toes of both feet, frostbitten on an ascent of *Mont Blanc* in 1851. Like many of the guides there is much of the gentleman in his manner. His name is *Payot*, and you will find him mentioned by *Albert Smith*.

In about half an hour more you will arrive at your hotel, quite in time to perform your ablutions, and to make yourself as smart as you may think fit, for the eight o'clock table d'hôte at the *Hotel Royale*, if that happens to be your abode. Having visited the *Jardin*, you will have written on the "table of your memory," and "within the book and volume of your brain," the record of a scene so novel and so sublime, and of a character so elevating that no time can ever efface it.

Immediately above *Chamounix* are three hanging glaciers, poised at the foot of the *Aiguille Grepon*, *Aiguille Blaitière*, and *Aiguille du Midi*, the former two bearing the names of the *Glacier de Grepon* and the *Glacier de Blaitière*, the latter the *Glacier des Pelerins*.

I scarcely know a more charming excursion than a day spent in visiting these three glaciers, with their *aiguilles* rising majestically above them, and I strongly advise the aspirant for *Mont Blanc* honours to visit them preparatory to his contemplated ascent. It is not difficult to pass from one glacier to the other by the *Plan de l'Aiguille*, in which is a beautiful little mountain tarn, with its water looking dark as *Erebus*.

I was unusually fortunate in the day I selected to visit them. The sun was intensely hot, and brought down several avalanches. We were

favoured with no less than three from the Aiguille du Midi, whilst roaming over the Glacier des Pelerins, and scanning the route across the Glacier des Bossons to the Grand Mulets. One of these was very fine, but the most majestic sight I think that I ever witnessed in my life (scarcely even excepting a grand eruption of the Great Geyser in Iceland) was on the Glacier de Blaitière. We had scarcely seated ourselves on a block of stone high up on the glacier, and at no great distance from the base of the aiguille, preparing for our mid-day repast, when we were startled by a loud rumbling noise, as loud as the loudest thunder, apparently close to us. On looking up at the Aiguille Blaitière, we saw an immense compact mass of snow suddenly dislodged. It seemed, as it were, slowly to unroll itself, like a drop-scene on the stage, accompanied with volumes of loose powdery snow. Down this main body of it came, in one huge unbroken mass, till it reached a projecting buttress of the aiguille, when it separated into two equal parts, each retaining its compact form, reuniting, and discharging itself down a large crevasse, over which, however, a great portion found its way, dispersing itself over the glacier. The whole operation lasted about five minutes, during which we watched it almost breathless, so awfully grand was the scene we witnessed. On the first discharge both Couttet and myself uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise, so sudden and startling was the noise. It had attracted the attention of every one at Chamounix. On the Glacier de Grepon we also witnessed an avalanche, but quite insignificant as compared to the one I have attempted faintly to describe.

These hanging glaciers are to me exceedingly attractive, and, unquestionably, they are the best school for training for the ascent of Mont Blanc. We will, therefore, now visit two or three more. First, the Glacier du Nant Blanc, which overhangs the Mer de Glace, immediately fronting the Montanvert. I cannot find any account of this glacier being visited, but doubtless it must have been by Professors Forbes, Tyndall, and Wills—rarely, I suspect, by any one else—yet it is not difficult to attain, and amply repays. It requires a good scramble to reach it, and its incline, particularly the upper portion, is rapid. One of its remarkable features is a beautiful serpentine crevasse, winding its way across the glacier, varying some twelve, fifteen, and twenty feet deep, with mural precipices of ice, and a running stream through it, terminating in a grand *moulin* (or cascade), which thunders into the bowels of the glacier, and discharges itself eventually over the face of a rock in a fine sheet of water, which every one must have noticed from the Mer de Glace, and from which torrent the glacier derives its name. Another striking feature is the Aiguille du Dru and the Aiguille Verte. We approached quite close to the rocks which form the base of the former, but, viewed from hence, it has no longer that sharp-pointed look, the top being rounded off. The Aiguille Verte also loses its needle point, and its summit is covered with snow. We saw no avalanches here, but they are frequent, and one should be cautious not to get within reach of them. The previous day, we learnt that they were incessant. Near to the moraine of this glacier a few cows and goats remain during the summer months, under charge of a peasant, whose only habitation is under a large rock, which shelters him entirely from the weather. He told us that he had been there over two months, and that we were the first of

his fellow-creatures that he had seen. The previous summer he had never seen a single soul during the whole time of his sojourn. He had a wild, uncouth appearance, as may be imagined, and his skin was the colour of Spanish mahogany. At first he was pleased to see us; but in a few minutes his attention was called off to his cattle, and he seemed to hold converse with them, in preference to ourselves. Left to himself, how soon would a man become little better than a beast of the field! On the moraine were several marmots, whose shrill voices we heard, but we could not trace them amidst the wilderness of stones.

There are two other hanging glaciers, which will well repay a visit: viz. the Glacier de l'Ognon and the Glacier de la Pendant, which are united. They are approached from the village of Argentière, and by keeping well up the last-named glacier, the ridge of rocks—one of which forms the Aiguilles du Bochard—may be attained, and a glorious view enjoyed, overlooking the Mer de Glace. It is by reaching such spots that the majestic grandeur of Mont Blanc is more fully understood and appreciated. Here, too, we saw some chamois crossing the ice. No one should visit these glaciers without a most experienced guide; and, to be orthodox, should always be attached with a rope. I was in the habit of going upon them alone with Couttet, but I cannot conscientiously, or with any truth, say that it was safe to do so. There ought to be at least three tied together, at intervals of not less than twelve or fifteen feet. There is a great deal of haphazard work on the glaciers at all times, even with the most experienced. I had an instance of this on the Glacier de la Pendant. We had in the morning crossed the crevasses, which were all bridged over with snow, the whole glacier presenting one uniform surface. On returning by our own footsteps impressed in the snow, Couttet ahead of me a rope's length, I noticed, about a foot and a half from the side of our path, a small black spot about the size of a man's hand, which I thought was a black kid glove, though I wondered how it came there. It suddenly flashed across my mind that it was an opening in the ice. I shouted to Couttet to stop, and feeling that the spot that I was then standing upon was perfectly secure, without deviating from the path we had trodden in the snow, I went down much in the same position of a "rear rank kneeling!" and at arms' length, with my bâton, instantaneously opened out a large hole! All was so dark at first that I could see nothing; but covering my eyes with my hands for a short time to get rid of the glare of the sunlight and of the snow, I was enabled to look down into the crevasse. I shall never forget it all the days of my life. There was no bottom visible, and all under the bridge of snow hung huge icicles, many feet in length. It was the greatest mercy that we escaped this treacherous spot. In the morning it was doubtless covered over with a thin coating of snow; but even as it was, on repassing, it was quite a chance that it attracted my notice; and had we kept a foot more to our present left, either when ascending or descending, I verily believe that we should never have been heard of again, as we were tied together with a rope. This, however, would depend upon which first took the plunge. The guide might possibly have held me, but would assuredly have dragged me after him if he had been the first to slip through. This question of the rope is a somewhat vexed one. With two, or even three, it is certainly, in my mind, a questionable proceeding. In August, 1860, it will

be remembered, that, in crossing the Col du Géant, three Englishmen and one guide lost their lives on descending a snow slope on the Cormayeur side (viz. Messrs. Fuller, Rochester, and Vavasour, with the guide Tiarraz). They were attached by a rope, but two other guides, the one in front and the other in rear, were not so attached, as they ought to have been. The accident did not occur in performing a glissade, but by one of the party slipping on the snow and jerking the others after him.

Mr. Birkbeck's accident last year on the Glacier du Mirage shows with what resistless force a body is swept down a "couloir." A Russian gentleman lost his life on the Findelen glacier through not being attached; Mr. Watson fell into a crevasse the same year (1860) in the Tyrol, and unhappily perished. He, too, was not attached by a rope, and was performing a glissade. In the first instance, we have four lives lost because one slipped, and, all being attached, dragged the others after him. Had they not been attached by the rope one life only would have been lost, as in the case of Mr. Watson. But, upon the whole, I am decidedly in favour of the rope if the party exceeds two or three, not otherwise.

When at Chamounix the year before last I met a young Englishman at the Hôtel Royale, who, the previous day, had fallen into a crevasse on the Mer de Glace, but was saved through lodging on a ledge of ice, across which he hung suspended by the middle of his body. He managed to get one foot on the ledge, and to support himself with his hands against the side of the crevasse, until a rope was lowered to him. He was very much cut about the face, and not a little shaken. He treated the affair with much indifference, however.

The Glacier d'Argentière is one upon which I have passed much time, paying it frequent visits, having taken up my abode at the Hôtel de Bellevue, which is close to its foot, kept by one Mathieux Simond, "ancien guide." It has to me as many attractions as the Mer de Glace. A delightful excursion may be made to the very head of the glacier, at its junction with the Glacier du Tour, but it will occupy a long day, returning by the opposite side of the glacier. An experienced guide is absolutely necessary. I have not myself been beyond the Troisième plateau (which, however, is more than two-thirds of the way), the day I had allotted to it being too far advanced to admit of my going farther, but on crossing the glacier at this point the head of it is seen, and might be reached in about an hour and a half. In order to reach this spot we kept above the glacier the whole distance, until we descended upon its "moraine," and crossed the plateau. This excursion is admirably suited to try the state of one's nerves in more places perhaps than one, but if the pedestrian can cross the Rocher du Chardonnet (alluded to by Couttet in his letter to me), he may rest assured that he can never have a worse thing to do, simply because if it was in the least degree worse, it would be utterly impassable for the foot of man to traverse it. As it is, it can only be passed by man. We had followed the goat-path till we arrived at their farthest haunts, and shortly after reached this rock. I thought immediately that our journey was at an end, not deeming it possible that it could be passed, but to my utter astonishment, without a word being spoken by either of us, Couttet, after a momentary pause, took to the rock, much in the manner described by Albert Smith at Les Ponts, stretching out his hands and feet, and digging the tips of his

fingers and points of his toes into some small abrasions in the smooth surface of its precipitous side (with a far steeper pitch than that of Les Ponts). I instantly followed his example, thinking to myself, "Well, if he can go there I can, and I suppose it's all right." However, about midway, the stretch for my legs was too great, which made me hesitate, when Couttet, holding on by his right hand and both feet, planted with his left hand the spike of his bâton into a little hole, which giving me confidence, enabled me to reach it with the right toes. Once safe across the rock, I remarked to Couttet that it was about the ugliest thing I had seen, in which he entirely acquiesced. On our return to Argentière, the villagers were greatly surprised to hear of our exploit, as it was deemed by them impossible except to chamois-hunters and searchers for minerals. As some people fancy that everything one says is exaggerated, I have been particular in pointing out the unmistakable position of this rock (immediately under the Aiguille Chardonnet), and should any such like to go and judge for themselves, I only wish them well across it. Nothing, however, would induce me to try it voluntarily a second time, but of course as it is to be crossed, it is simply a trial of nerve.

The greater part of the route lies at a considerable elevation above the glacier. Whilst resting a few minutes, with my eyes intently fixed on that part where, in consequence of the greater inclination, or dip and narrowness, of the glacier, the ice is rent into a thousand pinnacles, we saw two enormous masses, some sixty feet high, suddenly topple over. It was a fine sight to witness, and shows the danger of venturing among such unstable edifices, which look as though they had stood there since the world's creation, and might remain to the end of time, massive and motionless, yet breaking to atoms in the twinkling of an eye.

Such grand displays are illustrative examples of the infinite power of the Almighty in the operations of His hands. I think it would be impossible for any one to witness such scenes with indifference. Some of the best Alpine men are of the clergy; and I believe that it is on account of the sublime scenes they witness, and the healthy exercise, that so many take to the alpenstock.

Amongst other grand sights I witnessed was the fall of an enormous block of stone, which came thundering down a water-course from a great height, as if the toil-worn Sisyphus had suddenly let go his hold. Down it came with irresistible force, infrangible, rolling, bounding, and leaping in the air, in one impetuous, undeviating course, sweeping everything before it. I verily believe it would have gone through a dozen chalets had they stood in its way.

I must not tire my readers with many more excursions prior to the ascent, but should strongly advise one or more visits high up on to the Glacier des Bossons. It is within easy reach, and a delightful day may be passed upon this finest of glaciers, far more deserving the name "d'Argentière" than that which bears it. It is the most noble and attractive-looking glacier of the whole, and in the sunlight the most silvery.

Its pinnacles and pyramids of ice are finer and better than any of the others, as may be judged even when seen from the valley. I went high up on to it, and reposed upon a large block of granite near its centre,

which I hope to revisit. I shall know it again. It was a hot summer's day, and many little rills of clear ice-water trickled upon the surface of the glacier, even at this high elevation. In one of these we cooled our bottle of wine, and spread our viands on the granite table, my flag flying as usual. Near to this I noticed what appeared to me to be some black cloth; also, as I then thought, a small branch of a tree. The former surprised me, because I knew that I was far above the usual haunts of travellers, but I have now a strong conviction that what I then saw was a portion of the remains of those poor guides who perished in the ascent of Mont Blanc with Dr. Hamell some forty years ago, and whose mutilated remnants were picked up on this glacier two or three weeks afterwards.

Having visited these several glaciers and ascended the Brevent, returning by Plampraz and the Flegère, and having crossed the Col de Balne and Tête Noire, and made a few other of the more usual excursions, you will probably be astonished at your own performances, and feel yourself equal to any undertaking, even to the ascent of the highest mountain in Europe, to the summit of which I will, with your permission, hope to conduct you, but all I would ask of you is, to "persevere with me to the end," and to put up with the irksomeness of the ascent, should it prove so to you, which I would fain hope it may not.

READE'S POETICAL WORKS: THE COUNTESS SIDNEY'S POEM.*

THE present is not an auspicious era for the verse which is to win immortality. It shows no deficiency in the productive quantity, but the quality is disputable—tried by the proved standards of all time. Poetry is become subservient to the mode of the hour, and in place of leading it follows. Pope somewhere says that in literature nothing good and lasting was ever written that had not to contend with "the stream of the time," not the judgment of the well-informed and well-educated, but the notion of the multitude. If it had a run it soon died off. It was the critical and well-instructed in society who used to bestow that praise or dispraise to which the poetical works of the hour, as well as those in other departments of literature, owed their longevity, and not to the masses, whose applause contributed only a momentary success.

The poetry of the present time which charms the multitude most, is that which seems to imply more than it expresses, though occasionally it expresses more than it implies, until in the first case it reaches no meaning. Sometimes it appears to tread close on the heels of prose, when the latter

* The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade. A New Edition, in Two Vols. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1861.

Our Saviour's Passion. By Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke. From an unpublished MS. in the British Museum, with a Preface by the Editor. Wilson, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury. One Vol. 12mo. 1862.

is a little beside itself. As if it were fearful of the clear and palpable, it covers itself with obscurity. Perhaps, as obscurity is a source of the sublime, that consideration leads the undefined so much into favour, for all which is esoteric and unseen captivates the vulgar mind. Not a tithe of what is produced at present is other than verse-making on a bad model, if the works of the great masters of the art go for anything in the way of test.

Wit and satire, too, are departed. Time was when the columns of our older newspapers exhibited now and then a little good poetry. Lines of Byron and Moore frequently adorned their columns, and were very effective in satire or pathos, as the subject might require. At present verse, found only in the lower class of newspapers is, in general, just equal in merit to the run of the lines of the street minstrel. Yet there was never more room for satire, and it may be added for the seriousness of the elegiac, if the muses put on mourning. This is the more wonderful, as so many contend that the masses have an intuitive perception of all that is good in science, literature, and art, and, above all, in politics, not omitting spiritualism, table-rapping, and phrenology, whenever they give those profound pursuits ever so little attention.

Vagueness is a favourite quality in our present poetry, because it leaves so much for the reader to supply from his own imagination, in place of that of the poet himself. It is clear that the main points by which the better poetry of the past has maintained, and will maintain, its ground, are at present considered of little moment. Distinctness of outline is rejected, it being too near the source of that simple nature in which the poet, to use Bacon's language, was accustomed "to accommodate the shows of things to the desires of the mind;" in other words, to elevate and adorn by the aid of subjects drawn from what is still more worthy and grand out of the stores of the imagination, and by refining and tinting them with colours dipped in heaven, thus to heighten the pleasure imparted and lift the soul above the "visible diurnal sphere."

Our better poets of the past did not change lucid thought into indefinite feeling, and surround their poetical images with a dense haze, leaving it to the reader himself to work their shape out as he best may. They kept to the truth of the painting, and in consequence their pictures are for all time.

Modern poetry has no soul-elevating effect, that at least which is the poetry *à la mode*. It is sensual enough. Our better poetry of the past was as well defined as a landscape of Claude le Lorraine, not with shadows to or from the sun, as it might happen, and forms like the heroes of Ossian, always seen through mist. All was bright and decided from antiquity to the existing century. It remained for the present era to lead the muses into the obscure, or else subside by exciting impressions and sympathies indefinable in form and indescribable in effect. Sometimes getting into what the Germans fancifully call the "infinite," beyond the material world, until they lose themselves in a limbo of their own peculiar seeking.

As in present poetry so in the fine arts, the unimaginative character is predominant. There is a want of elevation and fancy. Our poetry has more of the Dutch than the Italian school, if we were to liken it to painting. Poetry is a speaking picture of something, or it should be so,

and not like Job's vision be shapeless and idealless in its figures; it should also teach and delight. Artificial sentiment is too prevailing, together with an affectation of passionateness not natural. Yet should poetry—as the oldest channel by which humanity in its better spirit flowed forth to hold communion, to upraise, instruct, enliven, and sympathise with its kind, to lead in every triumph, to be applied to minister consolation to mortal sorrow, crown every feat of arms, be the vehicle of gratitude to the Creator, and deplore man's exit from the world—be clear and lucid. The preservation of its earliest objects cannot be overlooked, nor the most effective mode of working them out.

If in the present day poetry has lost much of its early character, as well as of that lofty elevation in which the poets of the sacred volume partook—as is presumed—and to which the ancients generally approximated, still in the main points all agree; nor can it be admitted that because certain writers of the school which was formed about the commencement of the century threw off some of those imitative trammels, which were no more than servile imitations of the ancients, that we are equally justified in running into all sorts of licentiousness in style and imagery. We are not to credit that to polish and refine, to condense and perfect as far as we are able, is unnecessary, in fact, is a wasteful superfluity of labour. The poetical art resembles every other, and they who maintain and act upon the reverse principle may be read for an hour, and, like works of mere amusement, be articles of luxury for a time, but have no standing-place in the language in which they are written beyond the passing generation. It is to be deplored that so many in the foregoing respect run off the lines of enduring truth and beauty, and labour to prolong a short-lived existence, by what is called “making interest” with ephemeral criticism.

All this is to be deplored, because it tends to lessen the value of poetical productions. The age in things mechanical is all excellent, while the verse is almost wholly sensual, and would drown lofty or deep thought, and make poetry consist of a fleeting sensation alone. Sublunary things are no longer elevated and clothed in beauty to adapt them to the more elevated desires of the mind. The loftiest of our past poets are succeeded by such as convey few embellished images of visible or imaginary power. Nature is not shown in that perfection of grace, beauty, or sublimity, which, in coincidence with probability, genius is able to exhibit under the pencil of many-coloured fancy. Truth, the most avoided of all things, because it is the most worthy, is replaced by meanness, or distorted by exaggeration, often bordering upon caricature, when its reasonable adornment by the fancy would make it lastingly attractive. Fidelity is wanting. Undefined and often broken imagery leave the reader to fill up from imagination what the poet should have placed on canvas before the vision. Thus, as no two persons will do this exactly alike, its fulfilment depends upon the predisposition or imaginative power of the individual, which, if of the lower order, and it meet the vogue, all is well. The medium of poetry, according to Wordsworth's law, was to be the vernacular brogue of the speaker, under all circumstances in life—a law he himself always violated, as Coleridge well observed. Thus he proved the fallacy of his own law, laid down in his usual *ex cathedra* manner, for poetry in all time to come. It was a strange hallucination his thus giving the law;

but conceit was a prominent trait in his character. A daisy and an Alp were one, in his poetical view. It may therefore be well credited that he never relished, if he ever read, Shakspeare, as reported of him. Milton alone he seems to have admired, and deemed, if anything, his superior. Subjects were to him pegs upon which to hang his ideas, not for themselves, but because without such accessories he would be as palpably obscure as many of his imaginings have proved to be under all circumstances.

It is no uncommon thing to hear a stanza of the present school quoted as exceedingly fine, in which both word and sentiment are the veriest common-place. Saying as much the reply is made, that the quotation is suggestive of something which you cannot yourself perceive, while it fills the eyes of its admirer with tears, he cannot himself tell why; "it is quite unaccountable." At length it is discovered that the passage recalls some past event peculiar to the individual, and that this association alone is the cause of an effect which the same passage would not produce upon any one else in existence, while it is here placed to the account of a poetical excellence, in place of the effect of a revived incident in a solitary memory.

Such, in brief, is the character of most of the poetry of the passing hour. It wants clearness, vigour, and simplicity, while it reads smoothly, though often too inattentive to accent. It is negligent in style, and unimaginative, and in passion and sentiment not always commendable. It is, in fact, of the lower calibre compared to that which is the test of merit. Its imagery is often broken, and no tendency is discoverable of any rising in desire towards that almost celestial beauty which is painted so vividly and resplendently in our poetry of the past, very different in the feeling which produced it from that ruling in earth's "dim spot" at present. Those aspirations are no more observed that once rose almost to the holy of holies, lost in the "thoughts that wander through eternity"—those thoughts that are almost confined to the poetic imagination, and are so sparingly visible throughout the social body in the present day, which is ever of the earth, earthy. We do not make the foregoing remarks regarding all our present poetry, Heaven forbid! we only allude to the prevalent taste displayed in the larger part, too often from not walking without fear of fashion before the eyes.

But we forget that we have gone astray, and that our purpose is not to descant upon poetry as an art, but to notice two works of a very dissimilar character in style, subject, and age. The poetry of the Elizabethan period, so different in style, the peculiar topic, and the lapse of two centuries and a half, seem to render inconsistent in the same article subjects that must in nature differ so widely from each other. May not this dissimilarity, on the other hand, have a tendency to draw attention by contrast? John Edmund Reade, and Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, may seem an odd conjunction, even in the present pages; but the true spirit of poetry has no regard to time, nor the foibles of fashion—it flourishes in eternal juvenescence; for, to quote South, "an invisible hand from heaven mingles hearts and souls, by strange, secret, and unaccountable conjunctions;" and in nothing does this more prominently appear than in the labours of the muse and her lovers.

Two very handsome volumes before us contain the writings of the

first-named author in verse for thirty years, published at intervals, he informs us, and now corrected and given to the world in a form rarely outdone in neatness of typography. The subjects are, of course, various, and considerable in number. They are descriptive, in the commencement, at least, of the author's youth and its recollections, with some miscellaneous pieces, and "Italy;" classical poems; the Deluge; Hebrew Poems; the Vision of Ancient Kings, and Memnon, composing the first volume. The second contains, Man in Paradise; Cain the Wanderer; Catiline; Life's Episode; and Revelations of Life. Besides these leading poems there are a considerable number of shorter ones, some of them possessing very great power. Mr. Reade must not be judged by his choice of subjects, which are, many of them, those which have as well been selected by others, as Italy, on which Rogers and Byron have written so much. The reader must rather consider the author's treatment of them in his own peculiar manner, and thus form a judgment of their merit. Mr. Reade, except with the exception thus stated, is a very original writer, full of sentiment, a deep thinker, and capable of embodying his thoughts in verse, every way entitled to the praise of excellence in his descriptions of nature, and of those scenes to which he had been accustomed in early life. Those dreams of the past which linger so long and mournfully in the memory of us all, the last and best, perhaps, as they were the earliest of life's insubstantialities. These descriptions we should injure by partial quotation of the little for which we could afford space. In them there are passages of rare excellence. Mr. Reade has been a close observer of nature, beyond those features of it which are common to all observers. He has looked into her minuter details, and placed them before us in the language of true poetry, which power could only coexist with one equal to the task. Thus, speaking of the leaf falling in autumn:

How placidly yon tree its leaf resigns
 Now, to the lightest airs! No more to wave
 In music to the breeze, but sleeps in earth's dark grave,
 Or onward whirled by storms, to rest at last
 In some lone dell, or hurried down the brook,
 Or eddying heaped in sunless caverns cast,
 To moulder there; deem you no eye doth look
 Upon them still? Oh, not the wildest nook
 Hides aught from nature's all-pervading eyes!
 Nothing is written in her starry book
 In vain, but lives again, and never dies,
 But mingles with the world's eternal harmonies.

In consonance with the fact that death is but the source of life to the animate and inanimate things of earth, following each other in continual revolution.

Several of the pieces are dramatic, as the Deluge, Cain the Wanderer, Catiline, and Life's Episode. These we cannot attempt to analyse here. They are well worth attention from readers of taste, but their length forbids our giving any satisfactory description of them, and the reader must go to the work itself, which is full of delightful poetry of a class which seldom comes before the public in these times of laxity in description, and in the taste which has not lapsed into indifference, or become perverted.

In a piece entitled "The Dance of the Nereids," this passage occurs. The last line was new to us :

—Then rose
A vision from the deep ! For it was not
Like aught that eye hath fantasied. I saw
The immortal Aphrodite, the queen of love,
To whom the gods succumb, and men adore
As when she rose, cloudlike, from the sea-foam :
Then when the boy of Ida looked on her,
When his eyes dimmed, and his heart sank beneath
The majesty of beauty, and confessed
That wisdom is the mockery of love !

There is so much we feel inclined to extract, that perhaps we had better have taken none out of a casket which contains so much of what is truly valuable. How strictly poetical are the following lines descriptive of emotions on visiting the playground of his youth, alluding to his companions and schoolfellows :

Where are they now, those forms and faces, shadows still endeared,
Those ardent hearts that beat round me, that hoped, aspired, or feared !
Or dead, or living, scattered o'er the earth so changed, they
Are creatures of another world, whose mould has passed away !

It is hardly fair to these volumes to dismiss them with so brief a notice, for we know we do them an injustice. They will, by-and-by, we feel convinced, take their stand among the more original poetry of the country. Time will again bring the love of verse into the human heart. The world will not abandon its earlier language, in its age it will return to it, as truly as Solomon remarked of a child trained "in the way he should go, and when old he will not depart from it." In middle life he might, but when old he will return to his first love; and so of poetry in the human heart, even in the last age of the world it will return to what it loved in the first, for to borrow from the impressive lines of Mr. Reade :

There is a spirit watching here
O'er mightiest poets ; they depart,
But their songs shed like blossoms sear,
Are gathered by the reverent heart.
Their prophecies all vainly spoken
Are heard at last, and truth atones,
The ruins of false idols broken,
Become the footsteps to their thrones !

"Our Saviour's Passion," by the lady who is married to immortal verse, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," has at length been printed. It had remained unpublished in the British Museum among the Sloane manuscripts. She published several works. It was for her that Sir Philip Sidney wrote his *Arcadia*. She was able to translate the Psalms out of the Hebrew into English ; she translated Mornay's discourse on life and death out of the French, and also wrote the tragedy of "Antonie ;" an *Elegy on the Death of Sir Philip*, her brother ; and a "Pastoral Dialogue, entitled 'Astræa.'" "Our Saviour's Passion" is sometimes styled the "Countess of Pembroke's Passion." This last is her longest work, and we feel indebted to Mr. Wilson for its publication. The poem

is a curiosity, and a good specimen of the manner of the age when it was written, but otherwise it is of little moment except as affording another example in part of the poesy which Sir Philip Sidney so well defended as an art. It is in stanzas of six lines, and abounds in those conceits which are so often found in writers of that time, and of which Shakspeare was so fond. Speaking of Christ, she writes :

He healed the sick, gave sight unto the blinde,
 Speech to the dumbe, and made the lame to goe.
 Unto his love he never was unkinde,
 He lov'de his friendes, and he forgave his foe,
 And last his death for our love not refused—
 What soule can live to see such love abused.

To note his wordes what wisdom they containe,
 To note his wisdom of all worth the wonder,
 To note his workes, what glorie they doe gayne,
 To note his worth would heaven and earth come under,
 To note his glorie that his angells gave him—
 Fye that the world to such disgrace should leave him !

Of the quaintness of this accomplished lady's style the following is a fair specimen, and valuable as an addition to the mode in which some other writers of the time of Elizabeth wrote, in the way of comparison. When, however, we remember the perfect English of Shakspeare, and how little, comparatively, it differs, except in the spelling, from the English of our own time, we must conclude that the courtiers then were behind the less courtly of their time, as they have generally been, and were even in the reign of George III. We will only quote another stanza from the subject of Ben Johnson's delightful epitaph, which all the world knows. We remember her portrait at Penshurst many years ago with a melancholy pleasure, for we were in company with those whom the grave has taken as well as "Sidney's sister." The stanza to which we allude runs into conceit, after the fashion of the time :

Blest was the fishe that but the figure swallowed
 Of my sweet Jesus, but in Jonas' name,
 More blessed tounge by that sweete bodye hallowed,
 From whence the grounde of all our glorie came,
 Might not my soule be sinner for a wishe,
 Would I were such a tounge or such a fishe !

We must not suffer the poetical conceit of the age in which the countess lived to disenchant us of our preconceived idea of any of her excellences, especially when we call to mind her brother's high accomplishments, his "Defence of Poesy," and Johnson's, or Jonson's (as the name is spelled, without regard to the derivation), tribute to her memory. The library of the literary student will be incomplete without this little poem among the specimens of the poesy of the age to which it belongs.

CYRUS REDDING.

ORIGIN OF DEFECTS IN MILITARY ORGANISATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY W. BRODIE.

THE inadequacy of republican institutions, from the natural weakness of the executive under them, to meet the requirements of a state in pressing emergencies has been virtually recognised by almost every country possessed of a republican form of government. History teems with examples of this from the earliest periods down to the present time. The necessity of adopting some temporary remedy under such circumstances was acknowledged as well in ancient Greece as in ancient Rome. In both these countries the occasions of great wars led to the delegation, during their continuance, of the supreme authority to some statesman distinguished for his abilities. In Rome, indeed, the creation of a dictatorship was the legally recognised expedient in cases of exigency, and the frequent recourse had to it in later times led ultimately to the permanent establishment of the empire under Caesar Augustus. Tracing events still further down, the petty republics of Italy, which succeeded the invasion of the Goths, afford new and continual illustrations of this fact, extending over a period of several centuries. The causes which produced these effects in past ages continue still to operate in exactly the same manner. They may be seen now in action in the United States of America. The long abortive efforts of the Northern States, in spite of their vastly superior resources, to make any visible impression on the Southern States are to be attributed to them, whilst the latter owe the comparative success that has attended their arms to the greater concentration of power in the government of Mr. Davis than in that of Mr. Lincoln.

When the Southern States seceded from the Union, and the Federal government determined on bringing them back by force to their allegiance, it was only by straining the power of the executive far beyond its constitutional limits that President Lincoln was enabled to call out even a small army for the defence of the capital. Meeting with no decided opposition from the people in the first instance, he went on to increase his military force, and his proceedings were passed over without remark, owing to the acknowledged necessities of the case, till Congress met, when it boldly went a step farther, legalising (to use a paradox) by an *illegal act* the past conduct of the president. The Northern States have thus virtually acknowledged the defective system of their government, and have in reality, though not nominally, modified that system for the time being. This mode of proceeding, however, is injudicious in the extreme, as it has most naturally produced but very imperfect results, whilst it leaves the door open for the introduction of any sort of constitutional changes under the sanction of so vague a precedent. The very jealousy with which the people have guarded their rights, by having induced them rather to allow the central government to usurp secretly the power necessary for the successful conduct of the war they are now engaged in, than

to endow it temporarily with absolute authority by an open and legal act, has thus defeated itself. The precedent on which a future government may at its own convenience, on the ground of necessity, violate the constitution is hereby afforded; and as the government in this instance has been the sole judge of the force of the circumstances which in its judgment constitute a necessity, so it can at any future period put in the same plea. Nor would the people have any just right to complain, since they have allowed the constitution of the country to be openly disregarded by Congress, instead of forcing that body to refer the matter to them, when they, the sole sources of power in the United States, might by their own act have legally suspended that constitution during pleasure, retaining the right to resume it when they pleased. The matter, however, does not rest here; each separate state has its own individual constitution, every one of which has been also set aside, and the independent sovereignty of every state in the Union has for many months been in abeyance, without the slightest notice of the fact having been taken by these states themselves. The country may, and most probably will, return quietly to its old system of government at the end of this contest, even if divided; but as the matter now stands, the Federal Union, as existing under the constitution, is, in reality, abrogated, and to reconstitute it legally, a reconstruction of the whole fabric, beginning with the separate states and terminating with the central government, is just as necessary now as it was after the War of Independence.

A nation when engaged in a war of any magnitude must often, from motives of expediency, be kept in partial ignorance of the details connected with the outfit of expeditions, temporary reverses, and proposed movements. To effect the first with secrecy, the government must have the power to command both money and men. If it has not, and is forced to expose its plans to the public, the object will in very many instances be defeated by the very publicity thus rendered necessary; in the second case, what to persons unacquainted with military operations might appear a loss decisive in its character, may to those acquainted with such matters be only a necessary sacrifice essential to the attainment of some great ulterior end; and in the last, the whole advantage to be derived from attacking an unprepared foe would be lost by its being made generally known that it was proposed to proceed in any certain given direction. These are only a few of the disadvantages brought forward, for example, under which the armaments of a republic labour in the prosecution of a war; but it will be seen that even these have their thousand ramifications, each acting as a clog on its success; and this which holds good in a single republic is of course increased in a federal one in exactly the proportion of the number of states which go to constitute its total.

The Southern States, from the very nature of the position in which their act of secession placed them, have never had the same political difficulties to contend with as the Northern States. Their first act was to separate themselves from the rest of the Union, and that act in itself absolved them in a great measure from the obligations which continue to rest on the remaining states. They found themselves after seceding compelled to adopt some general form of government; and, although in the selection they adhered to the system under which they had been

educated, they wisely conferred on their new president and his cabinet much fuller powers than are accorded to these officers under the constitution of the United States; and by doing this at the commencement of the struggle they ensured for themselves all the advantages of a strong executive at a time when their opponents must have felt their movements hampered by the knowledge that what they were doing was in contravention of the constitution. Events have since that time so tempered the state of affairs, that in most cases the government of President Lincoln has been, and is now, allowed to exercise an almost despotic authority; but still, in many details, much more essential to the success of military undertakings than the unlimited power of imprisoning suspected persons, seizing correspondence, raising loans, it is and has been so embarrassed by state rights, the undue weight of public opinion, and the unlimited licence of the press, as to have been forced to yield to the pressure of circumstances in several instances against the conviction of its own better judgment.

What difficulties the Confederate government may have had to contend with in the carrying out of its different designs it is impossible to determine with anything like certainty, as the news from that portion of the country has been very scanty since its secession; and the general unanimity of the inhabitants in favour of the war is such, that if they ever had any differences among themselves respecting the course pursued by their generals and government, they have taken very good care to keep them perfectly secret. Such, however, could not be the case with the Northern States; and to the evils naturally arising from divided counsels may be ascribed the disasters they have suffered on several occasions. This point, however, requires for its complete understanding that the course of events in the North should be traced from the breaking out of the war with the South in something like a regular order.

The warlike feeling in the States of New York and Pennsylvania, as well as in those surrounding them, was, up to the time of the capture of Fort Sumter, at Charleston, exceedingly lukewarm; and, indeed, if New England be excepted, no part of the country seemed inclined to come forward and assist the Federal government in its pretensions over the seceded states till that event at once roused all their latent energies. It may truly be said that to it are referable the sacrifices both of men and money which have been made for the support of the Union. The spirit, however, thus raised was not stirred up till it was almost too late to defend the capital; and then every exertion was necessary to secure Washington from falling into the hands of the Confederates, who were getting together a large army on the opposite bank of the Potomac. To secure this object, the militia of all the Northern States had to be summoned to take the field; and this President Lincoln did on his own responsibility. His doing so was *not* called in question; the raw levies that hurried to meet his appeal, came led by officers of their own selection—men very rarely chosen for their military knowledge, but rather for their political influence. The natural consequence was that the troops, scarcely drilled before their arrival, could not learn anything after it, from the ignorance of their commanders. Every state had its own uniform, its own accoutrements, and its own system of exercise. To make from this

discordant mass a homogeneous whole would, under any circumstances, have been a herculean task; its difficulties, however, were heightened by the pertinacity with which every state defended its peculiar rights, and objected to any interference in the internal organisation of its troops by the central government. There was thus, then, before the battle of Bull Run, a very large army collected at Washington, which had neither organisation, equipments, nor sufficient military experience to take the field against any enemy which had even the most superficial attainments in those respects. The people of the Northern States generally, however, were totally ignorant of these defects. They saw a very large number of men, terming themselves soldiers, assembled within sight almost of their enemy, and unable to appreciate the motives which induced General Scott to remain inactive, they pressed on the executive the necessity of at once striking the decisive blow. The consequences of this rash attempt are but too well known. The army on which such hopes had been built broke and fled the instant they were hard pressed, leaving their baggage, artillery, and even their small-arms lying on the field; and so great was the general dismay for two days afterwards, that if the Southern troops had chosen to advance, Washington and Maryland must inevitably have been taken by them. Whether this conquest would have proved advantageous in its ultimate results to the Confederates is still a doubtful question, as although Maryland might have been a valuable accession to their cause, and would have furnished them with large supplies of both arms and men, as well as provisions, that state has, nevertheless, in its present character, proved a very heavy burden on the Federalists, requiring the constant presence of a large portion of their army to keep it quiet. It has thus acted as a most valuable auxiliary to the Southern States, by preventing the North from having the disposition of a large number of troops for the purposes of aggressive warfare, whilst it has cost the Confederate government nothing for its defence.

The battle of Bull Run, although a serious defeat, has in its consequences proved of the greatest advantage to the Federal army. Terrified at the discomfiture their arms had met with, the Northern States willingly gave themselves up to the guidance of the government. Their troops were armed afresh. The rifles supplied to them by the central government were of a better fashion; many of them had only smooth bores previously. It was seen, as soon as the arms could be provided, that all the army should have uniform weapons. Before Bull Run it would have been very difficult to find even ten regiments which could use each other's stores of ammunition in case of necessity. New officers were sent to replace the old and inefficient ones. But all this—now in a great measure effected—has had to be done as it were by stealth; and even at this moment there are many generals in the Federal army whose only recommendation for holding such a post is their political influence with the people. That the military organisation of the Federal army has been immensely improved in the last nine months is undoubted; but that it is still very defective is equally clear, from the immense number of troops required for carrying on a war against an enemy which cannot, in the very nature of things, be well supplied with any of the necessities of war. The military officers who are at the head of this army are well aware of its defects, as is also

the government; but they both feel their own weakness and incapacity to remedy them, because to do so they would be forced to act with a decision and energy that might ill suit the masses to whom they must refer for support. Money the people are ready to give, as they have proved already, most lavishly; the control of the expenditure of that money they do not even require. What, however, they must have, is a direction of the military movements to suit their own impatience; and reported successes, no matter how small, to feed their vanity. Slowness on the part of their generals in advancing to attack the enemy they cannot understand; it is stigmatised as inactivity. The prudence which dictates above all things circumspection in warfare, the necessity of securing a certain base of operations, and never leaving that base without the adequate means of keeping up a communication with it, and the provision for a safe retreat in the event of being forced to fall back, are treated with contempt, or branded with some worse name. The best generals are, consequently, the most likely to meet the public disapprobation, as has already been the case with regard to Generals Scott, Macdowell, and M'Clellan; the two former of whom had to be sacrificed, and the latter may, most probably, be so, as a peace-offering to the masses, and this in spite of the conviction of the government that they are acting properly, and in the public interest.

Whilst what has been detailed, about the time of the battle of Bull Run, and afterwards, was going on, its counterpart was being enacted in the West. There General M'Culloch, with a small army of ill-equipped troops, kept the Northern troops for a long time in check, and even now the successes of the Federal army in that quarter are but little commensurate with its strength and the constant support it is receiving. That army, however, has the immense advantage of being at so great a distance from the centres of observation that its organisation might be very easily perfected, were it not for the intrigues of one or two political men on the spot, and that the central government has used it as a sort of hospital to which it might send disabled political favourites whose services it would willingly dispense with in the army of the Potomac, but whom it does not dare openly to offend.

The regular army of the United States possesses many and most excellent officers whom the government might well employ in places of trust from their capacity and military attainments, but with few exceptions it has not been able to do so. A regular military man, from the very nature of his profession, is rarely in a position to acquire that political influence which may render him a popular favourite, unless he holds so high a position as to have achieved a military reputation. In European countries it is not necessary that he should do so, because he is a member of an honourable and distinct profession into which civilians cannot force their way; so that the good opinion of his chiefs is what he has to look to in order to secure a steady promotion. Such is not the case in the United States, nor, indeed, has it ever been so in any republics. The standing armies of republics (it is not meant here to embrace republics which, like that of France in 1790, sprang from the ruins of a despotism to flourish only for a short period, and then sank down again amidst the rubbish from which it rose, but regularly established republics) are always

small ; the staff of officers as limited as possible ; the profession generally disliked by the people. When such a republic is forced into a war it raises an army either by levies in its own country, or by enlisting foreign mercenaries into its service. To command these troops the officers of the country are rarely looked to. The people in many cases fear putting too great power into their hands, and the executive does not anticipate from their employment any political support. Leading politicians are more often placed in positions for which they are quite incapable, in order to secure their interest, and a few foreigners are added to them as counsellors and instructors in the duties of their new offices. That armies thus constituted should be of little value is self-evident; yet such they invariably must be under a republican government, until the people, wakened from their apathy by some great misfortunes, cast themselves into the arms of a single and irresponsible ruler, and give to him the full power to act as he conceives best. Then, even should he be a man of only moderate abilities, he will be able to conduct military affairs much better than they can be conducted by a number of different individuals, as his plans, though perhaps defective, will at least have the advantage of being directed to the same object, as they will proceed from the same source.

Since the period of Bull Run, though things have gone better with the Northern forces, yet the ignorance of the movements of the Southern troops which they have exhibited, and the thorough acquaintance with all that has been going on in their enemy's camps which the latter have shown, prove the great disadvantages the Federalists labour under in being forced to publish a full account of all they are doing or intend to do. Their successes at Fort Donaldson and Roanoke Island cannot be quoted against this assertion, because the inability of the South to cope with the expeditions sent against them arose, not from want of knowledge of the danger which menaced them, but from want of the means of doing so. On the other hand, the secrecy with which the *Merrimac* was prepared for sea, and the unexpectedness of her attack, by which she obtained such wonderful advantages, all tend to prove the justness of the argument brought forward.

It is generally supposed by persons who have not paid particular attention to the subject that republican governments are those in which the least corruption exists, and in a certain degree this supposition is very natural ; but the history, as well of past times as of the present epoch, shows that when the territory is large it is very far from the truth. In both the extremes of an autocratical and thoroughly democratical form of government, when the country governed by either of them is large, state peculation is invariably to be found in every department, and in both cases is to be traced to causes which are of similar origin, though apparently differing in every respect. The rule, however, does not apply to small territories, as will be evident on mature consideration.

The subjects of a despotic sovereign, depending solely on his will, naturally seek to propitiate their sovereign as the first essential to attaining the objects of such wishes as depend on his will. For this purpose they have recourse to those persons who, from the advantages either of superior abilities or of having had from an early period access to his person, are known to possess influence with him. In many instances

these are men of the most tried integrity, and have been selected by him on that account as his counsellors; in others they may be corrupt, but have had the tact to conceal it. But whether they themselves are or are not accessible to the influence of bribes and flattery, they must each and all of them severally have in their turn confidential friends, to whom they occasionally refer for advice. Through these advisers, then, access is indirectly had to the head of the State; and where the country ruled is of great extent and populous it is excessively difficult for the chief of it to keep so strict a watch over all that is done as to prevent many abuses gradually creeping in. In a republic the people are the sovereign, and to the passions of the people the politicians address themselves, and having once established their reputation, they acquire such an influence over them as to be enabled to intimidate the legislature into obeying their behests. The people, besides, have also certain sops thrown to them. In the changes of administration the officers of the government, down to those holding the very most inferior posts, are generally replaced by other persons, supporters of the new party come into power, and this naturally throws an immense quantity of patronage into the hands of the executive, who are enabled in this way to bribe those whose interest they desire to propitiate, and these latter in turn have the means thus to requite their followers and gain over their enemies. The frequent changes of administration afford, also, ample opportunities for getting hold of the public moneys by indirect methods, as in whatever may be done for public works most profitable contracts are always easily arranged, the defective and expensive nature of the objects constructed on expeditions of a military or other nature being rarely discovered till after the administration during whose rule they may have been undertaken is out of power. Its successors may then point out the defects of those that went before them; but it is little likely that they should do so very particularly, as they are generally only too ready to profit by such experience for their own private benefit. The state of affairs just pointed out is no mere imagination; it exists in full vigour in the United States, and is not even denied by the politicians of that country themselves, who are for the most part needy adventurers, following politics as a profession, and that in a country where the known remuneration of government officials, if limited to their salaries, would barely afford them a means of sustenance. Yet most of these men are wealthy, and live in a style to show that they do contrive to get hold of very considerable sums for their daily expenditure.

THE LATER YEARS OF PITT.*

IN a former article on Lord Stanhope's recent work,† we traced the life of Pitt through his "early years" to the time of his first taking office, as prime minister, in 1783. We confined ourselves as much as possible to his personal history, and in the present notice we shall endeavour to do the same. It may be difficult, for few lives have been so exclusively political; but we are now supplied with more ample materials for our immediate purpose than have hitherto been laid before the public. To consider the policy of his wars with France, or his alleged disinclination to make peace; the stringent measures adopted for the repression of opinion at home; or the wisdom of his financial administration, would each require a greater space than we can at present devote to the entire subject. He cannot be supposed to have willingly involved England in the revolutionary war, as he had plans with which it was certain to interfere. For some time he avoided it. The course he had marked out for himself as a statesman lay in a very different direction. Pitt was honestly and upon principle a reformer. He did not raise the cry for temporary popularity, or to mislead a mob; his sincerity was shown in his early intercourse with his royal master; and we are indebted, amongst many other things, to Lord Stanhope for the publication of the letters which place it beyond a doubt. Reform was to be one of the principles of his administration. He had explained it to an unwilling listener; but his majesty had consented, "out of personal regard," that he might "lay his thoughts before the House;"‡ and it was a cause that, if circumstances had permitted, might have been safely left in his hands. But, as Lord Macaulay has well observed, "Pressed at once by his master, and by his colleagues, by old friends and by old opponents, he abandoned, slowly and reluctantly, the policy which was dear to his heart. He yielded to the current; and from that day his misfortunes began."§ His benevolent intentions towards Ireland, hampered as he was, were imperfectly carried out; and he had to lend himself to measures which he unwillingly promoted and in his heart condemned.

It was but a brief interval in history between Burke's vision of "the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles" and the outbreak of the revolution; and a still shorter period had elapsed from the time of Pitt's visit to the court of France.

The grievous and increasing wrongs which the people of that country had long been suffering, are more strikingly brought before us in such

* We had adopted this title before a similar one had been used elsewhere; and we retain it because it forms a counterpart to that of our first notice of Lord Stanhope's work.

† *Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt*, by Earl Stanhope. Four Vols. London: John Murray. 1861-2. The first and second volumes were noticed in the *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. cxxii. p. 263.

‡ Letter from George III. to Mr. Pitt, March 20, 1785. Earl Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, vol. i. Appendix, p. 15.

§ *Miscellaneous Writings*, vol. ii. p. 350, first edition.

stories as "The Peasant and the Prince," by Miss Martineau, and in Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," than in more authentic records. The ordinary writers of history describe such things in dull and impressionless generalities, and the more eloquent are not always the most truthful. In this case, however, it would have been almost impossible to exaggerate. Could the people have appealed "from petty tyrants to the throne" we do not believe that they would have appealed in vain; but the only means they found of approaching the throne was over the ruins of its authority. That the wrongs of which they complained existed, that they were no longer sufferable, did not admit of a question. Whether they would have yielded to any other remedy than the red ordeal of the Revolution it is more difficult to decide.

At first we hailed their triumph :

O'er the vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France
See the day-star of liberty rise !

was a strain that found its echo in English feeling, but more from sympathy with a people who had risen in the cause of freedom and of right, than from a sense that, in our own country, there were similar evils to be redressed. It is true—and it began to be felt—that we had much to complain of. There was the revolting tyranny of impressment; there was arrest on mesne process for debt, at a time when the state of our prisons was so little cared for as often to make the debtors' imprisonment a punishment too severe even for ordinary criminals; there were judicial butcheries that we now scarcely believe could have been possible; there were a costliness and delay in our legal proceedings almost amounting to a denial of justice, for they gave the law as a privilege to the wealthy; and yet, in our boroughs, even men of wealth and position had themselves no voice in choosing their representatives in parliament, and could only influence a choice through those who openly and shamelessly sold the votes confided to the few by some antiquated monopoly.* Political privileges of various kinds were withheld, and bad laws of various kinds were unrepealed; and the few who gave their minds to such things may busily, perhaps, and not unreasonably, have expressed their discontent. Beyond this there was little more to have been really apprehended from their movements than we at present fear from the "Committees of Foreign Affairs" or "Associations for Financial Reform" which exist in most of our manufacturing towns. A knot of pale mechanics may have varied the dull current of their days by the excitement of discussions at clubs and in debating-rooms; some second-rate man of letters may have sought a new field of notoriety; or a fiery nonconformist may have expounded his theories of better government in places where "no sound ought to be heard but the healing voice of Christian charity;"† but there was nothing that pervaded the great body of the people to such an extent as to justify the coercive measures which were then adopted.

* When it was remarked to the wife of a freeman, who was making the best bargain she could for her husband, that all these things would soon be reformed: "That would be hard, sir," she replied; "an election does not happen so often that we should be hindered from making a little money by it."

† Burke, on Mr. Price's Sermon in the Old Jewry Chapel, Nov. 4, 1789. "Reflections," p. 17.

It was not thought sufficient by those in power that the Habeas Corpus Act should be suspended whenever they required it, or that the freedom of the Press should be crushed by prosecutions more intolerable and oppressive than a censorship. In addition to these a system was introduced which violated the sanctity of private intercourse, and led to a series of petty persecutions that were sometimes ludicrous, but more frequently involved very painful consequences. "Those who, in the first burst of enthusiasm, had sympathised with a nation which had risen to assert the rights so long withheld from it, were regarded as revolutionists, and watched with suspicion. Words lightly or innocently spoken were reported to the authorities, and though the parties who uttered them might not have brought themselves under the penalties of the law, they became marked and often ruined men."* Many, both tradesmen and professional men, were reduced to poverty under the ban of these suspicions. We are told, in a work recently published, that a Mr. Feltham, a gentleman well known to the father of Sir Benjamin Hawes, was arrested and his papers, &c., seized, at Bath—the proceedings, as he supposed, being instigated by government—merely for having given 2s. 6d. and a breakfast to a poor Turk, or Persian, who was taken up as a spy, a letter, copied for him by his benefactor, having been found in his possession which contained the word "citizen." Mr. Feltham underwent a long examination before the magistrates, and was released on bail.† To the proceedings dignified as "State Trials" we do not now refer. We confine ourselves to lesser matters, but often not attended with less of suffering. In the only two readable volumes‡ of a very dull life of Montgomery, we have several instances of the pressure of those unpleasant times. Daniel Holt, a printer at Newark, was imprisoned two years for having republished a hand-bill which Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Rutland had first had printed in advocacy of a reform in parliament. Amongst other means adopted to punish the expression of opinion, the "spy system," as it was called, is still remembered in Lancashire and West Yorkshire, if nowhere else. Nothing, indeed, could have been devised more likely to have caused the evil it was intended to remedy: and it produced a feeling of disaffection which, in some parts of the counties we have named, has not yet entirely disappeared. Montgomery himself had cast his lot with the popular party at Sheffield, and the first risk of his "getting into trouble" was his having been present at a public meeting, where the most violent of the speakers was an adventurer to whom government afterwards gave a lieutenant-colonelcy. Though tried and imprisoned, we may at least suspect the nature of his vocation, nor was he the only one who played a similar part.§ But the poet's sufferings as an editor and printer, in those troubled days, were yet to come. For merely reprinting some very stupid verses||—of which the writer, for his dulness only, deserved the punishment that was inflicted on the printer—Montgomery was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in York Castle, and a fine of

* From a Lecture on the late Edward Baines.

† Beamish's Life of Brunel, p. 43.

‡ Vols. I. and II. of *Memoirs of James Montgomery*, by John Holland and James Everett, in six vols. octavo.

§ *Memoirs of James Montgomery*, vol. i. p. 162.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 192.

twenty pounds; and only twelve months later, for giving a very temperate account of a riot, attended with bloodshed, originating with the military themselves, he was sentenced to an imprisonment in York Castle of six months, a fine of thirty pounds, and securities for two years. But a circumstance, connected with his first offence, shows more clearly than his own punishment the character of the times. When the indictment was traversed from Sheffield to Doncaster, a hosier, named Palfreyman, volunteered as his bail. The magistrate who took his recognisance expressed a hope that "that d—d stockinger would himself also be got hold of." An occasion was not long wanting. Some shopkeepers at Sheffield were summoned for using light weights. Palfreyman was heard to give his opinion that the law was a beneficial one, *provided it was impartially administered*, and for this constructive libel on the integrity of the local bench, he too was imprisoned in York Castle for three months.*

We cannot bring ourselves to believe that these measures of severity, so vexatiously applied, were necessary; nor are we alone in our disbelief.†

If we purposed entering upon an inquiry as to the conduct of the war, we should rather blame the perseverance in subsidies to imbecile and inefficient allies than the obstinate continuance of hostilities. Their only cessation, from the commencement, was under the treaty of Amiens, during the brief administration of Mr. Addington; and its results were not so satisfactory as to encourage another attempt. To the negotiations which led to it, Pitt showed no unwillingness to give his assistance and assent.‡ In the first five or six years of the war, he had been continually harassed by the Opposition with motions which, under various forms, were virtually for entering into negotiations with France, but they were either negatived without a division or by very large majorities; and the attempts at effecting a peace that were made in 1796, 1797, and 1800 were signally unsuccessful.§ During the remainder of his life no charge of a neglected opportunity could be brought against him. Mr. Fox, by denouncing an assassin, had entered (in 1806) into friendly communications with the Emperor, but they ended in a mortifying failure. It was not till the year following that overtures, through the medium of Russia and of Austria, were renewed; and if it were wrong to have rejected them, the disciples only of Pitt were now responsible.

The friends of peace contended that war to be justifiable must have a defined and adequate object, and that "the only just and legitimate reason for its continuance was the establishment of peace."|| Their opponents

* Memoirs of James Montgomery, vol. i. p. 195.

† See Lord Stanhope in reply to Lord Macaulay, vol. ii. p. 187.

‡ Life by Earl Stanhope, vol. iii. pp. 351, 352.

§ Appendix I. to a paper by Mr. Newmarch. Journal Statistical Society, vol. xviii. pp. 260-262.

|| Roscoe on the War. "We might have continued," he says, "at peace in 1803, if we would have evacuated Malta, as we had agreed to do at the Treaty of Amiens; or would even have been satisfied by a ten years' possession of it. We might have had it in 1806, with the cession of Hanover, Malta, and the Cape, with the possessions of the French in the East Indies, and the Island of Tobago in the West, and with an acknowledged right of interference in the affairs of the Continent, if our connexion with Russia had not prevented us. We may have it yet (1807) if we can subdue our exasperated passions."—But this does not embrace the whole question.

asserted that, whatever were the evils of war, it was necessary they should be borne "till it could be put an end to with safety, because without disgrace."* Both of these were axioms that were, in the abstract, incontrovertible. It is not, however, by axioms that these things are decided. Years of failure and success rolled on; and the name and influence of Great Britain were mightier after the battle of Waterloo than they could possibly have been after a peace concluded earlier under the mediation of any continental power.

As regards the mode of providing for the expenditure by loans, Lord Stanhope considers† that the able and elaborate paper by Mr. Newmarch‡ has established beyond question that Mr. Pitt's plans were the best which at their respective periods could have been carried into effect. If any man could make this clear, it would be Mr. Newmarch; but when we see 100*l.* in Three per Cent. Consols, and 87*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* in Three per Cent. Reduced (187*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*, at a rate of interest the most difficult to be diminished), given for 100*l.*, if not something less, in money, we cannot help thinking that the Stock Exchange must have been too powerful for the statesman. It would be well, perhaps, if a greater portion than hitherto of all war loans were to be taken in Long Annuities. Mr. Gladstone is understood to have urged that the expenses of a war should, in justice, be borne by the generation that undertakes it. This would involve old Kaspar's difficulty§ of *what it was about*. But, under any circumstances, it is desirable to remove the pressure as soon as possible. The falling in of Long Annuities in 1860 was equal, in round numbers, to the extinction of about seventy millions of debt;|| and as the investors in such securities are continually becoming more numerous, a loan of this kind may be effected with less difficulty than formerly. Though only granted for thirty years, the Long Annuities issued in 1855 were taken at about 16*l.* money for one pound yearly, and they afterwards rose in the market to 18*l.* 10*s.*

Mr. Newmarch is undoubtedly right that, in the loans of Pitt—when nearly a hundred and sixty-five millions (exclusive of Irish loans and other lesser amounts) had to be borrowed in about nine years—it would have been impossible to have raised the sums required "exclusively or mainly in Long Annuities."¶ We only complain that they were scarcely resorted to at all. The more tenable objection to his financial policy is that he should have borrowed principally upon a description of stock which entails its annual burden undiminished to the present day,** and it must have been forced upon him by circumstances; for, in his first great plan of finance, he announced as one of the principles that would guide him, "That a fund at a high rate of interest is better to the country than those at low rates; that a four per cent. is preferable to a three per cent., and a five per cent. better than a four. The reason being that in all

* Canning's speeches at Liverpool.

† Life, vol. iv. p. 414.

‡ Journal of the Statistical Society, vol. xviii. (1855), p. 104.

§ In Southey's *Battle of Blenheim*.

|| We take the amount stated in parliament. Some of the Stock Exchange "Epitomes" make it less.

¶ Journal of the Statistical Society, vol. xviii. p. 135.

** Mr. Gladstone is the first of his successors who has hazarded even an attempt to reduce the interest on the Three per Cents.

operations of finance we should have in view a plan of redemption. Gradually to redeem and extinguish our debt ought ever to be the wise pursuit of government. Every scheme and operation of finance should be directed to that end, and managed with that view.*

We have briefly noticed these subjects, because we shall rarely advert to them as we proceed.

"When at the age of twenty-four," says Lord Stanhope, "Mr. Pitt was called upon to fill the highest place in the councils of his sovereign, he found himself surrounded by difficulties—the greatest, perhaps, that any prime minister of England ever had to grapple with." Everything was in disorder. His opponents in the House of Commons had a formidable majority; and they were led "by Burke and Sheridan, by Fox and Lord North." Amongst the friends of his "early years" who—in addition to the Duke of Rutland—supported the new premier in his time of need, we find his old associates at Wimbledon—Arden and Eliot and Wilberforce. Dundas had become his firmest adherent, his constant companion, and the sharer of his social indulgences; but it was to his own extraordinary firmness, and the inflexible will of the king his master, that he chiefly owed the victory he achieved. He was popular in the City, and its freedom having been voted to him, to be presented in a gold box of the value of one hundred guineas, it was brought for that purpose to his brother's house in Berkeley-square, where he then resided, by a deputation of the civic authorities, and he accompanied them on their return to partake of a dinner at Grocers' Hall. Both going and coming back he was welcomed by an immense concourse of the people, whose loud acclamations of applause were "gall and wormwood to his enemies," more especially, it would appear, to the members of Brooke's, which at that time "was the stronghold of his political opponents." In front of the club he was attacked—after the fashion of a century earlier—by a riotous crowd armed with bludgeons and broken chair-poles; the carriage he rode in was nearly demolished; the blows intended for the prime minister were warded off by Lord Chatham; and with great difficulty he escaped into White's. That any but the lowest retainers of the party had mixed themselves up in this disgraceful outrage, we cannot believe, though Lord Stanhope tells us that the contrary "was asserted and believed at the time."

His popularity in the City may partly, we think, have been attributed to a noble instance of self-denial, which he had shown soon after his accession to office. By the death of Sir Edward Walpole, the clerkship of the Pells fell in—a sinecure place for life, worth 3000*l.* a year. Every one expected that he would have taken it for himself. The struggle in which he was engaged was of doubtful issue. If he failed as a statesman, there was nothing for him but a return to the bar and to his patrimony of 300*l.* a year. But he preferred that the sinecure should be given to extinguish a pension of 3200*l.* a year, which had been granted by Lord Rockingham to Colonel Barré, under rather questionable circumstances; and he himself gave up the splendid prize. "I must acknowledge," said Lord Thurlow, with manly frankness, "that I was shabby enough to advise Mr. Pitt to take this office, as it had fairly fallen into his hands; and I believe that I should have been shabby enough to have done so

* *Life*, vol. i. p. 219.

myself, since other great and exalted characters had so recently set me the example." Barré, while grateful for its having been conferred upon him, spoke of it in a public view as "the act of a man who felt that he stood upon a high eminence in the eyes of the country which he was destined to govern;" and it is clear that upon this eminence he had determined to remain.

In the House of Commons he had still to fight his way. Some fifty, of what were known as the Independents, endeavoured to effect a union between the leaders of the two great parties, but their well-intended efforts led to no satisfactory result; the chiefs were both confident of victory. A dissolution of parliament was what the opposition chiefly dreaded. While they had yet the power they moved and carried Addresses to the king, praying him to change his ministers; but the replies were firm and dignified refusals. "Not a century ago," exclaimed Mr. Powys, "a vote of the Commons could bestow a crown, now it cannot even procure the dismissal of a minister." In the mean time addresses of approval and confidence were presented to the king, in numbers that gave sufficient proof of the feelings and opinions of the nation. The adverse majority, which at Pitt's accession to power had been as many as 54, was at last reduced to 1; and a dissolution was determined upon.

It was near being delayed, for a time, in a rather extraordinary manner. Before morning of the day that it was to have taken place, the Great Seal was stolen from the house of the Lord Chancellor; and without the Great Seal there could be no dissolution. An order was issued for a new one, bearing the date of 1784; and by working throughout the night, the able artists who were employed had completed it by noon the following day. *Parvis componere magna*, we are reminded that, during the political excitement of 1841, the commission of the peace for an ancient borough was stolen from the boot of a mail coach, under similar suspicious circumstances; but we do not believe that, in either case, complicity could have been fairly imputed to the political parties likely to have practised so "curious a manœuvre."*

To the minister the result of the new elections was a splendid triumph. It seems strange to read of the election for Westminster lasting forty days, or of a scrutiny being demanded against a majority of 635 votes, or of the whole of Yorkshire as a single constituency. The changes since then have not been trifling. Pitt, who had been put in nomination for London, without his consent, and had been invited to stand for Bath and other places, determined again to offer himself for the University which had been the scene of his studies and of his earliest friendships. He was returned at the head of the poll, and continued to represent it during the remainder of his life. Of the supporters of his adversary, who were now called *Fox's Martyrs*, a hundred and sixty lost their seats.

When the parliament thus chosen assembled, the ministry was found to have a majority, against which it soon became useless to divide. The India Bill that had been lost at the beginning of the year, though by a majority against it of only 8 votes, was now carried by 271 to 60; and it established that control over the government of our possessions in the East which, "with some modifications," continued, till it became unsuit-

* The words used in a letter from Pitt to Wilberforce, vol. i. p. 201.

able for the complicated interests it embraced, and till the entire power was transferred from the Company to the Crown. The revenues of our own country—then greatly disordered—were placed on a satisfactory footing. It was attempted to destroy the great evil of smuggling, by reducing the heavy duties on tea; but it was an evil that required more powerful measures than could then, or long after, be applied. Many still living remember having seen parties of armed smugglers, with kegs of brandy at their saddle-bows, galloping through the lanes of Kent in open day, in defiance of all authority. Amongst the minor reforms to which the minister's original hatred of speculation directed his notice, was a limitation of the privilege given to members of parliament of franking letters. Some have computed that the yearly loss to the revenue, by the gross abuse of this privilege, was little short of 170,000*l*. Several banking firms had whole "box-fulls" of blank covers, with the signature only of a member, to be dated and filled up as required. It was provided, therefore, that in future no member of either House should frank more than ten letters daily, and that they should be dated and entirely addressed by himself. Still the system worked badly. "No amount," Lord Stanhope reminds us, "of public forethought is ever quite a match for private skill, and many cases of most ingenious evasion are recorded." Against the charge of forging the franks of Sir John Hope, the party accused protested that he had merely written on his own letter, "Free, I hope." The death of a peer was announced in a frank under his own hand. He had written it the morning that he died, and it was used, from habit, by his family.

Some of the most important public events which took place between this time and the breaking out of the revolutionary war—in addition to the great measures of finance—were the trial of Warren Hastings; the proceedings that were rendered necessary by the mental alienation of the king; and the occasional disturbance, though without resort to hostilities, of our pacific relations with the continental courts. These we, for the most part, lay aside as matters of history. Our attention will be chiefly directed to what is personal: or immediately connected with the wishes and feelings of Pitt.

In the first session of the new parliament, notwithstanding his commanding majorities, the premier, whose youth was made a byword, experienced some vexatious defeats. Eden, writing of this to a friend rather later, said, "It proved what he had told him, that it was a very loose parliament, and that government had not a decisive hold of it upon any material question." We have had such "very loose parliaments" even in our own day. Pitt, as we have seen, had obtained the king's permission to bring in his measure for parliamentary reform. His majesty had promised *to use no influence against it*.* No one would now suppose such influence possible. Wilberforce came from Nice at Pitt's request to support it, and was his guest in Downing-street, "as he was also on many subsequent occasions." Dundas, too, spoke in its favour. "But the minister had the mortification to find himself defeated by 248 votes, there being on his side only 174." Even the proposal to give compensation to the *proprietors* of disfranchised boroughs could not make it acceptable.

* We would refer to his whole letter, Appendix, vol. i. p. 15.

He was still more vexed, perhaps—he is described, indeed, as having been “most bitterly disappointed”—at the rejection of his intended measures for improving the commercial intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland. The change was to have been a very moderate one. It was chiefly to have equalised the duties: so that if, on any article imported into either country from the other, they were different, they were to be reduced “in the kingdom where they were the highest down to the lower scale.” “Of all the objects of my life,” he said, after a statesman-like exposition of his views as to the government of Ireland, “this is, in my opinion, the most important that I ever have engaged in.” And he expressed in strong language his deep interest in its success. But from the manufacturers of England “a loud and angry cry arose;” and it was nowhere more violent than at Manchester. The ancestors of the great apostles of free trade were amongst its most determined opponents. In Ireland—for in Ireland, strange to say, it was strongly opposed—its defeat was celebrated by a general illumination. With a doubtful support in parliament, and with a double opposition from without, it was useless to struggle any longer; and the measure to which, for almost a year, he had devoted himself, was reluctantly abandoned. The public good that he had in view was unaccomplished; in both nations fresh jealousies were excited; and he himself, for a time, felt a decline in public favour.*

“Pitt,” writes Wilberforce in his journal, “does not make friends.” In public life he does not seem to have had the faculty of making them. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall (as quoted by Lord Stanhope) describes his appearance in the House of Commons in words which bear evidence of their truth. After speaking of his person as “tall and slender, but without elegance or grace in his manner,” he says, “if not repulsive, he was cold, stiff, and without suavity or amenity. He seemed never to invite approach, or to encourage acquaintance, though when addressed he could be polite, communicative, and occasionally gracious. Smiles were not natural to him even when seated on the Treasury bench. . . . From the instant that Pitt entered the doorway of the House of Commons, he advanced up the floor with a quick and firm step, his head erect and thrown back, looking neither to the right nor to the left, nor favouring with a nod or a glance any of the individuals seated on either side, among whom many who possessed 5000*l.* a year would have been gratified by so slight a mark of attention. It was not thus that Lord North or Fox treated parliament.”

Out of parliament his whole mind was devoted to his high responsibilities. He could not, it is true, relinquish his habit of sleeping in the country, and at first he had a house on Putney-heath; sometimes indulging himself with a day or two at Brighton. In 1785, he purchased Holwood, in Kent, a mile or two from Hayes. He had long desired it. When a boy he used to go a bird-nesting in its woods; and “told me,”

* Fox tried to make what has since been called political capital of this defeat. While staying at Knowsley, with Lord Derby, they visited Manchester, and were escorted by crowds, wearing blue and buff cockades, to a public dinner. “A procession,” wrote Fox, “as fine and not unlike that upon my chairing in Westminster.” . . . “I never saw more apparent unanimity than seemed to be in our favour.” It led, however, to no result.

said Lord Bathurst to Rogers, "that it was always his wish to call it his own."*

"As the cares of office grew upon him, he went of course much less into general society. He would often, for whole hours, ride or sit with only Steele,† or Rose,‡ or Dundas, for his companion. Nor was this merely from the ease and rest of thus unbending his mind. Men who know the general habits of great ministers are well aware how many details may be expedited and difficulties smoothed away by quiet chat with a thoroughly trusted friend in lesser office. Pitt, however, often gave, and often accepted, small dinner parties, and took great pleasure in them." Lord Wellesley, to whose opinions we referred in a former article, says of him, that "his constant delight was society," that "his manners were perfectly plain, his wit quick and ready;" and that he was endowed beyond any man whom his lordship had known, "with a gay heart and a social spirit."§

His habits in Downing-street "were very simple. He breakfasted every morning at nine, sometimes inviting to that meal any gentleman with whom he had to talk on business, and it was seldom when the House of Commons met that he could find leisure for a ride."||

But at Holwood there seems to have been a renewal of the happy hours he had passed at Wimbledon. When Wilberforce and Grenville were his guests, "after breakfast," writes Wilberforce in his Diary, "we sallied forth, armed with bill-hooks, cutting new walks from one large tree to another, through the thickets." On another and later occasion we have an entry: "To Holwood by half-past four. Pitt riding out. Lord Camden and J. Villiers came, with whom walked. Pitt, Canning, and Pepper Arden came in late to dinner. . . . Evening: Canning and Pitt reading classics." Lord Grenville told Rogers that Pitt "showed taste in the planting; but he mismanaged the water sadly; and laughed when I remonstrated against his levelling, as he did, part of the fortification in the Roman camp there. All the Roman remains amongst us, and whatever related to Gothic or ancient times, he held in no great respect."¶ The purchase of the property at Holwood was not made at once, but at intervals from 1785 to 1794, and its cost was 8950*l.*, of which 4000*l.* remained unpaid, as a mortgage on the land. The buildings he erected were said to have been very slightly constructed, on the plea that they would last as long as he required them. As it now stands it was rebuilt by a subsequent proprietor. Lord Stanhope** describes it as in a beautiful country, the view extending over a varied and undulating plain, from the heights of Sydenham on the one side, to the heights of Knockholt Beeches on the other. In the grounds are considerable remains of the Roman camp referred to by Lord Grenville, in

* "Recollections," p. 189.

† Steele was Secretary of the Treasury in Pitt's first ministry. "He must take care," said Wilberforce, "whom he makes Secretary of the Treasury; it is rather a roguish office." "Mind what you say," answered Steele, "for I am Secretary of the Treasury."

‡ Cobbett used to describe George Rose as so completely an office-fixture, that the clerks might by mistake have hung their hats upon his nose.

§ Life by Lord Stanhope, vol. i. p. 250.

|| Ibid.

¶ "Recollections." Second edition, p. 189.

** Vol. i. p. 279.

part overgrown by some fine trees. We write with the same line of country before us. At present Holwood belongs to Lord Cranworth. He is said to cherish its memorials; but all that exist are a writing-table used by Pitt, a tree beneath which he often sat, and the "Wilberforce oak" of the abolition. He could now rarely find time for a visit to Burton Pynsent, but his letters to Lady Chatham show the same kind attachment as ever; the same deep interest in her affairs; and an anxious desire to relieve her from embarrassments which a delay in the payment of some dividends had for a time occasioned. He freely places his means at her disposal, and assures her that he can do so "without its coming across any convenience or pleasure" of his own.* Yet even then he was himself falling into similar difficulties. As may be supposed, his mind was too much engrossed with public business to allow of his giving attention to his private affairs. Amongst his servants, therefore, "there was very great waste, and probably worse than waste;" and his friend Mr. Robert Smith,† whom he had requested to look into his accounts, does not seem to have succeeded in introducing any better system. It was destined to be an accumulating evil.

In 1785, his sister Lady Hariot, to whom he was much attached, was married to his friend Mr. Eliot, and the following year she died in childbirth. He alludes to this, on more than one occasion, with deep feeling. He was accused of writing coldly of his father's death, but it was the only time that such a charge could have been brought against him. There was manly tenderness in his letter on the death of his brother James, and he never mentions the illness or death even of a domestic except with kindly interest. From the time of his bereavement, Mr. Eliot, we are told, "took up his residence in Mr. Pitt's house, and they continued to live like brothers. But Mr. Eliot never recovered his former cheerfulness and spirits, nor could he bring himself to mix again in general society."‡ He resigned his seat at the Board of Treasury in 1793, and in 1797, "at the early age of thirty-nine," he died. Wilberforce, writing on this sad occasion to Lord Muncaster, says: "To Pitt the loss of Eliot is a loss indeed—and then his poor little girl."§ The friend whom Pitt had described, when they were preparing for their visit to France, as "the robust Eliot," was to die even younger than himself.

His own health, which had been restored when at Cambridge by the pleasant prescriptions of Dr. Addington, soon began to give way under that double wear in Downing-street and the House of Commons which only one man living seems to encounter with impunity. "It was very delicate in his early youth, and it again became so ere he had passed the prime of manhood." Bishop Tomline was wrong in telling us that, after his recovery at Cambridge, he was "a healthy man for many years." On the occasion of carrying one of his India bills of 1788 by only a small majority, Lord Mornington (afterwards Marquis Wellesley) writes to the Marquis of Buckingham: "What hurt us, I believe materially, last night, was that Pitt, who had reserved himself to answer Fox, was, just

* Letter to Lady Chatham, *Life*, vol. i. p. 280.

† Raised to the peerage as Lord Carrington in 1796.

‡ Quoted from Dr. Pretyman's *Biography*.

§ Lord Stanhope, vol. iii. p. 63.

at the close of a very able speech of Fox's, taken so ill as not to be able to speak at all, so that the House went to the division with the whole impression of our adversaries' arguments in a great degree unanswered. . . . I think this is the most unpleasant thing of the sort that has ever happened to us."* About the time of Mr. Eliot's last illness we also find Pitt himself, "almost for the first time for many years," Lord Stanhope says, referring to his failure of health.† "The toils of office and of parliament" (continues his biographer)‡ "at a most arduous crisis told at last severely upon a constitution that was never strong. He suffered greatly, as did Sir Robert Peel in 1846, from headaches." He says himself that he had "not been able to get rid of them for several days." Previous to 1797 there are passages to a like effect; and it was with diminished strength that he had to bear nine years more of the same exhausting toil.

We have merely referred to public events as they personally affected himself. But, in every way, there is still so much that is interesting in these volumes, and we feel such reliance upon the authenticity of the materials they afford, that, pausing for the present, we shall recur to them in future pages.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.§

It has been justly remarked of the incidents enacted and the events pending in North America, that the whole story is a mystery as well as a marvel. But what but marvels can be expected of a new country and a new people? It will be well if the old nations are warned in time and prepared for that which is most likely to ensue. The lapse of twelve months changed an untaxed Republic into two military Confederacies engaged in desperate war with each other, and burdened already with debts exceeding in charge the national debt of Britain. The number of men actually maintained in arms for upwards of a year is something incredible. From a population smaller than that of these islands the Northerners have not only sent seven hundred thousand volunteers into the field, but have kept them there since last summer. No wonder that trade is paralysed and industry neglected. There is now but one trade in America, and that is the trade of war. We know that it is a traffic that can never end in gain, but the Americans are embracing it, with all its costs and consequences, as the most enrapturing pursuit in the world. The people are intoxicated with the successes of their troops and delirious with visions of military glory. The South is to be crushed outright, and held as conquered territory, or partitioned among military colonists.

* Lord Stanhope, vol. i. p. 361.

† Letter to Dundas, vol. iii. p. 64.

‡ *Ib.*, same page.

§ North America. By Anthony Trollope. Two Vols. Chapman and Hall.

That which is almost of as great importance to us as the destruction of the cotton-growing territories is the opinions of the Northerners, further upheld by the temper of the moment, to the effect that armies which have conquered at home can conquer everywhere else. We are expressly apprised of "one certain consequence of the strife, on which Europe may safely calculate," and that is that Americans "will never again be the peaceable people they were." And then we are told openly that all pending hostilities will be directed against us. In an article of calm argumentation, most rare on the other side of the Atlantic, and the object of which is professedly to still unquiet spirits, the *New York Journal of Commerce* tells us that "there is to-day one sentiment in which the whole American people, North and South, seem to agree, and that is a sentiment of hostility to England." "With an immense army, a triumphant general, a splendid military equipment, an iron-clad navy already superior to any in the world, and rapidly increasing, our people are impressed with an idea of their own prowess." "England will terribly mistake the tone and temper of the American people if she imagines that the Mason and Slidell affair has passed off our minds, or that we regard it to-day in any other light than that in which we viewed it when they were brought into our ports."

There seems every probability that America will bring about a rupture with the old country simply because she has always envied and disliked us, because she has always coveted America for the Americans, and abhors the independent attitude of Canada as much as she does that of Great Britain, and because she has now, or is supposed soon to have, a great and triumphant force in hand. When she has annexed New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Canada, and British Columbia, and utterly extinguished the old country, the same unchristian feeling would, no doubt, prompt a crusade all round the world, or the trampling under foot of all the great powers of Europe.

But the causes of rupture avowed by the Americans are more. The hostility of feeling, the great and irresistible forces, naval and military, flushed with triumph, and the hankering after Canada, are all admitted; but the immediate cause of these very angry passions attaches itself to the fact of our neutrality. The very steps that we have taken to ensure peace, and the attitude we have assumed to avoid embarrassment, are made the basis of hostility against us! The policy of America is as great a marvel as the kaleidoscopic phases through which it is incessantly passing. "The hour is now at hand," we are told, "when we must demand the cessation of neutrality, and England must be friend or enemy." Neutrality is not a permissible thing with so domineering a power. We must not only disavow, but we must suppress Southern sympathies—modern absolutism is made to extend itself to men's consciences; we must withdraw our recognition of the Southerners as belligerents, and admit that they have passed under the yoke; we must discourage abolitionists as if there were no "American abolitionist Unionists!" we must overthrow our ministry, and we must "rapidly assume a position of friendly feeling" towards the American government, abhorring all neutrality. That is to say, we are to go down on our knees, attest to a sympathy that does not exist, and most contritely beg to be forgiven. As if abject concession ever yet preserved a people, or as

if the most humiliating adulations were made to the most uncertain of all tyrannies—that of a democracy—such could be expected for a moment to turn the tide of feeling, to allay angry passions, to ward off rancour, or to stay the bloodthirsty passion for subjection and conquest that is now rampant from Maine to New Orleans!

Had we assumed another attitude with respect to the Northerners; had we, instead of allowing our manufacturing population to suffer and starve, not only sympathised with the Southerners, but have broken the imperfect blockade established in the earlier period of the civil war, set trade at liberty, and lent our moral support to the cause of the South, we should justly have exposed ourselves to a feeling of hostility on the part of the North; but we should have gained a double advantage—we should have stemmed the enmity of the South, and we should have thrown impediments in the way of that triumphant progress, the end and aim of which must, we are incessantly warned, be the humiliation of Great Britain! As it is, we are told by the Northerners, who discount the enmity of the South before they have the bill in their possession, that, “from Maine to Texas, loyal citizens and rebels unite in the feeling which has been engendered by the course, *right or wrong*, which England has pursued. It is about the only thing on which North and South agree, and this fact is of profound importance at this moment. A hostile feeling on the one side, and a deep chagrin, or possibly a decided enmity, on the other, must lead to war in the course of time.” As it appears from this statement that hostility has been engendered, and has attained its acme without regard to right or wrong, it is difficult to argue against its wisdom or justice, its policy or its humanity. It shows one thing, the wisdom of which is attested by all history, that half measures never answer, and that it would have been better for Great Britain to have buckled on its armour at once and to have taken the part of one belligerent or another, than wait to be attacked by both; not that we entertain any apprehension as to the result. First of all, we have right on our side, and, therefore, before Heaven, we have preserved a strict neutrality, and no code of religion, morality, or policy—save an American one—can make us amenable for that; again, it is true that America has seven hundred thousand men in arms, and when joined by the South may have half a million of men, as well as the largest iron-clad navy in the world. But her ports are open to reverses; her trade may be made to suffer; her line of frontier to the north is as exposed as that of the regions which she threatens; and, indeed, if Great Britain and Canada had half the energy of the Northerners, would be far more so, for means of defence exist that have not been utilised.

But above all things, even if conquered or subjected, the South is neither pacified nor amalgamated as yet. Virginia and Tennessee lost, the lines of Corinth abandoned, Richmond, Memphis, and New Orleans in the hands of the Federals, the Confederates can still retire into a territory of eight hundred thousand square miles. The Northerners are closing in, not upon a city, or a fastness, or a stronghold, which might be surrounded and taken, but on a vast extent of territory, with only river and railroad communication, and without those roads by which alone a country can be permanently subjugated. If the Southerners refused terms when half Washington was in their favour, and the Federal Presi-

dent himself disposed to temporise and treat, they can hardly be expected to capitulate as beaten traitors while they have a boundless territory behind them. The Spartans subdued the Athenians, but spite of Cleomenes and his troops, the virgin city reasserted its independence. If success attended ultimately upon the Lacedæmonians after the long-continued Peloponnesian war, the pride and arrogance of the Spartans lost to them the empire of Greece. The Southern States may also yet have their Epaminondas. So many unanticipated events rise up in the times of civil wars, that it does not argue an available historical learning, or the possession of either practical religion or a sound philosophy on the part of the Americans to arm themselves as they are doing, morally and physically, in the midst of civil war, against European powers, and to put forward their own irresistible successes as certain. A diversion may arise in the South, from the confusion and intervention in Mexico, which the Americans, in their passionate hostility to us, are not quite alive to. Again, out of the civil war, there may arise an abolitionist, or an anti-abolitionist dictator, one of whose first objects, to ensure stability to a new order of things, may be to put down the violence of demagogic passions and ambition. If, as we are warned, the "Americans will never be the peaceable people they were," so also, if the lessons of history are of any avail at all, it is impossible for America, turbulent as it always has been, to become a great warlike and aggressive nation, and not to undergo a radical change in its form of government and mode of existence. Above all, a regular government is likely to weigh well, which a populace is not, whether Providence will be on the side of a nation that enters upon a sanguinary warfare merely to gratify the vulgar ambition of beating "all creation." There is decidedly no tyranny so perverse, so unmanageable, so reckless, so unprincipled, and so irreligious, as your thorough democracy.

This remark does not apply itself solely to the threatened war with Great Britain, but it has also been applied by abolitionists all over Europe, and in America itself, to the civil war actually being carried on. A French Unionist, who writes strongly in favour of the Northerners, and who declares that success alone is wanting to ensure every credit being given to them—Count Agénor de Gasparin, in his work, "*L'Amérique devans l'Europe Principes et Intérêts*," p. 267, says: "The United States will only triumph the day that they shall come to an understanding with God, if I may be permitted to use the expression. Their cause is good; it will be better when they shall have finished seeing it and presenting it as they do at this moment. God awaits that time. There are infamous laws to revoke, and ignominious deeds to be wiped away. This may be done without adopting radical plans of abolition, and without fomenting an insurrection of blacks. It can be done, and it ought to be done. If not, God will, I fear, use the South as a rod, and, under one form or another, the punishment will last until the very last traces of the old complicity shall have been annihilated, until the North shall have written something on its flag."

"Sufferings and checks have a providential meaning here below. The plagues of Egypt continued so long as Pharaoh refused to allow Israel to depart. It was after Bull's Run that the first considerable act of enfranchisement was voted at Washington. It was after Cherokees

that the liberation of slaves was proposed at Athens, and the orator who made the proposition had a right to say, 'It is not I who proposes it, it is Cheronea.'" The last quotation is from the distinguished abolitionist, Mr. Sumner; and the Northerners must know that had they adopted Emancipation on their banner, all Europe would have been with them in sympathy, albeit nominally neutral.

In the presence of such portentous anticipations, we turn, with no small amount of curiosity—a curiosity which will be largely participated in by the public, and, we are happy to be able to say at the onset, most extensively gratified—to see what Mr. Trollope's late excursion to North America, at so opportune a moment, has enabled him to glean upon the subject, confining ourselves, however, to the all-important questions now in abeyance. And first, as to the causes of the war. Mr. Trollope, after noticing the way provided by the constitution of the United States for secession, remarks :

South Carolina and the Southern States no doubt felt that they would not succeed in obtaining secession in this way, and therefore they sought to obtain the separation which they wanted by revolution,—by revolution and rebellion, as Naples has lately succeeded in her attempt to change her political status; as Hungary is looking to do; as Poland has been seeking to do any time since her subjection; as the revolted colonies of Great Britain succeeded in doing in 1776, whereby they created this great nation which is now undergoing all the sorrows of a civil war. The name of secession claimed by the South for this movement is a misnomer. If any part of a nationality or empire ever rebelled against the government established on behalf of the whole, South Carolina so rebelled when, on the 20th November, 1860, she put forth her ordinance of so-called secession; and the other Southern States joined in that rebellion when they followed her lead. As to that fact, there cannot, I think, much longer be any doubt in any mind. I insist on this especially, repeating perhaps unnecessarily, opinions expressed in my first volume, because I still see it stated by English writers that the secession ordinance of South Carolina should have been accepted as a political act by the government of the United States. It seems to me that no government can in this way accept an act of rebellion without declaring its own functions to be beyond its own power.

But what if such rebellion be justifiable, or even reasonable? what if the rebels have cause for their rebellion? For no one will now deny that rebellion may be both reasonable and justifiable; or that every subject in the land may be bound in duty to rebel. In such case the government will be held to have brought about its own punishment by its own fault. But as government is a wide affair, spreading itself gradually, and growing in virtue or in vice from small beginnings,—from seeds slow to produce their fruits, it is much easier to discern the incidence of the punishment than the perpetration of the fault. Government goes astray by degrees, or sins by the absence of that wisdom which should teach rulers how to make progress, as progress is made by those whom they rule. The fault may be absolutely negative and have spread itself over centuries; may be, and generally has been, attributable to dull good men;—but not the less does the punishment come at a blow. The rebellion exists and cannot be put down,—will put down all that opposes it; but the government is not the less bound to make its fight. That is the punishment that comes on governing men or on a governing people, that govern not well or not wisely.

As Mr. Motley says in the paper to which I have alluded, "No man, on either side of the Atlantic, with Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins, will dispute the right of a people, or of any portion of a people, to rise against oppression, to demand redress of grievances, and in case of denial of justice to take up arms

to vindicate the sacred principle of liberty. Few Englishmen or Americans will deny that the source of government is the consent of the governed, or that every nation has the right to govern itself according to its will. When the silent consent is changed to fierce remonstrance, revolution is impending. The right of revolution is indisputable. It is written on the whole record of our race. British and American history is made up of rebellion and revolution. Hampden, Pym, and Oliver Cromwell; Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, all were rebels." Then comes the question whether South Carolina and the Gulf States had so suffered as to make rebellion on their behalf justifiable or reasonable; or if not, what cause had been strong enough to produce in them so strong a desire for secession,—a desire which has existed for fully half the term through which the United States has existed as a nation, and so firm a resolve to rush into rebellion with the object of accomplishing that which they deemed not to be accomplished on other terms.

Mr. Trollope, after discussing this part of the question at length, gives his verdict against the South, in his own curt phraseology: "The South has been the husband, drunk with slavery, and the North has been the ill-used wife." But he admits elsewhere, "the Southern gentry have been Uncle-Tommed into madness."

With regard to the steps taken by the Northerners, Mr. Trollope speaks thus:

I think that history will agree with me in saying that the Northern States had no alternative but war. What concession could they make? Could they promise to hold their peace about slavery? And had they so promised, would the South have believed them? They might have conceded secession; that is, they might have given all that would have been demanded. But what individual chooses to yield to such demands; and if not an individual,—then what people will do so? But in truth they could not have yielded all that was demanded. Had secession been granted to South Carolina and Georgia, Virginia would have been coerced to join those States by the nature of her property, and with Virginia Maryland would have gone, and Washington, the capital. What may be the future line of division between the North and the South I will not pretend to say; but that line will probably be dictated by the North. It may still be hoped that Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, and Maryland will go with the North, and be rescued from slavery. But had secession been yielded, had the prestige of success fallen to the lot of the South, those States must have become Southern.

This is the view of the subject that is taken by the French author of "*L'Amerique devant l'Europe*," the Count Agénor de Gasparin, and it is the most fair and reasonable one that has been advocated. And now, with regard to the war itself:

Of all countries in the world one would say that the States of America should have been the last to curse themselves with a war; but now the curse has fallen upon them with a double vengeance. It would seem that they could never be great in war: their very institutions forbid it; their enormous distances forbid it; the price of labour forbids it; and it is forbidden also by the career of industry and expansion which has been given to them. But the curse of fighting has come upon them, and they are showing themselves to be as eager in the works of war as they have shown themselves capable in the works of peace. Men and angels must weep as they behold the things that are being done, as they watch the ruin that has come and is still coming, as they look on commerce killed and agriculture suspended. No sight so sad has come upon the earth in our days. They were a great people; feeding the world, adding daily to the mechanical appliances of mankind, increasing in population beyond all measures of such increase hitherto known, and extending education as fast

as they extended their numbers. Poverty had as yet found no place among them, and hunger was an evil of which they had read, but were themselves ignorant. Each man among their crowds had a right to be proud of his manhood. To read and write,—I am speaking here of the North,—was as common as to eat and drink. To work was no disgrace, and the wages of work were plentiful. To live without work was the lot of none. What blessing above these blessings was needed to make a people great and happy? And now a stranger visiting them would declare that they are wallowing in a very slough of despond. The only trade open is the trade of war. The axe of the woodsman is at rest; the plough is idle; the artificer has closed his shop. The roar of the foundry is still heard because cannon are needed, and the river of molten iron comes out as an implement of death. The stonemason's hammer and the mason's trowel are never heard. The gold of the country is hiding itself as though it had returned to its mother-earth, and the infancy of a paper currency has been commenced. Sick soldiers, who have never seen a battle-field, are dying by hundreds in the squalid dirt of their unaccustomed camps. Men and women talk of war, and of war only. Newspapers full of the war are alone read. A contract for war stores—too often a dishonest contract—is the one path open for commercial enterprise. The young man must go to the war or he is disgraced. The war swallows everything, and as yet has failed to produce even such bitter fruits as victory or glory. Must it not be said that a curse has fallen upon the land?

And yet I still hope that it may ultimately be for good. Through water and fire must a nation be cleansed of its faults. It has been so with all nations, though the phases of their trials have been different. It did not seem to be well with us in Cromwell's early days; nor was it well with us afterwards in those disgraceful years of the later Stuarts. We know how France was bathed in blood in her effort to rid herself of her painted sepulchre of an ancient throne; how Germany was made desolate, in order that Prussia might become a nation. Ireland was poor and wretched, till her famine came. Men said it was a curse, but that curse has been her greatest blessing. And so will it be here in the West. I could not but weep in spirit as I saw the wretchedness around me—the squalid misery of the soldiers, the inefficiency of their officers, the bickerings of their rulers, the noise and threats, the dirt and ruin, the terrible dishonesty of those who were trusted! These are things which made a man wish that he were anywhere but there. But I do believe that God is still over all, and that everything is working for good. These things are the fire and water through which this nation must pass. The course of this people had been too straight, and their ways had been too pleasant. That which to others had been ever difficult had been made easy to them. Bread and meat had come to them as things of course, and they hardly remembered to be thankful. "We ourselves have done it," they declared aloud. "We are not as other men. We are gods upon the earth. Whose arm shall be long enough to stay us, or whose bolt shall be strong enough to strike us?"

Now they are stricken sore, and the bolt is from their own bow. Their own hands have raised the barrier that has stayed them. They have stumbled in their running, and are lying hurt upon the ground; while they who have heard their boastings turn upon them with ridicule, and laugh at them in their discomfort. They are rolling in the mire, and cannot take the hand of any man to help them. Though the hand of the bystander may be stretched to them, his face is scornful and his voice full of reproaches. Who has not known that hour of misery when in the sullenness of the heart all help has been refused, and misfortune has been made welcome to do her worst? So is it now with those once United States. The man who can see without inward tears the self-inflicted wounds of that American people can hardly have within his bosom the tenderness of an Englishman's heart.

These are strong words, equal to the gravity of the subject. In America,

where a politician is synonymous with a black-leg, the science of statesmanship has yet to be learned, and certainly the highest lesson of that science, which teaches that honesty is the best policy. Even President Lincoln himself, speaking of this frightful war, designated it as "a big job," as if it had been felling so many acres of timber, and making a corduroy road to the Pacific! As to the soldiers, our author expresses himself as follows:

It is very bad that soldiers should be dirty, bad also that they should treat their captains with familiarity and desire to exchange drinks with the majors. But even discipline is not everything; and discipline will come at last even to the American soldiers, distasteful as it may be, when the necessity for it is made apparent. But these volunteers have great military virtues. They are intelligent, zealous in their cause, handy with arms, willing enough to work at all military duties, and personally brave. On the other hand they are sickly, and there has been a considerable amount of drunkenness among them. No man who has looked to the subject can, I think, doubt that a native American has a lower physical development than an Irishman, a German, or an Englishman. They become old sooner, and die at an earlier age. As to that matter of drink, I do not think that much need be said against them. English soldiers get drunk when they have the means of doing so, and American soldiers would not get drunk if the means were taken away from them.

And he adds afterwards: "I am convinced that we in England can make no greater mistake than to suppose that the Americans, as soldiers, are deficient in courage." There was certainly some quizzing current at the time of Bull's Run, but it was mere quizzing; we do not remember ever having seen the courage of the Americans questioned. From long travel and observation, we have been led ourselves to believe that nothing is more vulgar than physical, nothing more rare than moral, courage. The way in which this American army, which has exceeded any European one in numbers, was recruited, was purely by the influence of feeling, but which in its action became a tyranny, like everything that is forced by a majority upon a minority. "Young men," Mr. Trollope says, "were ashamed not to go into the army. This feeling of course produced coercion, and the movement in that way was tyrannical. There is nothing more tyrannical than a strong popular feeling among a democratic people." The prominent part that has been taken in the present war by the Germans is well known. Mr. Trollope says that their abolition enthusiasm is vehement, and that it is the same with all the Protestant Germans of the Western States, and to them is confined the political influence held by the German immigrants. They all regard slavery as an evil, holding in the matter opinions quite as strong as ours have ever been. Any one desirous to understand the present political position of the States, should realise the fact of the present German influence on political questions. But, regarding slavery, as they do, as a thing that is bad, and therefore cannot remain, they advocate instantaneous abolition, which is an impossibility without a servile insurrection and war. Hence it is that President Lincoln, whose "proclivities" are abolitionist, has to restrain the enthusiasm of the great abolitionist leaders, Fremont and Hunter. A great future probably lies before the former man, however much he may have been calumniated by his anti-abolitionist enemies—a future which Mr. Trollope, though he has entered with some detail into Fremont's career, has not been able to perceive. Mr. Trollope

agrees with us, that the time of secession will one day come with the West ; but he gives a rather unpromising account of the state of civilisation in those remote regions.

As the traveller goes southward into Maryland and Washington, the type is not altered to any great extent. The hard intelligence of the Yankee gives place gradually to the softer, and perhaps more polished manner of the Southern. But the change thus experienced is not so great as is that between the American of the Western and the American of the Atlantic States. In the West I found the men gloomy and silent—I might almost say sullen. A dozen of them will sit for hours round a stove, speechless. They chew tobacco and ruminate. They are not offended if you speak to them, but they are not pleased. They answer with monosyllables, or, if it be practicable, with a gesture of the head. They care nothing for the graces—or shall I say, for the decencies of life? They are essentially a dirty people. Dirt, untidiness, and noise, seem in nowise to afflict them. Things are constantly done before your eyes, which should be done and might be done behind your back. No doubt we daily come into the closest contact with matters which, if we saw all that appertains to them, would cause us to shake and shudder. In other countries we do not see all this, but in the Western States we do. I have eaten in Bedouin tents, and have been ministered to by Turks and Arabs. I have sojourned in the hotels of old Spain and of Spanish America. I have lived in Connaught, and have taken up my quarters with monks of different nations. I have, as it were, been educated to dirt, and taken out my degree in outward abominations. But my education had not reached a point which would enable me to live at my ease in the Western States.

And then he adds :

I cannot part with the West without saying in its favour that there is a certain manliness about its men, which gives them a dignity of their own. It is shown in that very indifference of which I have spoken. Whatever turns up the man is still there—still unsophisticated and still unbroken. It has seemed to me that no race of men requires less outward assistance than these pioneers of civilisation. They rarely amuse themselves. Food, newspapers, and brandy-smashes suffice for life; and while these last, whatever may occur, the man is still there in his manhood. The fury of the mob does not shake him, nor the stern countenance of his present martial tyrant. Alas! I cannot stick to my text by calling him a just man. Intelligence, energy, and endurance are his virtues. Dirt, dishonesty, and morning drinks are his vices.

And now as to the light in which the struggle is looked upon by both parties :

In our civil war it may be presumed that all Englishmen were at any rate anxious for England. They desired and fought for different modes of government; but each party was equally English in its ambition. In the States there is the hatred of a different nationality added to the rancour of different politics. The Southerners desire to be a people of themselves,—to divide themselves by every possible mark of division from New England; to be as little akin to New York as they are to London,—or if possible less so. Their habits, they say, are different; their education, their beliefs, their propensities, their very virtues and vices are not the education, or the beliefs, or the propensities, or the virtues and vices of the North. The bond that ties them to the North is to them a Mezentian marriage, and they hate their Northern spouses with a Mezentian hatred. They would be anything sooner than citizens of the United States. They see to what Mexico has come, and the republics of Central America; but the prospect of even that degradation is less bitter to them than a share in the glory of the stars and stripes. Better, with them, to reign in hell than serve in heaven! It is not only in politics that they will be beaten, if they be beaten,—

as one party with us may be beaten by another; but they will be beaten as we should be beaten if France annexed us, and directed that we should live under French rule. Let an Englishman digest and realise that idea, and he will comprehend the feelings of a Southern gentleman as he contemplates the probability that his State will be brought back into the Union. And the Northern feeling is as strong. The Northern man has founded his national ambition on the territorial greatness of his nation. He has panted for new lands, and for still extended boundaries. The Western world has opened her arms to him, and has seemed to welcome him as her only lord. British America has tempted him towards the north, and Mexico has been as a prey to him on the south. He has made maps of his empire, including all the continent, and has preached the Monroe doctrine as though it had been decreed by the gods. He has told the world of his increasing millions, and has never yet known his store to diminish. He has pawed in the valley, and rejoiced in his strength. He has said among the trumpets, Ha, ha! He has boasted aloud in his pride, and called on all men to look at his glory. And now shall he be divided and shorn? Shall he be hemmed in from his ocean and shut out from his rivers? Shall he have a hook run into his nostrils, and a thorn driven into his jaw? Shall men say that his day is over, when he has hardly yet tasted the full cup of his success? Has his young life been a dream, and not a truth? Shall he never reach that giant manhood which the growth of his boyish years has promised him? If the South goes from him, he will be divided, shorn, and hemmed in. The hook will have pierced his nose, and the thorn will fester in his jaw. Men will taunt him with his former boastings, and he will awake to find himself but a mortal among mortals.

There is also, closely connected with the same subject, considerations of a financial nature, to which a serious importance is naturally attached in this country. Mr. Trollope disposes of all alarmists on such topics in a very off-hand manner. As to the question whether the United States will pay, and can the burden be borne, he disposes of it, indeed, in quite a summary manner:

It appears that we were paying fourteen millions a year interest on our national debt in the year 1796. I take this statement from an article in the *Times*, in which the question of the finances of the United States is handled. But our population in 1796 was only sixteen millions. I estimate the population of the Northern section of the United States, as the States will be after the war, at twenty-two millions. In the article alluded to these Northern Americans are now stated to be twenty millions. If then we, in 1796, could pay fourteen millions a year with a population of sixteen millions, the United States, with a population of twenty or twenty-two millions, will be able to pay the sixteen or seventeen millions sterling of interest which will become due from them, if their circumstances of payment are as good as were ours. They can do that and more than that if they have the same means per man as we had. And as the means per man resolves itself at last into the labour per man, it may be said that they can pay what we could pay, if they can and will work as hard as we could and did work. That which did not crush us will not crush them, if their future energy be equal to our past energy.

And on this question of energy I think that there is no need for doubt. Taking man for man and million for million, the Americans are equal to the English in intellect and industry. They create wealth at any rate as fast as we have done. They develop their resources, and open out the currents of trade, with an energy equal to our own. They are always at work, improving, utilising, and creating. Austria, as I take it, is succumbing to monetary difficulties, not because she has been extravagant, but because she has been slow at progress; because it has been the work of her rulers to repress rather than encourage the energies of her people; because she does not improve, utilise, and create. England has mastered her monetary difficulties, because the genius

of her government and her people has been exactly opposite to the genius of Austria. And the States of America will master their money difficulties, because they are born of England, and are not born of Austria. What! Shall our eldest child become bankrupt in its first trade difficulty; be utterly ruined by its first little commercial embarrassment? The child bears much too strong a resemblance to its parent for me to think so.

We wish we could have extracted a passage from Mr. Trollope's work on the Confederation of British America under a British Prince. We have long argued that there is no safety for British North America save in such a confederation, whether with or without a prince, and in the immediate establishment of railway communication with a port open in winter as well as in summer.

CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-JESUIT.

THE history of the Jesuit order has had its happy and unhappy periods. At one moment omnipotent, at another powerless, at one time fostered by the great and adored by the masses, at another persecuted by people or court—perhaps by both together—the sons of Loyola, under all chances and changes, have retained the laudable qualities of the cork, and have ever managed to float on the surface of the water. Hence we should not like to assert that the tribulation that has recently fallen on the order will be the last it will know. Firmly attached to the papacy, strong through an admirable organisation extended over the world, and supported by a large number of pupils, mentally bound to it for life through their education, the order may carry on for a long time its struggle with the new era, and will probably do so.

Runaway scholars have given us perfect information as to the educational system of the Jesuits. The order has purposely adopted the great defect of all non-Christian religions. Just as Muhammadism, Brahmanism, and Buddhism mentally develop a man, but do not raise him to that height where mental liberty begins, so the Jesuits will not allow their pupils to go the entire road to the great object of life. A man they educate is firmly held down in the lower mental spheres: he may become a grand dialectician and scholar, but never a thinker. The mystical cloud drawn across his mind in the exercises separates him from the higher and purer spheres of thought. Through these exercises, which play a great part in Jesuistic education, and are continued till the object is attained, the pupil is converted into a fakir, who loses his individuality in pious reflections. So powerful is the influence that the exercises obtain over the youthful mind, that it requires a very great determination to throw off the trammels. Several of such deserters have already explained the system in its fullest details, and that it has not altered we learn from a new volume which has just appeared.* The revelations made by the

* *Eriuerungen eines Ehemaligen Jesuiten-zöglinga.* Leipzig: Brockhaus.

ex-pupil are, as we hope to show, worthy of serious consideration by others besides the regular visitors to Exeter Hall and the believers in Mr. Whalley's mission.

The opening of these Recollections takes us to a town in Rhenish Prussia. Inhabited by Protestants and Catholics, it had been selected by the Jesuits as one of the propagandist head-quarters. A nobleman living in the vicinity of the town, and a secret convert, surrendered his château as the meeting-place of the priests, while in the town the house of our author's father was selected for the same purpose. Special circumstances facilitated the entrance of the Jesuits to it: the eldest son of the family had decided republican sentiments, and on his return home was mixed up in an unfortunate love affair. He was already in a desponding state, when the commencing prosecutions of the demagogues rendered him more unhappy. One after the other of his friends was imprisoned, and he might expect the same fate himself at any moment. Such a soil was admirably prepared for the Jesuistic seed: the young man was treated so cleverly and tenderly, such prospects of a haven in the bosom of the Church were held out to him, that he resolved to join the order. He had scarce started for Switzerland ere orders for his arrest arrived, and thus the bridge was broken down behind him. He lives at the present day at Rome as a respected Jesuit, is assistant of the general of the order, collaborateur on the Index, and has displayed great activity in theological and philosophical study. With the help of this eldest son the Jesuits became settled in the family. His younger brother, our author, was destined for the priesthood, and two of his sisters were sent to a convent. The parents not only allowed this, but also the undermining of their own means of existence. Matters were carried on very liberally at the repeated pious meetings in the house; the sermons, the discourses of the priests, and the recommended perusal of gloomy mystic books, soon had the result that earthly affairs were forgotten. The clergy and their adherents expected to be well fed, although they constantly warned their hearers against any sinful anxiety about earthly things, and as the father's business continually fell off, the house was broken up.

In his tenth year our author was received into the "*Parvum Germanicum*"—a school carried on upon the Jesuit plan, with this exception, that the maxim of the order to supply the pupils with good and sufficient food was not attended to. How this worked on our author will be seen from the fact that, when he left the "*Germanicum*," he had the heretical idea of going into business instead of becoming a priest. His conscience, however, allowed him no rest after forming this resolution, and a letter from his brother sufficed to recal the straying sheep to the flock. It was the period of exhibiting the holy coat, and hence the pupil, when he set out for Freyburg, in Switzerland, thought a circuit through Trèves a God-pleasing action. He was accompanied by a wool-dealer, who had not come by all his money honestly, and by a dean. The account of the ceremony is worthy quotation:

No one who had not seen it could form an idea of the goings on at Trèves at that time. We made our way through thousands of people from one inn to another, but all were so crowded that we could not obtain room. After many futile attempts we found shelter at a baker's, and then had to share our room with two strangers. In order to reach the cathedral, it was necessary to join

the procession, which occupied the entire square and extended deep into the adjacent streets. Order was maintained by police and gendarmes, assisted by the honorary civic guard, and the great point was to prevent people forcing the ranks, instead of joining the end of the procession. As the zealous pilgrims found their way to the front gates of the cathedral at two in the morning, those who started at seven o'clock would have to wait at least till ten before the cathedral gates opened to them, as only one hundred persons at a time were allowed admission. Moreover, the arrangement was made that the gates of the sacristy should be opened every hour, and those of the crowd who managed to squeeze in received a card and were thus spared joining the procession. No one got in in any other mode, unless he had influential friends. In this matter our dean did us good service, as he was recognised as a clergyman through his dress. The crowd we joined in the cathedral proceeded with hymns and loud prayers in the direction of the choir. On the right side of it was a flight of steps, up which we proceeded, and along a gallery, in the centre of which was a species of bay. Opposite to this, and at the back of the choir, was the glass-case with the holy coat. The pilgrims walked up to it in pairs, and handed to the priests, seated on either side, their rosaries, pictures, medallions, &c., which were laid against the coat, and then returned to the owners; after which the pilgrims moved on without interruption. Thanks to our clerical guide, we were permitted to remain for a while in the bay, where we could examine at our ease the coat, which was scarce five steps from us. . . . We then passed along the gallery again and into a chapel, where a priest was seated at a table with piles of money on either side of him, which was carried away from time to time in troughs. This money represented the payments of the pilgrims for masses, which were to be read in honour of the coat, and at the same time to relieve souls in purgatory whose names the priest carefully recorded.

Some of the processions in Trèves, our author allows, produced considerable effect on him. This was especially the case with one he saw pass over the Moselle bridge into the town. In front walked three white-robed maidens, bearing gilt symbols of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The singing and praying crowd, with their flags and garlands, produced a very picturesque effect in crossing the bridge, and the scene, like so many ceremonies of the Roman Church, was of a nature to enchain the observer. Among the pilgrims our author noticed peasants from Spain. The trade in relics was also very lively; there were shops in the houses and booths in the streets, filled with rosaries, holy-water boxes, medals, representations of the holy coat on silk and paper, &c., all bearing the inscription: "Touched by the holy coat at Trèves, 1844." The dealers did a good trade, for every pilgrim was eager to possess one of these precious relics.

From Freyburg the Jesuit pupil proceeded to Rome, where his brother received him kindly, but coldly, for the Jesuit must be dead to everything except his order. What the lad saw and heard here affected him so greatly, that he would very readily have turned back again. Even at San Pastore, the exquisitely situated holiday residence of the pupils, this feeling did not at once leave him. He proceeded to the villa in the suite of the Jesuit general Roothaan :

What a strange sight it was ! young men in fire-red long coats, descending to their ankles, with a black leather belt round their waist, holding three-corner hats reverently in their hand, with their hair cropped short, and the tonsure on their skull, pressed round the father-general, in order that they might in turn kneel before him, humbly kiss his proffered right hand, and then saluted the other fathers who were present. Most of them looked happy and healthy, and appeared externally to be merry, hopeful youths. During the ceremony, which

lasted about five minutes, and at which I looked in amazement, as I had imagined that kneeling was only customary with the Pope, I looked in terror, first at my short black coat, and then at the long red gowns. "Oh!" I thought, "to live like a monk already!"

After dinner, which was followed by prayers in the chapel, the scene changed. The most unfettered, merry recreation began in the halls or passages in the loggia, the court-yard, the splendid shady garden walks, or the vineyard; there was not the slightest restraint, but all indulged in the freest movements. All sorts of jokes were played, the lads sang and danced, and when one of the red-gowned gentlemen, in ball-playing or other sport, was so awkward as to let his gown fly open and display his black knee-breeches, there was a general burst of laughter. After a merry hour, which almost reconciled the new boy to all that had previously proved repulsive to him, and during which he formed the acquaintance of a few jolly fellows, a bell was rung, and all proceeded to the large common hall of recreation. Then a performance began of which our author had formed no previous conception. A pupil, seated at a pianoforte, played most splendidly: the general and his court took their places, while the rest grouped themselves as they pleased. Ere long several pupils were assembled round the pianoforte, with their hurriedly-fetched instruments and music-books. One of them assumed the duties of director, and a concert began of violins, flutes, cellos, and other instruments. The new pupil was just taking a glass from a waiter on which a brother was handing round liqueurs, coffee, and cakes, when he felt a hand gently laid on his shoulder from behind. He turned round, and looked into his brother's cheerful face, who laughingly asked him: "Well, will you stay here or return with us? It will soon be time to start." The elder Jesuit had been watching the boy quietly, and certainly selected the best moment to obtain the answer he desired. "You can be off without me." The coachman smacked his whip, and the general gave the signal for departure.

As we went down stairs I came accidentally quite near to the general, whom I had had no opportunity of examining before. I looked up at John Roothaan's long thin form; the gown and black cloak fell into a thousand folds over his almost skeleton body; his face was sunken, and furrowed by age and anxiety; his lips in constant movement, his eyes dull, and only half overshadowed by the lids; a wig of dark reddish hair with a black skull-cap atop of it covered his head. His bony right hand played with the large rosary suspended at his side, while the other was concealed by his cloak. While I was thus taking a side glance at the general, for whom I felt a great veneration, through the respect paid him by the others, he looked down at me: his eyes opened widely and seemed more fiery, a harmless pleasant smile played round his mouth, and he condescended to address me in French. I was not prepared for this, and it was a pleasant surprise, because he added my name to his inquiry after my health, although I had not been presented to him, and, as far as I was aware, this was the first time he had seen me. While I answered the kindly inquiry with the open confession that everything pleased me greatly here, he smiled, wished me all happiness, and kindly offered me his hand. Then the boy, a short time back so dissatisfied, bowed his head in humility, and his lips touched the thin hand of the black pope.

When the *villegiatura* at San Pastore came to a termination, the new pupil began his studies in Rome. The house he inhabited was what is

called the Profession House of the Jesuits, a large, three-storied edifice. It contained everything usually to be found in a boarding-school, and in addition many holy pictures. Most remarkable were the rooms, converted into a chapel, which St. Ignatius had inhabited, and which were taken into the new building, because they must not be destroyed. From the general's house a narrow passage led to this chapel, which was only opened on festive occasions, and the principal entrance was from the infirmary. The small entrance to the chapel was exquisitely painted, but the selection of subjects was peculiar. There, St. Ignatius could be seen standing in water up to his waist in mid-winter in order to cool his inflamed sensuality: here, he is on the point of finishing a game of billiards with a Florentine nobleman. It is reported that Ignatius once asked of this godless nobleman, as a reward for winning the game, that the latter should go through the exercises for eight days, which of course converted him. There, Ignatius lies in his bed, but gruesome forms of demons surround him and beat him fearfully with their scourges and knotted cords, because they are angry with him for robbing them of so many souls. But we now pass through the old small wooden door into the cells once inhabited by St. Ignatius Loyola himself. The doors and ceilings have still the old forms, and have been recently gilded extensively. There hangs on the wall the oldest Jesuit document—Ignatius and his first comrades mutually bind themselves to establish the Company, and subscribe the document with their blood. We also see various manuscripts written by Ignatius, Lainez, Francis Xavier, Aloysius de Gonzaga, and others. The spot where he died is now occupied by a small altar, before which but very few are allowed to read mass on the day of the great saint, July 31. There is the wide cavity of the old chimney: Ignatius, who had thrown off all the ties of natural love, regularly threw the letters he received from his family into that fire unread. There, too, is still the plain iron balcony on which the holy man was accustomed to study the stars with such edification. Let us open this large press in front of us. What a surprise! there stands Ignatius himself in the body, behind an iron grating. The wax figure, which is said to be a striking likeness, is dressed in the same clothes the saint used to wear. The right foot projects a little beyond the grating: the pupils kiss the shoe with holy awe, and are carried back to the period when this man of God formed his deep plans for the annihilation of the enemy of the holy Roman Church.

Among the amusements of the scholars were excursions to outlying villas belonging to the order round Rome. At one of these, the Villa Macao, a strange though authenticated event took place. Pater Rello, a Pole by birth, was, when a lad, brought to Italy by the Jesuits expelled from Russia, and himself became a Jesuit in the end. His zeal for the interests of the order and of the Roman Church, his remarkable eloquence, and his extensive knowledge of languages, induced the superior to have him trained for an Eastern missionary. He proceeded to Malta, the Lebanon, Bulgaria, &c., and made extraordinary progress. In addition to a hardened constitution he possessed a firm will. He frequently came to Rome from his mission, in order to hold consultations with Gregory XVI., of whom he was a great favourite. On one occasion he arrived in the garb of an emir: his long full beard hung down on his chest, he had

sparkling eyes, features burned by an Oriental sun, and a splendid head. The valuable sabre he wore was the gift of an emir, whose daughter he had saved from a dangerous illness. In this garb he appeared before General Roothaan, who, in spite of all objections, ordered him to shave at once, and dress himself in the ordinary Jesuit garb, as he had selected him as rector of the Propaganda at Rome. The padre was forced to obey, but expressed an opinion that the general could not have selected a more unsuitable person for the post. Thus metamorphosed, he proceeded with a sad heart to his new duties, but he could not give up the habits of his irregular life: he went on smoking, lying on the boards, going to bed late, and broke the rules of the house in every possible way. His wild pupils became wilder, but the pater general remained firm.

One day all the professors, with the general and the rector of the Propaganda, were assembled at Macao, when Gregory XVI. unexpectedly paid them a visit. The Pope took such delight in Rello's stories that the latter suddenly begged him to surrender to him for a quarter of an hour his authority over the general of the Jesuits. Gregory consented to the joke, and Rello solemnly summoned Father Roothaan, bade him kneel down, and upbraided him in strong language for his unwise conduct in appointing such a man as himself rector. He was made to be a missionary among savage nations, but unsuitable for a rector, owing to his temperament; he could preach, endure fatigue, smoke, ride, drink, and swim, and yet the general had stripped him of all these qualifications, as well as of his carefully-trained beard, which was so necessary among the Muhammadans. Hence the general must correct his error, and send Rello back to the Lebanon, for what a man could not do he had better let alone. In order to give the general a practical meaning of the last maxim, Rello had a mule brought up, and ordered the general to mount it and gallop round the yard. *Nolens volens*, the latter was obliged to obey, and all laughed heartily when he mounted. But so soon as the poor thin general was seated, Rello gave the mule a tremendous lash, which caused it to kick and the pater to hold on and wildly cry for mercy. Gregory intimated to the merciless Rello that his authority was at an end. The general, on dismounting, good humouredly appointed Rello a missionary again. He let his beard grow, went in his Oriental garb to his old scene of action, and, as is well known, greatly aided in propagating the Roman religion, and under French influence in paving the way for the Bulgarian revolution.

The pupils of the Propaganda were never allowed to take part in the popular amusements. They were, however, taken to the announcement of the election of Pío Nono. Matters soon began to grow lively in Rome—too lively for the Jesuits, perhaps. Pius did not exactly display any aversion for the Jesuits, but, at the same time, the hoped-for support was not given them. Hence, while the paters urged the scholars to revere him, they began displaying a covert dissatisfaction with the Pope and his mode of government, and the unusual ovation seemed to them very suspicious. A Jesuit even said, in the first months of the rule of the new Pope, "A deal of pother is made about this man, and yet the rejoicings of persons who never knew anything about him before seems strange. What has he done to be so applauded and honoured? We must wait and see."

Ere long the hymn of praise to Gioberti, with its chorus, "Evviva

Gioberti, viva la libertà!" was loudly sung in the streets. Not unfrequently the masses returning from the Quirinal would give a charivari before the Casa al Gesu. On such occasions they marched round the house, gave cheers for Clement XIV., who abolished the order, and abused the fathers. The noise was often most annoying; but the police and gendarmes generally succeeded in inducing the mob to disperse peaceably. On some occasions, however, the row round the house became so great that the Jesuits were frightened lest it should be carried by storm. In broad daylight mobs with cockades and tricolors marched up to the closely barricaded building. An old priest, in a French tail-coat, with a broad scarf across his shoulders, incessantly shouted, "Viva Ganganelli!" and the populace joined in. Others yelled, "Morte ai Gesuiti!" and similar execrations, which the crowd accompanied with shouts, groans, hissing, and whistling. The conclusion, however, usually was that the populace dispersed without any intervention of the police, after terrifying the Jesuits for an hour or two with their uproar. An old pater, who believed that the house would be stormed every minute, ran from one room to another; they tried to pacify him, but he suddenly fell dead on the ground with an apoplectic fit.

The most unlucky thing for the Jesuits was that the movement against them spread through the whole of Italy. When expelled from Switzerland in 1846 the majority fled to Italy, though a few proceeded to America. All at once the entire Peninsula rose against them: fugitives arrived from Sicily, Naples, and Genoa, and often in a very woe-begone condition. Proceeding to the clerical city in the confident hope of finding an asylum there, they heard from their brethren that the ground was shaky there as well. They quitted Rome again as rapidly as they had arrived, in order not to excite the people by an augmentation of their numbers. Some met with a kind reception with English, German, and Russian families; others sailed to America, a few to France, while others, again, looked wistfully to Northern Germany.

It is a well-known fact that when Pio Nono had once entered on the path of concession higher demands were constantly made on him. When the constitution was granted, and the Jesuits were denounced as hostile to it, the general issued a manifesto to the people, in which he asserted that there were no more natural friends of the constitution than the members of the Jesuit order, which displayed to the world the most constitutional principles in its inner government. As the people, however, would not listen to the insidious teaching, but became more violent against the order, Pius was asked whether he desired, or thought it proper, that the paters should leave Rome, at least for a season? He gave a reply in the negative, with the added remark, that the Pope was powerful enough to protect them in the case of need. The Jesuits, however, could probably read the future better than the holy father; they did not believe in their stay in Rome, and made their preparations. Night after night they toiled to get the valuables out of the churches, but, in order that the public might not notice it, strass was substituted for the jewellery, and false crowns were placed on the statues instead of the gold and silver ones. Some of the Jesuits were very clever at this sort of work. The most valuable chalices, the most splendid *liburia* were removed, and only what was absolutely wanted was left out. No one knew what became of the

precious articles: a prelate's carriage daily drove to the *porta rustica* with the footmen standing up behind it, as if the owner were inside. The empty carriage was quickly packed, mostly with books and manuscripts from the Jesuit library, and then drove away again without any unnecessary remarks.

When the demonstrations increased and threatened soon to change into acts of violence, the Jesuits asked of Pio Nono either protection for themselves or permission to leave Rome. The Pope declined either to give the guarantee or form a final resolution, and merely answered that the Jesuits could do what their good sense suggested. The general did not hesitate for a moment, but ordered the fathers and brothers to disperse. "We go first," said an old Jesuit pater, "but the Pope will follow us shortly."

The day was settled on which the colleges would be closed. An oppressive, melancholy feeling, which in some found vent in passion, possessed all of us. When I went for the last time to the lecture at the Roman college I only saw downcast faces, and many were weeping. Passaglia, the same man who has now left the order and professes liberal ideas, was the last to address us. He looked serious, pale, and sad. His tall powerful form, his true Italian face, his fiery eyes, and the firm step with which he even now mounted the pulpit, made him resemble an ancient Roman who, calmly defying fate, proceeded to do his duty. The sorrow of the audience did not prevent him delivering the address with his usual fluency, but with less zeal. The last words he uttered with difficulty; his feelings overpowered him. He rose and tried to leave the lecture-room hurriedly, but many of his scholars got round him to take leave of him and kiss, for the last time, the hand of this learned and respected man. We hastened back through the passages of the Roman college to our home, where preparations for departure were on all sides visible.

As most of the students had sold their lay clothing, under the supposition that they would remain six or seven years at Rome, others must be procured with all speed. But this was not so easy in the Eternal City; for, not only are the ready-made clothes-shops few in number, but the Jesuits had already gutted them. The equipment of some of the pupils was marvellous to look upon, and it was easy to see that they were in clothing to which they were unaccustomed. What most betrayed them was the coarsely-made shoes and pewter buttons on them, which the majority retained, because they could procure no others. In spite of the sadness in their hearts, they could not refrain from laughing at one another.

It was late in the evening of March 31, 1848, that our author and others quitted Rome. Civita Vecchia was reached without any great obstacles, and some of the pupils proceeded to the hotel on the sea-shore, while others sought shelter elsewhere. The next morning, in pardonable curiosity, some fifteen of them went about the town, but the events of the capital were imitated at the sea-port. As the strange clothing betrayed the Germans, and an Hanoverian even walked the streets in a dressing-gown, they were grossly insulted, and compelled to hurry back to the inn at full speed. As the steamer did not start till three P.M., many humiliations fell to their lot. When they appeared at the table d'hôte, an elderly gentleman, who looked like an Englishman, but was not one, declared that if the "*Porchii di Gesuiti e Tedeschi*" dined with him, his appetite would be destroyed. He prepared to rise, and several of the guests imitated his

example. The soup, which had already been served to the pupils, was taken back, and they were told that they had better be off. Hence, they were only too glad when the hour for departure had arrived. After paying the landlord heavily for the little they had consumed, they started in small parties for the port, for the purpose of reaching the steamer. As they passed by the vessels in the boats, they heard repeated shouts of "Throw them into the water, the shameful Jesuits, the accursed Germans!" Still they reached the steamer with only the loss of a bundle, in which one of the pupils had been foolish enough to place his cash, consisting of three or four hundred francs.

On board the steamer everybody, down to the waiters and boys, treated us contemptuously. At last the signal to start was given, and my heart leaped with joy. We looked about the ship, and gradually saw many well-known faces appear; they were Jesuits proceeding to France. When I went down into the cabin, I saw in the background old General Roothaan cowering in a corner, and dressed like a French priest; by his side was Pater de Villefort, whom I had expected, as my brother told me, to find at Marseilles. I hesitatingly walked nearer; the general did not notice me, but repeated in a trembling voice the travelling psalms from a small Latin prayer-book. I conversed for a long time with Villefort, who highly approved of my plan of leaving Europe at this excited period and proceeding to America; he told me I should learn more at the Jesuit house of Marseilles. I felt sorry in my heart for the general; his berth was the topmost of the three, built against the side of the ship. When he clambered up wearily to rest, and had been lying for some time, I heard him sigh repeatedly. I climbed up, spread the blanket carefully over him, and, fancying him asleep, took his right hand to kiss it. "*Vi ringrazio, Signor N——*" He mentioned my name.

All the pupils had felt the greatest terror of France, but so soon as they had trod on Gallic soil all the insults were at an end. But the greatest confusion prevailed here too: the Jesuits had deserted their houses and had dispersed; but the farther-sighted fathers were full of confidence in a better future, which, in fact, soon arrived for them.

From this time our young Jesuit fades out of sight, but the lesson taught by the record of his early life is not unimportant. It proves plainly enough that these formidable Jesuits, whose name is so often whispered with dread, are of the common clay after all. In the hour of danger and difficulty they slink away, not daring to offer even passive resistance; and it is hard to believe that such men possess the influence with which they have been credited over hard-headed men. We are ready to admit that they are dangerous to some extent in society, but the day has departed when they could subvert thrones, as the second Empire fully proves. During the entire struggle which has gone on between Louis Napoleon and the Ultramontanists, the latter has been constantly defeated, and, worse still, have rendered themselves ridiculous by linking their fortunes with those of the lotus-eaters of the Faubourg de St. Germain, and of the pilgrims to Chambord.

TO-DAY IN SEBASTOPOL.

THE fair peninsula on the north coast of the Black Sea, which was joined by the Isthmus of Perekop to the immeasurable steppes of the continent, seemed destined for great things. When Russia acquired it in 1783, she fancied she had found in it a means for improving and ennobling Russian life. Covered with the châteaux and villas of the great, and cultivated by industrious German hands, the Crimea was to become the Russian Italy. At a later date the discovery was made that one of its bays was admirably suited for the great object of all the Russian czars, the conquest of Constantinople. On this bay Sebastopol was built, and it was made a first-class fortress and war-port. At the present day three parts of the Crimea are a desert, and its haughty fortress lies in ruins.

Any one who has got as far as Odessa can hardly refrain from paying a visit to the Crimea. The voyage does not take a great length of time: from Odessa to Eupatoria occupies twelve hours, and from Eupatoria to Sebastopol six. But you cannot return for a week, for the steamer only sails once a week, on Thursday, and does not start for Odessa again till the Friday of the next week. The passage-money, sixteen silver roubles, or nearly three pounds of our money, is also heavy. The steamer sails at four in the evening, and reaches Eupatoria by four the next morning. The sea in these open and consequently dangerous roads is of the most brilliant green hue, the shore is composed of fine sand, and the bathing is splendid. This Tartar-built town gives the traveller the first idea of the scene of desolation that awaits him. The town is almost empty: if you see any beings they are migratory Tartars, whose wives, wrapped in their thick veils, glide along like shadows on the wall.

The reminiscences of the Crimean war commence at Eupatoria. On February 17, 1855, twenty-five thousand Turks, supported by the crew of the wrecked French ship of the line *Henri IV.*, defeated here forty thousand Russians. Czar Nicholas was beside himself when he received the bulletin, and considered it a personal insult, for his dragoons, his favourite creation, had behaved worst of all in action. It is supposed that this defeat at Eupatoria dealt the last blow to his failing health. A few days after the arrival of the news he took to his bed, and was a dead man on the 2nd of March.

From Eupatoria to Sebastopol you sail along the west coast of the Crimea. In the distance the majestic Tchatir Dag is visible: its name means a tent, and is derived from its shape, though this mountain tent is of rather gigantic dimensions, and rises to a height of nearly six thousand feet. The Tchatir Dag is one of the highest peaks of the small mountain chain whose branches cover the southern portion of the peninsula, and an interminable plain extends from the spurs of this chain to the Isthmus of Perekop. After a six hours' voyage, a fort, the opening of a bay, and ruins, become visible: we are approaching Sebastopol.

The fort situated at the northern angle of the bay suffered no damage in the siege, but it appears to be deserted; at any rate, not even a sentry is perceptible in it. The bay, which separates it from the town, is about

a mile broad and about seven miles in length. To the south it has three or four indentations, the largest of which bears the name of Southern Bay. A hill juts out in the angle formed by this bay with the great one, and Sebastopol is built on its slope. Opposite to the town and on South Bay formerly stood the splendid naval barracks, while behind them, again, were the docks. Hills run round in a semicircle, upon which the Russians improvised during the siege fortifications called the Mast Bastion, the Great and the Little Redan, the Malakoff, and the Selinghisk Redoubt.

Prior to the siege Sebastopol contained forty thousand inhabitants, while at present scarce six thousand live in it. Entire streets lie in ashes, and no rebuilding has taken place. Out of twenty houses there is scarce one which is habitable. The bay, one of the handsomest and safest ports in Europe, is as empty as the town. The sunken Russian vessels of war lie like artificial reefs at the bottom, and daily become more dangerous, because sand and mud collect round their hulls. An American speculator has undertaken to raise these vessels, but up to the present he has only succeeded with the smaller ones. From the larger he has only raised the guns and cannon-balls, which lie on the beach as evidences of his activity.

From the harbour the Malakoff can be seen at a distance of about two versts. The French reports have spread statements about the attack on this celebrated town which greatly need correction, and a recently published work* supplies us with some contributions to this effect. The author, a Belgian, bears a respected name as a professor of agriculture; he proceeded to Russia to deliver some lectures, and made an excursion from Odessa to Sebastopol, where he derived some interesting details from a Russian staff-officer, who was collecting materials for a history of the siege.

We know from other authorities that Sebastopol was but poorly defended when the allies made their appearance. The well-known Stock Exchange rumour of the fall of the fortress, which caused "Tartar news" to compete with the elder name of "Canard," might have been converted into a truth, had an energetic storm been undertaken at once by the allied armies. Instead of this they set to work at a regular siege, and talented General Tottleben thus obtained time to throw up fortifications in the midst of the fight. Towards the end the Russians had so greatly the worst of it, that their defence deserves greater admiration than the attack. The Malakoff is separated from the town by an open space, which is exposed to artillery fire, and ten minutes are spent in climbing the steep incline. On the top of this hill, which is longer than it is broad, there stood at the time when the allies arrived a stone redoubt armed with a few guns. A few hundred paces farther on you notice the Mamelon Vert, which commands the Malakoff, just as the Malakoff commands Sebastopol. The stranger can see at the first glance how all the disadvantages of position were on the side of the Russians, for while the hill is steep on the side facing the town, on the other it is almost level with the rest of the plateau. In order to strengthen the Malakoff and supply it with guns and ammunition, the Russians would be constantly compelled to cross the exposed ground between the tower and the town.

* *Lettres sur la Russie.* Par Molinari. Bruxelles: Lacroix et C^o.
July—VOL. CXXV. NO. CCCCXCIX.

Guns, &c., must be conveyed along a steep unmacadamised road, which in rainy weather became almost unserviceable, and to this was afterwards added the cross fire of the enemies' batteries.

General Tottleben met these disadvantages in a way as simple as it was inexpensive: he had deep passages dug in the stony ground, and posts driven in on either side. On these perpendiculars horizontal beams were laid, on these again hurdles, the whole was roofed in with three feet of earth, and a covered way was thus made. These mole-passages also served as dwellings for the soldiers who were employed to work the guns in the Malakoff. At first there were only twelve guns in the tower, but in the course of time they were raised to one hundred. These passages protected the Russians tolerably well, although many a shell burst through the roof; but the great disadvantage—that the Malakoff on the side turned to the besiegers was only protected by a ditch a few inches in depth—could not be obviated. So soon as the French had stormed the Mamelon Vert they carried a parallel along from it, which was brought to within four-and-twenty yards of the Malakoff. The columns of attack, therefore, only required to traverse this insignificant level ground, leap down into the shallow trench, and then climb a wall fifteen feet in height, which was already breached in several places. The boastful pictures, in which the Zouaves are clambering like tiger-cats up a dizzy height, are not adapted to the actual localities. A frightful struggle took place inside the Malakoff: the Russians, who were from two to three thousand in number, defended their batteries and trenches inch by inch, until the ever-increasing number of the enemy compelled them to give ground. On the next morning the dead were collected, and Russians and French were buried in one grave. The spot is indicated by a cross of black wood, on which the following poor verses are legible:

Unis pour la victoire
Reunis par la mort,
Du soldat c'est la gloire
Des braves c'est la sort.

8 Septembre, 1855.

The whole butchery of the storm of September 8th was unnecessary, for the Russians, who had lost two thousand five hundred men a day by the last week's bombardment, had resolved to evacuate Sebastopol. The Malakoff—the key of the fortress—had been rendered untenable by the loss of the Mamelon Vert. But the French were determined to have a brilliant finale, which would cause the length of the siege to be forgotten, and hence the Malakoff was taken by storm just eighteen hours before the Russians were about to evacuate it voluntarily. Sebastopol is now a pile of ruins: but is the Eastern question settled thereby, or are we one hair-breadth nearer to the solution?

The only new house which has been built since the peace is a gostinizza (hotel) near the landing-place; the proprietor purchased the ground, as well as the foundations of the bombarded house which once stood here, for the trifling sum of two thousand roubles. The gostinizza is built against the hill, upon which the public garden is situated. On the road leading to it you pass three large stone slabs. They cover the graves of Admirals Korniloff, Nachimoff, and Istomin, who fell during the siege. "Si tchass" a chapel will be erected over their tombs. This si tchass plays

a great part in Russia, and is continually heard; it means "at once," but is used in the sense of our "to-morrow," which proverbially never arrives.

The finest prospect in the public garden is by the side of the monument of Kagarski, a captain of the navy, and hero of 1828. From this point you survey the bay, the sea, and the hills, which form the steps of the great amphitheatre which encloses the mortal remains of Sebastopol. The picturesque ruins of a church, built on the model of the Temple of Theseus, and the enormous ruins of the former barracks, produce a very striking effect. In this garden the military bands still play; but when the merry sounds have died out, and the few hearers have retired with the musicians, all becomes once again solitary and dead—all is silent. In the town beneath a few lights glisten, and their fantastic gleam imparts something of a fantastic nature to the heaps of ruins. "I cannot remember," says Molinari on this subject, "ever to have seen a more wretched or grander scene, which at once attracted and saddened the eye."

The human spirit of speculation manages to derive a profit even from desolation, and a large majority of the impoverished inhabitants carry on a trade, which is based on the effect produced by the siege. Cannon-balls, bayonets, gun-barrels, buttons, splinters of shells, are all offered for sale, and the price is regulated by the spot where they are found. A ball, which buried itself in the ground at the battle of the Tchernaya, after cutting off the span of a human life, is but poorly looked upon. A cannon-ball from the Redan commands a higher price; but the highest of all is fetched by reminiscences of the storm of the Redan. The great demand has rendered the article scarce, but the speculators contrive to find a way of escape; they bury cannon-shot found elsewhere in the Malakoff, and find them again in the presence of the purchaser. The same thing used to take place once on a time at Pompeii, but solely in honour of princely visitors; while at the Malakoff every stranger, no matter whether he be dressed well or ill, can have the pleasure of being cheated out of his money. A shell splinter fetches from fifteen to fifty copecks. To such a trade have the inhabitants of a town, which seven years ago was the Queen of the Black Sea, been reduced.

The scenes of the battles round Sebastopol stand in no ratio to the magnitude of the events which were developed on them. The Tchernaya, on whose banks the Piedmontese by the side of the English and French plucked a few bloody laurels, is a small stream, while the battle-field of Inkerman is a barren plateau. The valley of the Belbek—through which the allies marched after the battle of the Alma—is a more attractive spot, for the silvery waves of the river water a number of paradisiac gardens. Splendid rose-trees, acacias, catalpas, and Judas-trees, serve as the ornament of real forests of cherry, pear, and apple-trees. Excellently guided water-courses, in which the Tartars displayed great skill, maintain a perennial green in these gardens. The ripe fruit is sold to dealers, who send it to Moscow and Petersburg. The Crimea is the orchard of Russia, and many a German gardener has become a well-to-do man there.

Even in the valley of the Belbek blackened ruins show that war has passed that way: it dealt the peninsula the first wound, and the second is the emigration of the Tartars. Years will elapse ere the Crimea recovers from them both.

OLD TIMES IN RUSSIA.

IN Russia, as in most European countries, there is a very powerful conservative party, who look with horror on the German element as the cause of all the corruption now existing in their country. Before the Teutons arrived, say they, Muscovy was a land distinguished for the honesty and simplicity of the nation, and the milk of human kindness constantly flowed there. Any one who may consider this statement improbable, need only read Aksakoff's "Chronicles and Recollections," which appeared some three years ago, and is now the most popular work in Russia. There is an opposition party, however, among the Russians, who have studied history more carefully, and attained the conviction that the good old times were in reality very bad times, and that those who praise them may bless their stars that they no longer live in them. To any reader who wishes to be better acquainted with these times, we can honestly recommend Pecherski's "Old Times," a history in the shape of a journal, which recently appeared in the *Russian Messenger*. A few extracts will serve to confirm our appreciation.

The author informs us how he was, a short time back, in the town of Zaboria, on the Volga. It is a pretty, busy little place, with half a dozen gilt steeples, some fifty two-storied stone houses, and a number of common wooden huts, a spacious gostinoidvor, or bazaar, and a few factories and iron-works. Along the river bank runs a row of granaries, while hundreds of boats and several steamers lie off them. On either side of the busy town two hills rise from the red clay: on one, a monastery church glistens with its painted walls and gilt domes; on the other, is the now ruined château of the former Prince of Zaboria. The desolate tumble-down palace seems to be exchanging glances with the monastery, as if the old walls were conversing about the noise at their feet, and lamenting the good old time, when life and jollity existed on the hills, and no one dared to speak aloud in the town below. The traveller is conducted through the palace and its weed-grown garden by the magistrate, and learns that the château was deserted after many painful things had occurred in it. No one lived to remember them, but it was said that a report, written by one of the prince's butlers, was still in existence. Our author discovered the manuscript, and found it to be a full account of the mode of life of Prince Alexis Yurivitch in the good old times, recorded from the lips of a peasant, nearly one hundred years of age, by the steward of that prince's grandson in 1822. According to Pecherski:

Alexis Yurivitch was the type of a Russian noble, shortly after the time of Peter the Great, when the boyards began to combine the luxury and vices of the West with their innate contempt of the law and brutality. Alexis had lived at Peter's court and eaten the stick of the great reformer. He had spent the wildest and most scandalous life in Petersburg, and, under Elizabeth, was mixed up in political intrigues, which led to his voluntary retirement to Zaboria, where he continued his former follies and villanies in a rather different style, and accustomed himself to recognise no other law than his good pleasure. At last, the devilries of this semi-barbarian attained such a height that his life appears

to us, of the nineteenth century, as the vision of a disordered brain. Even in the forests of Yakutsk there is no such contempt of the divine and human law as was visible in Russia during the first half of the last century.

The old peasant, however, who dictated the manuscript, is not of the same opinion; he considers his master's conduct perfectly right, and far more reasonable than that of the later tenants of Zaboria. This is how the *laudator temporis acti* serves up his jeremiad:

Just look at Prince Daniel Borisovitch. He has more than a thousand souls, and is consequently a great gentleman. But tell me, if you please, how such an one lives? He was educated at Moscow University, in the company of tailors' and shoemakers' sons, and how can a cobbler be a fit associate for a prince? And what was made of him? When he came to Zaboria, instead of giving hunts, and balls, and banquets, he went about the peasants' huts, played with the children, and let the old folk tell him stories and sing songs, which he wrote down. Now, I ask any man, is that the way in which a prince should behave? Further, he bought up old books and pictures; and when he learned that a peasant had such stuff, he would order his carriage, even in the middle of the night, and drive thirty or forty leagues to fetch it. Then he went digging with the people, and when he found an old pot or coin, he packed it in wadding and sent it to Petersburg, as if such rubbish could not be found there. Once he hears a blind beggar singing psalms, so he goes out of his mind, takes the fellow in his own carriage to the castle, seats him in a velvet-covered arm-chair, gives him meat and wine from his own table, and then bids him sing the psalms, which the prince writes down. Of course the old scamp was only too glad, so he began roaring like a bull. Now, was that pretty—was that right? When you play with mud you get dirty fingers, and was that the way of a prince?

The old man proceeds to describe how differently the great Alexis Yurivitch lived. "Those were great and glorious days," he exclaims, "which will never return." In proof of this statement he describes a great hunt which Prince Alexis held on the occasion of his marriage. It is true that in the end the prince fell into a passion with the recorder's own father, Yashka, and ordered him five hundred blows—a mishap which, by the way, had frequently occurred to Father Yashka. But, for all that, "the hunt was a splendid festival, and his highness an admirable prince." At another hunt it suddenly became cold, and the Volga was covered with a sheet of ice. After the sportsmen had killed some fifteen hundred hares they halted at a rock by the river-side. Prince Alexis was in a good temper, and resolved to have a bit of fun. So he bestrode a cask of sweet wine, and began waiting on the others. When he had got a little in his head he resolved that his people should make some "reisaks." In this the victim dashes at the ice headforemost, dives, and comes up through another hole also made with the head. This was a great amusement of the prince: God grant him a share in a paradise! But on this day no one, unluckily, made a reisak to please him. Some stupid fellows fell sideways on the ice, or made what was called a "flat fish," for which the penalty was fifteen lashes, to remind them where their heads were. One of them did not even reach the ice but tumbled on the rocks and broke his neck. Three of the leapers certainly broke through, but did not come up again: as the deceased prince supposed, they had stopped down there to guard the carp. Prince Alexis got very angry over this, and said, "I will have you all flogged to death!" Then he told some gentlemen in his service to try their luck

with the reisaks. But they were more clumsy than the peasants; only one of them got through the ice, but he, too, remained with the carp. Whereupon Prince Alexis began sobbing and crying; and it was, indeed, a real shame. "It is clear," he exclaimed, "that my days are numbered, for there is not a man left who can make a decent reisak. But stay," he added, "where is Yashka, the crop-ear? That's my man; he will make three reisaks one after the other."

Croppy had obtained his name through the following incident: the prince had ordered him to wrestle with his favourite bear Mishka, and the latter got rather angry and bit off its opponent's ear. "My father," says the narrator, "was unable to take this quietly, so he drove his knife in Bruin's heart and settled it there and then. Alexis Yurivitch was annoyed at his permission not being first asked, and so he had my father's other ear cut off as a warning for the future."

"Where is Croppy?" the prince repeated.

He was informed that Yashka had been in disgrace for ten years, and was living on a distant estate. "Fetch him here. Croppy will not make flat fish, like you scoundrels." Men galloped off to fetch the hard-headed hero, but he lived far away, and when he at last arrived, the ice had frozen so thick that had Yashka had a leaden head he would have been unable to make a proper reisak. When his own interests were not at stake Prince Alexis was a great admirer of justice. Thus, he heard once how a tradesman had cheated a peasant's wife at the town fair. He went straight to the delinquent's booth, carried off a roll of cloth, and forwarded it to the poor woman, with a message that tradesman Churkin sent it, with his compliments, to compensate her for the small sum he had cheated her of. At the same time he told the trader that, unless he looked after his people more closely, he, the prince, would find himself obliged to settle the sale of goods in his way. But scarce a week had passed ere the prince learned that the dishonest trader had again cheated some one who purchased linen of him. He at once mounted his horse, galloped to the fair, and entered the booth:

"Ah! Churkin, Churkin, you have forgotten my orders," he began. "What a fearfully bad memory you must have! But it is all of no use now. I gave you my word, and it must be kept; so march out of the booth."

Churkin and his assistants obeyed, and Prince Alexis walked behind the counter, took the yard measure in his hand, and shouted, in a voice that could be heard half across the fair,

"This way, ladies and gentlemen; pray inspect our goods. We have silks, muslins, and all sorts of lady's clothing; stockings, handkerchiefs, calico, linen, and all sorts of stuffs. We give first-rate measure, and our prices are low, and we do not take small coin from our customers. We sell our goods for exactly what they cost us for cash, and any one who has no money can have credit. If you pay us, we thank you; if not, it cannot be helped."

Everybody hurried to Churkin's shop; Prince Alexis measured off what was asked for, and in three hours everything was sold off; but the money received for it was anything but considerable.

"There is the cash," the prince said to Churkin when the sale was finished; "but a good deal has been sold on credit. It will be your

business to get your debts in. My share in the matter is completed, but you had better not forget the persons you have cheated."

Excellency then asked Churkin, in the modest tone of an apprentice, to do him the honour of dining with him. The cautious trader declined this, whereon the prince remarked that he had no intention of thrashing him, for, had he such, he would do it at once. Churkin consented *volens* to go to Zaboria, where the prince treated him as if he were his master, gave him the seat of honour, addressed him as sir, and waited on him at table. After dinner Churkin was dismissed with a noble present, namely, two pups which had just been whelped by Proserpina, his excellency's favourite dog.

Prince Alexis, himself tolerably brave and bold (when not suffering from delirium tremens), was naturally an admirer of these qualities in others. Once, when he was alone in the market-place, he noticed a tradesman who had insulted him—that is to say, after dining at Zaboria, he suddenly drove off, before waiting for the jokes Alexis was accustomed to play his guests on such occasions. The prince gave him a nod, as much as to say that he had a crow to pluck with him, but the other replied,

"No, excellency, I beg your pardon, you can come to me, but I will not go to your house. I am not fond of your boxes on the ear and thrashings with sticks and whips."

"Oh!" Prince Alexis shouted, with anything but a respectful allusion to the man's mother, and rushed at him. Now it happened that the long street in which this meeting took place ended in a large pond, which was not passable on either side. The trader ran off, the prince after him, and at last the former reached the pond, into which he waded, after pulling off his boots. The prince did the same, and they advanced into the water, till Alexis, who was a short man, was up to his neck.

"Come hither," he said to the trader, "I have something to settle with you."

"No, highness," the other answered, "you can come to me."

"But I shall be drowned," said the prince.

"The Lord's will be done; but in no case will I come to you."

The conversation went on for some time, till both began to feel cold.

"Well," said the prince, "I like honest men. Come and dine with me as usual, and I will overlook your insult."

"You lie, highness," the trader made answer; "you only want to get hold of me and have me thrashed."

"I will not lay a finger on you," the prince promised him.

As the other was not pacified, the prince made stronger promises, but the trader did not feel disposed to trust him until Alexis Yurivitch crossed himself and called all the saints to witness that he meant no harm. The steward's chronicle informs us that the prince ever displayed the greatest respect for the trader, took care of his family, and got him service in the state, in which he rose to be a vice-governor, and acquired an estate of one thousand souls.

When Prince Alexis condescended to take his after-dinner nap, not even a cat must dare to miaow in the town. In summer, an easy-chair was placed in the palace balcony, wherein the prince slumbered, and before he woke not a soul in Zaboria, or on the Volga boats, must utter

a syllable. If this did happen, the culprit was taken by the collar and received his allotted dose of stick in the stables. In order that no one could allege ignorance, a flag was hoisted on the palace roof during the siesta of his highness. Now it happened one day that a ruined gentleman of the vicinity, who lived as led captain with the prince, passed beneath the balcony at this sacred period. Noticing two ladies at a window, who also resided with the prince through their want of means, the parasite, who was desirous of a gossip, tried to get up a lively conversation with them. They waved their handkerchiefs bidding him be silent, but he cut all sorts of faces to make them laugh loudly, and not succeeding he suddenly struck up the first verse of a popular ditty, and ran off. The palace sentries were asleep, and hence the disturber of the peace got away unnoticed. The prince awoke, and burst into the most violent passion at this impudent noise.

"Who was that singing in the street?" he thundered. The guards ran in all directions, but the scamp had already reached a hayloft, where he lay down, and pretended to be fast asleep. No one knew that he was the culprit save the two young ladies, and they would not have betrayed him for any amount.

"Who was that singing?" Prince Alexis yelled again. The servants ran about like madmen, but could not discover anybody who could have been guilty of this musical crime.

"I will know who it was that sang," the prince roared, for the third time, as he came out on the steps with a hunting-whip in his hand; "he must appear at once, or I will cut you all into ribbons." But the challenge was not taken up, and the furious highness disappeared again in the palace with slaving mouth. Soon after a cracking and smashing was heard, and there was an ugly destruction of mirrors and furniture.

The steward and chief valet had a brilliant idea. They proceeded to Vaska, one of the prince's band, and with many bows and entreaties, asked him to take the matter on himself, as the true criminal was not to be found. Vaska was at first foolish enough to decline this, for, as he said, his back was his own, and he did not feel inclined to enter upon such familiar terms with his lord's double-thong. The suppliants, however, assured him that if he would only declare he had been the disturber they would do all in their power to get him off, and in any case present him with ten roubles—a large sum in those days. The singer scratched himself behind the ear: he had no desire to sacrifice his back, and yet he would be glad of the money. At last he said:

"Well, I am ready to take it on myself; but look you, if he does not flog me himself, just be merciful with the stick."

In the mean while the prince had worked himself into a fury, which was closely allied to mania. He threatened not only to give each of his servants a thousand lashes, but also to the parasites who lived with him. "Go and ask the young ladies up there," he yelled, "and if they do not know they shall be thrashed too." Everybody was in fear and trembling, and scarce dared to breathe. "Fetch the knout!" Alexis Yurivitch shrieked, so that it could be heard all over the town.

At this moment came salvation for the seriously threatened backs. "They have got him!" several shouted together, when the butler and the valet dragged in honest Vaska with fettered hands and feet. The

prince seated himself on a sofa in order to pass sentence with due dignity. Vaska was brought before him, and the spectators, who expected something fearful, were so frightened, that they did not know were they dead or alive.

"It was you, then, who sang?" the prince asked, with the look of a grand inquisitor.

"Have mercy on me, most gracious lord—I did it," the poor sinner answered.

The prince was silent for a moment, and then said: "You have an exquisite voice." Then he turned to his servants: "Give him an embroidered kaftan and two roubles."

("So you see," remarks the old peasant who tells the story, "what a good-hearted man Prince Alexis Yurivitch was. The only thing was that he liked order, and those who neglected it were quickly and severely punished.")

The prince's hospitality was as lavish as it was barbarous. On grand festivals, such, for instance, as his saint's day, several hundred persons were invited to dinner. Of these one hundred dined in the banquet-hall, and four to five hundred in the galleries round it. At one end of the high table sat the princess, with a number of the most noble ladies; at the other end the prince, supported by generals, governors, and other high officials. Each guest took his seat according to rank, and if he selected a chair too high for him the prince's fool was sent to draw it from under him when he rose, or the waiters were told to pass him over when handing round the dishes. On the dais near the prince were a tame bear, the before-mentioned Mishka, and a Yurodive, or idiot, who are regarded in Russia, as in Turkey, as half saints. The latter had a plate in his hand, and wore no clothing beyond a torn dirty shirt. In this plate the prince put something from every dish, adding thereto pepper, mustard, wine, and kvas, and Spina would devour this strange ragoût while singing nursery rhymes. Alexis Yurivitch also fed the bear with his own hands, and gave it so much wine that the brute could scarce stand. The ordinary guests dined on silver, the prince, his spouse, and a few important guests on gold plate. Two footmen stood behind each chair, and in one corner of the hall were mountebanks, deaf mutes, dwarfs, and Calmucks, waiting for the conclusion of the banquet, and filling up the interval with quarrelling and fighting. Immediately after dinner the prince's health was drunk in champagne at table, in mead and cherry wine in the galleries; then the orchestra began playing, and the choir sang. Cannon were fired, the mountebanks amused his highness with their postures, the dwarfs grinned, the guests in delight threw their glasses against the wall, while the bear stood on his hind-legs and growled. After this the guests proceeded to the drawing-room, where splendid tokay was drunk, and then had a nap. The flag was hoisted, and through Zaboria no other sound was audible save the snoring of Alexis Yurivitch and his guests.

When the sleepers woke again they proceeded to their apartments and dressed for the ball, which commenced at seven o'clock. Thousands of wax-candles were lighted in the ball-room, tar-barrels blazed in front of the palace, while across the Volga the country was illumined with enormous bonfires. So soon as the prince and princess made their

appearance the drummers and buglers struck up a Polonaise. Then the governor, dressed in a green kaftan, red waistcoat, and yellow breeches, with a mighty powdered peruke on his head, and his cavalry scarf across his breast, walked up to the princess, made as graceful a bow as he could, took her hand and led the dance, the other couples following in accordance with their rank. After the Polonaise the company entered the dining-hall, where Italian musicians played till all had taken their seats. A curtain was drawn and displayed a stage, upon which Dunyashka, a peasant's daughter, and the prettiest girl in the town, presently appeared. She was dressed à la Pompadour, with tall powdered hair and beauty patches on her face; in a word, it was the exact costume of the shepherdesses at the court of Louis Quinze. Dunyashka began by reciting a congratulatory ode, written by Simeon Titisch, the palace poet. Then Parashka, another shepherdess, came in and said many pretty things about love and lambs, which also were the productions of Titisch. We may remark, in parenthesis, that this son of the Muses had very marked Bohemian tendencies, and when an ode was required of him he was locked up for several days for fear lest he should confound the Castalian spring with the vodka-bottle.

After the performance of the shepherdesses, fireworks were let off, and a small scullion had descended from the top of the theatre. He was meant to represent Phœbus, and consequently wore a yellow kaftan and light-blue breeches, with gold spangles. In his hand he held a piece of wood with a hole in the centre, over which twine was tied, and this represented his lyre. He had also yellow twine in his hair, which was indulgently supposed to indicate sunbeams. Finally, nine peasant girls appeared in hooped petticoats—the Muses—who crowned the prince with a garland of flowers obtained from the palace hothouse. Alexis Yurivitch would sometimes call for Simeon Titisch, in order that he might congratulate him, but the poet was never in a presentable condition: he was generally tied down in a chair in a cellar, because, when intoxicated, he was extremely noisy. The supper was a repetition of the dinner, with fewer dishes and more bottles. When it was ended, the minor guests retired, and Prince Alexis proceeded with fifteen or twenty of the highest persons to a summer-house. As a sign that they should make themselves comfortable, he took off his coat, and a booze began, which lasted till the next morning.

Prince Alexis did not live on satisfactory terms at all with his wife; in fact, he only saw her on grand occasions, like the one we have just described. One day, on returning from the chase, he found a letter awaiting him from his son, Prince Boris Alexievitch, who was residing at the capital. He took a glance at the contents, roared like a bull, and again could be heard the smashing of glass and tables. The servants fell on their knees and prayed that the storm might pass over their heads, while others ran out of the house in terror. The prince then inquired after his consort, and one of his valets was so incautious as to inform his master that her highness was confined to her room; whereupon the unhappy wretch was hurled to the ground ("like corn before the sickle," says the deponent), and, when he rose again, made the painful discovery that five of his teeth were absent without leave. The prince, in the mean while, dashed up to his wife's apartments, and found her lying very

ill on a sofa. At a table near her was seated one Koudratie Sergeyevitch, a pious, learned dweller in the prince's house, who had sought shelter with him after being expelled from his estate by a powerful neighbour. He was at the moment reading to the princess the "Life of Saint Barbara."

"Ha!" Alexis Yurivitch shrieked, "there you are! You who have so spoiled your boy, that he wants to marry a woman of light character, while you spend your time here with your lover." And the prince gave full vent to his fury.

The next morning not a trace of Sergeyevitch could be found in Zaboria, and the kind-hearted Princess Martha Petrovna was a corpse. The funeral was superb: it was performed by three archimandrites and one hundred priests, and, although hardly one of them had known the princess, all wept, with the exception of her husband, who followed the coffin dry-eyed. Still, it was noticed that he had grown much thinner: his lips quivered, and every now and then he shuddered all over. For six weeks after the funeral all the beggars who came to Zaboria were regaled at the prince's charges, and money was distributed to them on Saturday. The funeral cost altogether three thousand roubles. At the funeral banquet Prince Alexis spoke in the most edifying manner with the archimandrite about the Holy Gospels, the way of saving the soul, and the duties of a Christian. "There was my poor princess," he said; "she lived a life of humility and holiness, and prepared herself a place in the kingdom of the blessed." Then he added, that existence no longer had charms for him, that he could not endure the thought of living without his wife, and begged the archimandrite to take him into his monastery, and he would bring forty thousand roubles with him.

"Do not make any premature resolution," said the archimandrite; "have you not a son to live for?"

"What, Boris?" the penitent prince and future monk yelled; "if he cares for life he had better not show his face here. The iniquitous villain! he has ruined me, and is the cause of his mother's death. He has brought eternal disgrace upon our name; without our permission, or asking for his father's blessing, he has married some wench without a penny-piece to her fortune—a person for whom it would have been an honour to tend my swine. It was that scoundrel who brought the princess to the grave; when she heard of it she had a fainting-fit, and passed away during the same hour—the dear dove!"

"You must bow your head before affliction, prince," the archimandrite remonstrated.

"What, bow myself before Boris?" Alexis Yurivitch said, with a laugh. "Nothing of the sort. I will marry again, and have other children. Boris and his beauty may go a begging, for they shall not have a kopeck from me. There are plenty of girls who would be glad to have me, and were there no other I would marry Malashka, the goose girl."

At this moment the priest began drinking the "trisa,"* the deacons read prayers, and the choristers sang the "Vetchnoiu Pamiat." All rose

* A potion of mead, rum, wine, and beer, which is drunk by all present, up-standing, after the pope has read the final prayer at a funeral festival.

and prayed excepting Prince Alexis, who fell down before the sacred images, and sobbed so bitterly that no one could gaze at him without bursting into tears. He was at length raised from the ground with great difficulty, and the next day his sorrow was so intense that he had a heap of peasants flogged, and thrashed half a dozen with his own hands. Everybody he came across had done something wrong. The small gentry, who lived with him as sycophants and led captains, lost patience so entirely that in spite of their good entertainment they resolved to leave Zaboria. Fortunately, the prince only remained for a week in this terrible humour; he again went out hunting, and no sooner had he killed a bear than his sorrow and grief disappeared as if by enchantment. Still, he could be seen to be ageing, and at times he fell into a state of despondency. Sometimes, when the hunt was at an end, he would still seat himself astride on a cask of vodka, fill a beaker, and drink to the health of all present. But then it often happened that he suddenly became gloomy, let the glass fall, and a deadly silence would take the place of the noisy bursts of laughter a moment previously. After a few moments of brooding the prince's face would brighten again, and he would say, "I have startled you, my friends. Ah, yes, brothers, I shall soon die." After this he began singing, hundreds of voices chimed in, and then dancing, shouting, and drinking went on till nightfall.

In spite of the paternal wrath, Prince Boris was not disposed to keep away from Zaboria for ever, and just a year after his mother's death he wrote his father that he would shortly pay him a visit. Prince Alexis read the letter, and summoned his steward, who received the following instructions:

"Boris will arrive here to-morrow with the creature he has made his wife. Let no one dare to raise a hat to him, but all who meet him must bark like dogs. They can come as far as the palace, but the horses will not be taken out, so that when I have given them a lecture they can be off again."

These orders were literally carried out, and Prince Boris and his young wife had every sort of humiliation to endure. Their kindly language and pleasant behaviour did not produce the slightest effect on the brutalised serfs of Zaboria. Before they drove into the village they were assailed by a mob of one hundred and fifty peasants, purposely sent to meet them, and who thrust out their tongues and yelled at them. Prince Alexis was standing in the palace gate, whip in hand. His eyes burned like those of a wolf, and his whole face quivered with fury. The servants crept out of the way, anticipating a tempest such as they had never yet seen with their master. As a precautionary measure they had let in a priest by the back-door, for who knew what might happen, or who might require supreme unction?

The young couple got out of the carriage: Prince Alexis rushed towards them with upraised lash, but suddenly stopped as if chained to the ground at the sight of the extraordinarily lovely lady. The whip slipped from his hand, and his face glistened with delight. Prince Boris fell at his father's feet, and the princess was about to do the same, but her father-in-law prevented it. He kissed and hugged her, paid her the most flattering compliments, forgave Boris on the spot, and at once commanded a grand banquet in honour of the children.

Matters went on henceforth merrily at Zaboria, but it was a different merriment from any hitherto known. There were banquets, but no bears and mountebanks, no row, and no intoxication. When one of the neighbouring gentry let a word fall about the nocturnal revelries in the pavilion, the old prince at once gave him a look which rendered him dumb. This taming of the wolf of Zaboria took place in a few weeks, and was the work of the young Princess Varvara Michailovna. Her sole charm lay in her sweet eye and soft voice; her sole spell to prevent follies was, "Come, father, that is not right." Not an instance was known that Prince Alexis did not listen at once to such a remark. Not alone did the flogging cease, but the knout and rods were burnt. Those persons in the palace who could not wean themselves from vodka were sent to a distant village, and regularity and order began to prevail at Zaboria. Even at the chase matters did not go on so wildly as they did formerly; at least Alexis Yurivitch gave up his old odious habit of riding on a spirit-barrel, and contented himself with a glass like other Christians. Nor did he allow any one to drink immoderately, "for," he said, "my daughter might hear of it, and feel grieved."

He gradually became quite reconciled with his son, allowed him to manage the property, and repeatedly declared that next year, when he expected to see a little grandson, he should retire to a monastery, pray for his children there, and prepare himself for life eternal. The princess really had a little son at the expiration of a year, and the old gentleman's delight was unbounded. For nine days he kept guard at her door, that no one might disturb her, and then carried his grandson all about the palace, singing cradle-songs the while. At the christening he gave each servant a shining silver rouble, and emancipated two hundred of his serfs. The young heir, unfortunately, only lived for six weeks. When he died, Alexis Yurivitch took to his bed, ate nothing for two days, and scarce spoke a word. The mother, in the midst of her grief for her infant, had to console the grandfather, who for a long time refused to be comforted.

A little time after, the news arrived that the King of Prussia was stirring, and that there would probably be a war. As Prince Boris was an officer in the imperial army, he prepared for his departure: his wife wished to accompany him, but Prince Alexis, with tears in his eyes, begged her to stay with him. Boris also joined his entreaties to his father's, by showing Varvara that she could not possibly follow the army, and she at length consented to remain at Zaboria. The leave-taking was very solemn: after the service had been performed at church for persons about to proceed on a journey, Prince Alexis gave his son, in the presence of the congregation, his blessing, and a picture of the Virgin, as an amulet, embraced him, and made him a speech, in which he was warned to fight bravely and not spare himself, but lay down his life unscrupulously, should it prove necessary, for his mother the empress. As regarded his wife, he need be under no anxiety about her, for, whatever might happen to himself, she would be taken care of. The princess was so unhappy at the separation, that after her husband's departure no company was seen at Zaboria until letters arrived from Prince Boris, in which he narrated the actions he had been engaged in, and added that he should not go any farther into Prussia, as he was appointed town commandant of Memel,

which place was now in the hands of the Russians. On receiving this intelligence, matters began to grow a little more lively at Zaboria, and Prince Alexis again received company, though it was all very quiet.

"At last, however," the old peasant of the M.S. says, "Satan must have grown wearied of Alexis Yurivitch's good behaviour." One day there was a frightful scene between him and his lovely daughter-in-law, which ended with the latter trying to leave the room, and falling in a swoon on the threshold. Directly after the monster broke out again in all his savageness; again the knout and lash whizzed through the streets, again were the wildest orgies held, and again did his highness bestride the vodka barrel. The Palace of Zaboria became one huge pothouse.

Among the prince's followers was a bandit, who, when his men were destroyed, left the forests and came to Zaboria. Alexis Yurivitch was kind to this man, and placed him about his person; he was a capital spy, and kept his master well informed of all that occurred in palace and town. One day this robber brought the prince a letter, which he had intercepted, and which was written by Princess Varvara to her husband. His highness at once broke it open, scowled, grew more and more furious as he read, and at last walked up and down the room with his hands on his back, and whistling softly. The next day a letter arrived from the virvodo and governor of Semigorak, which announced a visit from that official, the motive for it being certain communications he had received from the Princess Varvara. The prince and the bandit, whose name was Chatun, consulted the whole night through in a retired apartment, and the next morning the servants received orders to pack up the princess's clothes, as she was going to Memel, to pay her husband a visit. The carriage was ready that evening; the princess took leave of all and got in. When she kissed her father-in-law's hand she trembled violently, and almost fainted. "The Lord be with you, be with you," said Alexis Yurivitch. "Help her into the carriage."

On the same night the prince proceeded to the pavilion, where he remained a considerable time. When he came out again he was seen to lock the door and throw the key into the Volga. The next morning all the doors leading to the garden were nailed up, and orders were issued that no one should enter it again. At the same time disappeared Arina, an old woman, who had been suffering for weeks of a fever. No one supposed that she could possibly recover, but one day she suddenly left her cabin. In what manner no one knew; enough that she was never seen again. A fortnight later Chatun and the two maids who accompanied the Princess Varvara returned with the news that their mistress had died from the fatigues of the journey. Chatun brought a letter from the doctor who attended her, as well as from the priest who paid her the last offices. The prince took charge of the two documents, and locked them up in his secretaire. The fact was that the prince had carried off that Arina, who had died on the journey, in the place of his daughter-in-law. Chatun dragged the unhappy Varvara out of the carriage, and immured her in the pavilion, with the help of the prince. Such, at any rate, was the whisper, and the discovery which Daniel Borisovitch, grandson of the prince, made in the garden house, and which induced him to pull it down, appears to confirm it.

At the outset nothing came to light; on the day after their return

Chatun and the two maids were sent across the Volga on some excuse in a leaky boat. The river was full of ice, and a strong breeze was blowing. Prince Alexis was standing on one of the hills over the river, and looking on. When the boat sank he crossed himself, and went into the monastery, to order prayers for the soul of the deceased princess. When Alexis returned home he had a large cask of vodki brought up into the drawing-room, and boozed with his peasants for several days in succession. He gave one a piece of costly velvet, another a diamond, and, in short, behaved quite like a lunatic. At length an officer appeared in the town with troops, and requested speech of the prince. The latter donned his general's uniform, bade his servants bring the heaviest whip, and then prepared himself for a due reception of the new arrivals. When they entered he scarce deigned to rise from his chair.

"We have come, Prince Alexis Yurivitch, to make an investigation into your treatment of the Princess Varvara, and your conduct generally," said the major.

"And how do you dare show your ugly face here?" the prince raved. "You shall all taste the knout, and the voivode in the bargain, if he ventures to come."

"Be easy, highness," the officer answered. "I have an escort of dragoons, and have not come from the voivode, but by direct order of her majesty the empress."

When the prince heard these words he trembled, and yelled, "I am lost! I am lost!" knelt down to the major, offered him twenty thousand roubles to spare him, and humiliated himself in the most pitiful manner. The major asked him several questions, but the prince rolled his eyes like an idiot, and answered in unconnected sentences, so that the officer saw he was not in possession of his senses, and deferred the examination till the next day. The prince went to his bedroom, and in doing so was compelled to pass through the picture-gallery. Suddenly he stopped before the portrait of the Princess Varvara, and gave a start; he fancied the head of the picture was nodding to him; he took one more glance, and then fell unconscious on the ground. When he came to himself again he ordered the servants to paint the face black. He was put to bed, and a barber opened a vein. He asked were the face hidden over, and on hearing it was so he gave up the ghost.

The family of the Princes of Zaboria is extinct. Prince Alexis, when he came into possession of the family estates, was so wealthy that he was wont to reckon his gold and silver plate by hundred-weights, and his ready money by barrels. His reckless extravagance naturally injured his property, and his son Boris, when he came to it, did not find what he had anticipated. Still his fortune was so enormous that it did not appear possible to dissipate it in two generations. Boris certainly did all in his power to effect impossibilities, and lived "as if he had been engaged to ruin the family property:" still, the task was too great for him. He lived as an honest and thorough old Russian lord, not so rough as his father, but quite as extravagant; and at last died of an indigestion, produced by overfeeding at his club.

His successor, Borisovitch, inherited three thousand souls. He at first made an attempt to raise the fortunes of his family again, but found it impossible, especially as he had expensive notions. He lived for a long

time with Woronzoff's, embassy in France, fell into the same mystical pietistic state into which the Emperor Alexander was brought by Madame de Kridener, subscribed large sums for the establishment of free-masonic lodges and the Russian Bible Society, and got rid of about eight hundred souls in this way.

The daughter of this interesting Daniel, the Princess Natalia Danielovna, immediately after her parent's decease started for Italy, where she resided five-and-twenty years. When a box arrived one day at Zaboria, from Rome, with the mortal remains of the princess, the family exchequer contained the exact sum of twelve roubles fifty copecks, while the mortgages on the estate was estimated at one million roubles. The deceased princess had no near relatives, and among the distant ones not one of them loved her sufficiently to accept Zaboria and her Italian debts. The end of the story was this: the estate was brought to the hammer, the son of an ex-waiter at the town hotel bought palace and estate, and the late princess's creditors received sixty-five copecks in the rouble.

On reading the strange story which a Russian author has raked up for the edification of his countrymen, we can hardly believe that the events he records took place so short a time back as the vaunted eighteenth century. At a period when Russian empresses affected wit, and were in correspondence with one half the Encyclopædia, savages like this boyard could coolly commit the most atrocious crimes, and display the most cynical contempt of laws that are recognised even among savage nations. In his way, this Prince Alexis, who commits murder for a cross word, and who alternates between soaking himself in vodki and knouting his unhappy peasants, is a perfect type of the good old times of Russia. Peter the Great, although he used the stick abundantly, really thought that it had a civilising missive, but this boyard is as great a despot on his own estate, and does not take the trouble to put forward an excuse for his barbarity. Unfortunately, there is reason for apprehending that the same spirit may still be found in certain parts of Russia, otherwise we could hardly understand the persistent opposition to the imperial plan for emancipating the serfs. And yet it is a moot point whether Nicholas did not appreciate his subjects better than his son does, and whether the Muscovites possess that spirit of self-help which can alone make a people great. The next five years, should they pass over without a European war, may teach us what dependence may be placed in the Russians, and if they are capable of occupying that place in the European family to which they are entitled by their enormous extent of territory and the gigantic efforts for material prosperity which they never cease to make. In any case, the story of a boyard, as we have told it at second hand from the pages of a clever Russian, seems to act as a confirmation of the doctrine of the first Napoleon, that the Muscovite had only a whitewash of civilisation, and that a slight scratch would display the genuine Tartar substratum. But then, again, that would lead to a consideration whether the Tartar is so bad as he has been depicted, and hence it will be, perhaps, safer to leave the matter to the reader without further and wearisome comment of our own.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EUROPE AND AMERICA.*

THE extent of the interests involved in the American civil war cannot be overrated. People are far too apt to concentrate their attention upon the alternate successes and failures of the Federals and Confederates without considering the present difficulties and the future complications that may arise. Yet are the latter already beginning to manifest themselves in Hayti, in Cuba, in Mexico, and in British North America, and there is every probability that they will go on increasing in gravity in proportion as civil war is prolonged.

The destinies of democracy, which have so long occupied the attention of philosophers, political economists, and of statesmen, are now entirely superseded by a nation divided and in arms, two peoples torn asunder by the deepest social antipathy, by institutions of the most opposite character, and by the direst blood feuds, and by the serious embroilments with which uncontrolled passions menace the rest of the world.

The gleam of a distant but glorious future, however, dimly lights us up even in this at present gloomy inquiry. Let public conscience only be thoroughly awakened to the truth, and there is no fear of its ascendancy and ultimate triumph over all kinds and descriptions of selfish interests and bad passions. Out of the civil warfare in which the Free States are now engaged against the Slave States, although the acts of a Fremont and a Hunter may be repudiated for the time being in the dread of a servile war, prohibition of slavery in the United States has already surged to the surface; and whatever the results, the days of general emancipation will soon arrive in the New World. It is not the tempest, Seneca said, that fatigues, it is the nausea. So it was with the American war; it was not the struggle that wearied European attention, it was its being prolonged without its real results being eliminated, save by shreds and patches—little waifs and strays—that cast up above the smoke and din of battles to show which way the current of opinion was floating from above the dark and hideous gore beneath.

It required some amount of courage to believe in the success of a good cause, especially when that cause was imperilled by passing disasters and mismanagement, and was rendered obnoxious by personal antipathies. But its success was not the less certain, for that which is in itself bad, inhuman, and corrupt cannot ultimately prevail against that the tendencies of which are good, albeit, the expressions are barbarous, the acts inde-

* *L'Amérique devant l'Europe, Principes et Intérêts.* Par le Comte Agénor de Gasparin. Paris: Michel Levy frères.

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fensible, and the attitude rude and defiant. There is something that is stronger than armies, and whose favour is of far different import to a cause than even the sympathy of the great powers.

The position of Europe—that is to say, of Great Britain and France—in regard to America is described by Count Agénor de Gasparin as the triumph of “*la petite politique*” over “*la grande*.” The great policy was to have marched side by side with the North, “*un grand peuple qui se relève*,” as he depicted them in a previous work, and have solved in a peaceful and Christian-like spirit the problem so formidable to the North and South alike—that of the relation of the Whites and Blacks. Had this been done the worthy count avers the South would not have risen in insurrection, or if it had, the insurrection would not have lasted. But in this he is just as much in error as when he declares that the Confederates would not fight at all unless they were backed by the sympathy of England and France, and that they only await for the blockade to be broken and for the “powers” to interfere. The blockade has not been broken, almost all their ports and rivers have been wrested from them, and the interference of France and Great Britain was as carefully eschewed, while the spirit of hostility was as rampant as ever among the Confederates. It is utterly ignoring the constancy and endurance, the bravery and the devotion of a whole people, to declare that had Europe not existed, and America been a closed field, the struggle would neither have been engendered or have lasted. The lessons afforded by the history of the past attest how little civil wars of such magnitude have really to do with the opinions of others. They constitute part and parcel of the trials which all great nations have had to go through before they have attained that refinement which it is so sad to think they seem only capable of arriving at after going through the purification of fire.

Far nearer to the point are the following observations, although the conclusions derived from them are by no means of a nature to be adopted without demur:—

“This civil war, by prolonging itself, runs the chance of ruining both the South and the North, as also Europe into the bargain; perchance it may substitute servile insurrection to transformations prudently operated by legal means; perchance it may substitute the irremediable destruction of the cultivation of cotton by the pacific introduction of free labour. In any case, when it shall be terminated, it will leave behind a sad inheritance of bitter and hostile reminiscences that will rise up between America and Europe, incessantly threatening foreign wars as a sequence to intestine wars. May Heaven preserve us from such a misfortune! There is still time to repair faults committed. The shudder that went through the whole world when a messenger from Queen Victoria traversed the ocean the other day, bearing a despatch for Lord Lyons, will not be so soon forgotten. We took a wrong step; shall we have sufficient energy to adopt now a right course? Will a public opinion form itself in Europe that shall be capable of imposing its will? The answer to that question implicates not only the future of America but also our own; according as we shall have stood by and aided and abetted the great American people in the dark hour of its distress, we shall have in him a friend or an adversary at the hour when he shall have finished, with or without us, the labour of his triumph.”

As far as England is concerned, it is extremely doubtful if it would have obtained any greater amount of friendship from the Northerners by aiding and abetting them; than it has done by observing a strict neutrality. Such an action might have been set down at its true value—as time-serving. Had the Northerners hoisted the flag of emancipation at the onset it would have been otherwise. But when did one power gain either friendship or respect by succumbing to another, and that in face of its very principles? England was bound to advocate the abolition of slavery, but not to give its aid in compelling slave states to pass under the yoke of non-abolitionist free states, merely to benefit their tariff and to extend their power. As to the threatened hostilities, we shall be at the end of the war unless new complications, happily for the present averted, were brought into the question by the intervention of France and England, just where we were before. The hostility of the Northerners to the British possessions in America—in Canada and in British Columbia—was notorious long before the secession of the Southern States, and how long could the friendship begat by our aid in subjecting the latter have been under such circumstances calculated upon? France and England could not mediate except upon the principle of recognising the rights of the Southerners; the Northerners are not prepared to admit these, or the independence of any number of the States, and what would not a mediation thus offered and thus repudiated have led to, especially when to the aversion sprung from ineffectual intervention will be added the ill-feeling engendered by the frequent stoppage of merchant ships, by the outrageous conduct of a victorious general, and by those other minor complications which are ever springing up when there is a covert hostility on the one side opposed to an avowed neutrality on the other? The line of conduct depicted by M. de Gasparin, and the results that are portrayed as flowing from it, are undoubtedly most desirable; but public opinion will never declare itself as having faith in such, to so great an extent as to impose its will upon governments.

We have been in the wrong, according to the same authority, in believing that slavery had nothing to do with the quarrel between the North and the South; we have been in the wrong in supposing that the South had used its right in separating from the North; we have been in the wrong in supposing that the North can never conquer the South, and we have been still further in the wrong in supposing that the South once conquered cannot be brought back to the Union.

With regard to the first question, so long it is said as the United States were governed by slavery and for slavery, we left them alone; but the moment reaction sets in against slavery we invented a theory of insurgent belligerents. The answer to this has been given before, the Northerners did not take up arms to deliver the slaves; and although the ultimate prohibition of slavery has surged to the surface from out of the civil conflict, it was not on the cards at the onset. No portion of the press of the Northern States has been so hostile to England as the organs of the anti-abolitionists have been. It was the fault of the Northerners then, and not ours, if we have not execrated as we ought to have done “this revolt, unique in history, and which seems like a defiance cast at the Gospel and at civilisation.”

M. de Gasparin would have us believe that it is now an understood fact

in the North that the great enemy is slavery; the great conspirator is slavery; the great rebel is slavery; the great adversary of union and peace is slavery; and that since the entire North has understood this it has taken a final resolve not to conclude the war without also finishing with its cause. We could bring forward a mass of evidence to show that the good cause is by no means so advanced as is here supposed; but M. Gasparin involves himself in a curious paradox, not only is it so in the North, he avers, but it is also so in the South, and Jefferson Davis "has sufficient talent to have understood with us—(that is, with M. de Gasparin)—that which the South in general does not yet understand, that the battle for slavery is lost, lost if the South re-enters the Union, lost if the South is recognised as a separate confederation." What, then, it might be asked, are they fighting about? For immediate emancipation of slave parents or the future emancipation of their offspring? If the latter is the programme of the South, and the North is generous enough not to advocate immediate abolition, in the dread of an extermination of the whites by the freed blacks, an understanding ought to be easily arrived at. At all events there are no real causes for war, and both sides can lay claim to the sympathies of Europe. But M. de Gasparin argues if the recognition of the South was founded upon the emancipation of children, such a recognition will produce its effects: the government of Richmond will be established on a firm basis, that of Washington will be exasperated, and there will probably be war between the latter and Europe. It is curious that whatever way the cards are played war always turns up as trumps. If the cabinet of Washington is seeking the very thing which that of Richmond is prepared to concede, wherefore should war with Europe arise from such a concession? Simply that the war is not with the Northerners for the abolition of slavery, but for the subjection of the seceded States.

"Friends of peace," our worthy author exclaims, "who are so anxious to stay the present conflict, who would trace around President Lincoln the circle of Popilius, by forbidding him to maintain the blockade or to follow up his advantages, have you considered the unending wars with which you will invest the future? Have you foreseen the consequences of your enterprise? Do you by chance fancy that you can kill the United States? And if you cannot kill them, do you suppose that they will live peaceably for one day, having you upon the two flanks of their empire, in Virginia and in Canada, feeling you at the end of the two rivers, at Quebec and at New Orleans?"

The upshot of the argument as thus put is that we should have aided and abetted the Northerners in subjecting the South, whether right or wrong, if we wished to conciliate them. But in that case might not the Canadians, the New Brunswickers, the Nova Scotians, the Red River men, and the British Columbians, have considered their position as worse than ever? If the United States are not to remain peaceable one day with their two flanks held by aliens, are they the more likely to do so when only one flank remains in that condition? France has Germany on one flank, Spain on another, Belgium on a third, and yet it can sometimes remain in peace; why cannot the Yankees do the same? Instead of the doctrines of peace making progress in the New World, war is becoming to be considered as its normal condition by those who argue

the existing state of things even in its most opposite aspects and attitudes. This is truly a sad and a fearful thing to contemplate, and if such a result is to be evolved from all possible *dénouements*, what amount of concession can be expected to avert the catastrophe?

The Northerners have a strong case when they denounce it as Machiavelism to say that the way to ensure the emancipation of slaves is to assure the triumph of the slave-holders; but on this point, as on all others connected with slavery, all arguments in their favour fall to the ground from their not having themselves adopted at the onset a straightforward, tangible, or comprehensible line of conduct. The position in which America placed Europe by such absence of candour, leading it to sympathise with the slave-holders, was undoubtedly calamitous in a moral point of view, but who was to blame? Simply the Northerners, for there would have been no alternative left to France or England had they started with the prohibition of slavery instead of concluding with it.* Even the all-important question of interests would have had to give way before a principle such as that comprised in the avowed emancipation of slavery, and the poor Christians of Preston and Mulhausen would have been sacrificed to break the shackles from the wrists of the negro.

It has been argued that to treat the Southerners as belligerents and not as insurgents is to consider the United States as a league, not as a nation; to grant to the South all that it wants, and to constitute in fact an open breach of neutrality. The United States are indeed by their constitution a league, or a confederation of divers populations, and not a nation with uniform national habits, manners, religion, language, and characteristics. The South demanded much more than neutrality, it demanded recognition, rupture of the blockade, and material assistance in return for its cotton, just as the Northerners expected sympathy and aid for not declaring in favour of abolition. As to breach of neutrality, the argument is untenable. Cannot neutrality be observed by a third party in respect to two belligerents, as well as to one belligerent and one insurrectionist?

That the cabinet of Washington was exceedingly hurt at the admission of the Southerners, as belligerents, we are ready to admit; that while it would not receive despatches which so qualified the insurgents, it manifested a degree of dignified anger which was well calculated to conciliate universal esteem, we are also quite ready to concede; but how easily might that recognition of the Southerners have been put altogether out of the pale of European powers by the cabinet of Washington having adopted at the onset a clear and simple line of conduct, such an one as it is now tardily arriving at? The mere avowal that not the present but the ultimate objects of forcing the Union upon the seceders was to extinguish slavery, would have put it out of the power of any European government—such is the force of moral opinion—to have recognised the slaveholders as belligerents. As it was, there was a greater breach of neutrality made in favour of the Northerners by closing the ports of Europe to the prizes of the South, and by not breaking the blockade when it was avowedly imperfect, than there was in favour of the Southerners in admitting them as belligerents in order to define the true limits

* Prohibition of slavery in the United States has passed the two Houses, but has not yet been recognised by the President.

of neutrality. We regret to say there has been no gratitude manifested on the part of the cabinet of Washington or the Northerners for these honourable actions; the language held is never otherwise than that of recrimination and menace; no alternative is left to Europe, it must either be friend or foe. This is the despotism of democracy, which must have everything its own way, right or wrong, or fight for it; and there will probably be no relief to Europe from such extravagant ideas till America shall have undergone a real regeneration, shall have become a chastened and enlightened republic, a staid constitutional monarchy, or shall have passed under the yoke of a military tyranny and become an "empire."

Again, it is said recognition as belligerents infallibly leads to recognition as a confederacy or a power. This is not the case, suppose the North to be entirely successful. But if the North, after taxing its resources in men, money, and material to the utmost, and waging a long, dubious, and sanguinary civil war, carrying poverty, dismay, and gloom into every remote cottage in the land, has little or no real advance towards the solution of the question to show, all powers possessed of one particle of humanity are justified in interfering, and if that interference is discarded and repudiated, it may become a question of serious import, if the recognition of the South may not be the best step to take in the cause of a general humanity. But such a step will not be taken by the powers unless compelled to do so for the sake of that humanity. Had the powers intended to have cleft the so-called United States in twain, they would have broken the blockade at the onset; they never wished to do more than preserve their rights and a strict neutrality, but if the incapacity of the North to subject, while it subdues, the people of the South becomes clearly manifest, it will be surely high time to step in, and, by the recognition of the South, put a stop to that guerilla warfare, that possible servile war, and equally possible war of extermination, which may each and all be inaugurated, with even additional complications, and that without any social or political benefit accruing or likely to accrue to either party. Could the powers in such a case be expected to stand by and see their own descendants butchered day after day, month after month, and year after year in cold blood? No! the voice of all the world would be with them in any steps that they might deem it necessary to take to save the fair face of the earth from such hideous profanation. Mediation in the presence even of such remote contingencies would no longer be a policy; it would be an imperious duty, the neglect of which would involve the powers in the deepest responsibility to Him to whom all owe allegiance. "The continuance of the contest," it was remarked, even before mediation was proposed, "can have no other result than to destroy human life, kindle inhuman passions, blight the country, like Mexico, with a scourge of generals, crush the industry of future years, and spread pauperism over wide districts of suffering Europe."

M. de Gasparin is among those who are excessively irate at the recognition of the South by England as a belligerent power. England, he says, that was not ready till it had been ten or twelve months in the Crimea, was in a poor condition to proclaim the military insufficiency of the United States in a few weeks. Would it have permitted the insurgents of Ireland or of the East Indies to have been called belligerents? Would the French have tolerated Abd el Khadr or the Huguenots to have been termed belligerents? Were the Poles or

Hungarians belligerents? Perhaps not in a certain sense, albeit a nation in arms is so to all intents and purposes. But all the cases quoted here have reference to a central monarchical or imperial government, and not to a secession among confederated states. If M. de Gasparin had consulted the writings of his own distinguished countryman, M. de Tocqueville, he would there have found the right of secession discussed at length; and decided as being "a right under the very terms of the confederation." There is no possible analogy between the insurrection of one portion of a united kingdom or of one kingdom in an empire, and the Secession of one or more states from a confederation. "If," says the same writer, "the South had rendered the powerlessness of the North to subject it manifest, if its independence had ceased to have been militarily contested, and if it had surmounted the principal difficulties, then we might have been authorised to say: The South is not insurgent, it is belligerent; it has acquired the consistence of a new state, which will be proximately recognised, and which in the mean time struggles against the government of Washington upon an equal footing." Laying aside the folly of waiting till the independence of a country has ceased to be militarily contested—in other words, till there is no more "fighting"—to recognise it as a belligerent or "fighting" power, the South has from the onset at Bull's Run, to the expulsion of Banks—the only Federal commander who has attempted a march into the interior—from the Switzerland of Virginia and the relief of Richmond attested an equality in arms with the North. It has only succumbed before superior numbers and artillery, and before the superior force of the Northerners in gun-boats. As far as the interior is concerned, except upon the rivers, the slow progress of all the Federal armies under McClellan, Hunter, Burnside, Halleck, and Banks has in all cases alike tended to show that European opinion judged rightly that the undertaking of the North was one of more than exceeding difficulty, and that the Southerners are in every respect as much entitled to be called belligerents, according to M. de Gasparin's own view of the matter, as their opponents. Yet, in the face of these facts, this writer assures us that "the situation of the South is that of a revolt less firmly established in the present day than it was a year ago, and which would fall to pieces the day when it would be left alone face to face with the United States, and it cannot be in question to invoke modern right, the right of nationalities, in its favour." This when Mr. Seward himself has admitted that there is not a Unionist to be found in the Seceded States!

The character of belligerents granted to the Southerners was in reality as favourable to the North as to the South. It gave to the former the power to exercise the rights of war, to declare a blockade, and to search suspected vessels—a right of which they have most freely availed themselves. On the other hand, had not the Southerners been recognised as belligerents, Europe would have had to treat their privateers as pirates. President Lincoln has himself recognised the Southerners as belligerents, when he proposed an exchange of prisoners. Could such an exchange have been effected with rebels? Yet we are told that by creating belligerents in America we have trampled under foot the most elementary principles of humanity. We have, on the contrary, done precisely that which was most humane to both parties. The Lombards, the Neapolitans, the Tuscans, the Modenese, the people of the States of the Church, have never been designated as rebels; why should not the same favour be

shown to the Southerners? If they are to be perpetually degraded, because they uphold slavery, even that plea had been withdrawn, while the so-called free states were still dallying round the precipice of abolition. If to recognise the Southerners as belligerents was to establish equality where it did not exist, to render service to the one to the injury of the other, to establish belligerents where there were only rebels, and, finally, to overthrow the modern principles of neutrality and non-intervention, Austria, the King of Naples, the Pope, and the other discomfited Italian powers would have as much right to declaim against us as M. de Gasparin would have it the Northerners have. This fact alone would prove how baseless is this vision of unfair preponderance on the part of Europe conjured up by the Yankees.

"The day," our author expounds, "when Europe shall say to America, 'I interfere because it is of importance to me to re-establish my commerce, because I cannot suffer your discords to go on any longer, because the delay granted by me has expired;' that day a great act of injustice will have been committed." There has been no delay granted by Europe. The preparations made by President Lincoln's cabinet, and by General McClellan, were stated to be of such a character as to promise that the civil war would be brought to a definite conclusion in ninety days by the general successes of the Federal arms. The time has long ago expired, and instead of having realised any of the conclusive successes which were then deemed so certain, President Lincoln's ministers have admitted that their reckonings were entirely at fault. The Federal government is itself further said to have manfully declared, that if the victory were not accomplished within the stipulated ninety days, the responsible statesmen of the North would gladly turn to foreign mediation, as better than a protraction of the civil contest. Where, then, is the injustice of mediation?

Going on to argue that a recognition of the Southern Confederation would infallibly lead to an armed intervention, our author says: "I doubt if France would then congratulate itself at having broken its work of the last century, and that England would be 'bien glorieuse' at having taken the champions of slavery by the hand." This is the burthen of every argument. Europe—that is, England and France—are not to interfere in the cause of a suffering humanity, of the hecatombs of the slain, and those perishing by disease, fatigue, and privations in America, or of the crowds suffering in resignation in France and England; are not to interfere in favour of peace, commerce, and civilisation, for fear of the anger of the Yankees! We are by no means indisposed to underrate the numbers, intelligence, bravery, resources, and power of the Northerners. They would, properly armed, drilled and officered, and with an efficient navy, constitute a first-rate power; but are they on that account to dictate their will to all the world, as those who have embraced the Monroe doctrine have already attempted to do? Such arrogance can only be met with in a democracy. And shall Europe dread to lift up its voice in favour of a suffering humanity in the presence even of an admitted first-rate power? Yet such is the alternative always propounded as the result of interference—and, indeed, of non-interference—in American affairs. With the Yankees, not to think with them, not to sympathise with them and to encourage them, is to incur their hostility, and is, they even argue, a "*casus belli*!" "*Voilà la chance*," says M. de Gasparin, "*que j'ai dû*

me résoudre à regarder en face. Je l'ai signalée; je ne ferai pas à l'Europe l'injure de m'y arrêter." And it would indeed be an insult to Europe, although not in the sense that the author means, to suppose that Europe would be withheld by a pusillanimous fear from doing that which it considered not only right, but most imperiously and urgently called for by all the interests of humanity.

It is not a little curious that with all his strong Yankee sympathies, when M. de Gasparin comes to view matters in their relation, not to Europe, but to America itself, the reality forces itself upon him at once. If he says in a warning voice—addressing the Northerners—your superiority is not established in a few months, and the slightest doubt as to the issue of the conflict remains, the collective interests of Europe will intervene in favour of the South. Nay, more, if, after conquest, the Unionist sentiments—"now held down"—should not manifest themselves, a great people will have to adopt one of those difficult resolves, which they are bound to do at such a crisis. "To take necessities as they arise, to see things as they are, and to resign ourselves to what cannot be helped, is also to serve one's country." Now this is just the position that opinion has arrived at in Europe in regard to the North and South States, since M. de Gasparin penned the above, and prospective action on the part of England and France would, under the circumstances, meet—however much that writer may differ with regard to the line of conduct which brought it about, and however strongly his sympathies and fears may be enlisted on the part of the North—with his entire approval as an imperious act of necessity.

"When, after an ineffectual campaign," adds M. de Gasparin, "the mediation of Europe shall be offered (and it will then undoubtedly be so), when it shall become a question of issuing new Treasury bonds, of confronting ruin, of courting bankruptcy, of defying the league of the Great Powers, of undertaking a new war, a colossal war, a war without hope, the good citizens will be those who counsel peace."

Nay, rising with his theme, he suddenly finds out that the North will in reality be far better without the South. "The South, with its slavery, with its bad, illiberal democracy, with its spirit of conquest and of quarrel, with its contempt for the rights of nations, with its hatred of Europe, with its break-neck policy, with its repudiation of debts, with its laws against fugitive slaves, with its pretensions and its violences, has been incessantly lowering the moral and social tone of the United States. Everything, beginning with self-respect, was giving way before it. A few more years of this coarse and brutal prosperity and the United States were lost."

The mediation accepted, the secession of the Southern States acknowledged, and peace restored, the Yankees will have to reduce their army and their budget, to woo back olden prosperity, to attract European emigrants, to withdraw paper-money, to pay their debts, to re-establish liberties that have been temporarily suspended, and to strengthen the framework of society and of social institutions. The task is an herculean one, and no wonder that there are many who see an issue to things of possibly a totally different character, an issue, the chances of which are daily increased by the prolongation of the war. As it is, matters are still in favour of a solution that will not imperil the future of America. The armed bands, numerous as they are, are of

diverse origin; the men are not soldiers by profession, nor military adventurers, as of old, and the chances are that the majority will be only too glad to return in peace to their homes; nor has any general yet achieved such notoriety, notwithstanding the pompous and ominous title conferred upon one of the most promising, as to have paved his way to a military consulate or dictatorship. In such a case there would be division in the camp, for the feelings of the North-west would be represented by Fremont and Hunter; the advanced civilisation of the North-east, by McClellan; and the great army of tax-gatherers by Lincoln. This, however, would be modified by the separation of the South, an eventuality, the sooner it is brought about the greater are the chances, notwithstanding the irate and bellicose language of the Northerners, in favour of a peaceful solution to the whole difficulties.

There is, however, another eventuality which presents itself in connexion with such a solution of the question, and which, after four long chapters devoted to vilifying England in almost every step she has taken, and every sentiment which she has given utterance to in the matter, and five more chapters devoted to discussing the question whether slavery had anything to do with the civil war, whether the South had a right to secede, whether President Lincoln was justified in attempting to restore the Union by force of arms, whether the South will be conquered, and, if conquered, if it will be brought back to the Union, M. de Gasparin finds time to buckle with.

Admitting the yearly increasing wealth and population of the United States, their yearly absorption of New States, and their openly promulgated Monroe doctrine, there were not wanting, we are told, those in Europe, who, foreseeing the day when they would be elbowed out of the New World by the aggressive Americans, they contemplated a disruption of this vast Republic with a favourable eye, independent alike of the circumstances that might bring such a disruption about, and of the principles that it might involve. But, granted the separation of the South, the question arises, may it not be only the beginning of the breaking up of the United States? May not the extreme West, and South-west, and North-west soon follow suit? May not again the South become the gateway by which Europe will be perpetually interfering with the internal affairs of America? This latter view of the question affords M. de Gasparin a favourable opportunity for expatiating upon the evils that will be brought about by a solution of the question which he had before admitted to be one of absolute necessity, and of which he accordingly, with some amount of inconsistency, avails himself at length.

France, our author declaims, has ever been the friend of the United States: she more than any other country has contributed to constitute them what they are (England had, at all events, the overlooked privilege of first peopling them), and it will never do for France to enter into a coalition against its *protégés* of old. France has nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from the aggrandisement of the United States, and Lord Stanley and Mr. Gladstone are quoted to show that the interests of Great Britain and of America are inseparably wrapt up in one another, and that whatever profits the United States is equally profitable to the old country—the annexation of its American provinces being, we suppose, left out of consideration. Yet how is it possible to leave this point out of consideration? The moment M. de Gasparin broaches the subject of

the aggrandisement of the United States being favourable to France, two important points, he says, present themselves for consideration at the onset. One is, that the augmentation in power of the American fleet is favourable to France, as capable of being employed with the French fleet in overpowering England; another is, that the annexation of Mexico by the United States would not only not be unfavourable to French interests, but would be to the advantage of the spread of the Gospel and of civilisation. It is impossible not to see, then, that if this view of the subject applies itself to the southern extension of the United States, so it must also logically apply to its northern extension. Happily the progress of events have placed both these questions in a very different position to what they stood a year ago, for without in any way looking with a jealous eye upon the aggrandisement of the United States, considering, as we undoubtedly do with all wise men, that their prosperity is synonymous with ours, that their language, religion, and blood is in great part our own, that their cause and ours are somehow or other inseparably united, still the overweening conceit of the Americans deserved a rebuff, and the adoption of such barbarous—such purely Chinese or Japanese—systems as the Monroe doctrine and a new and almost prohibitory tariff will entail a just retaliation.

We have before adverted, in an article expressly devoted to the subject, to the emperor's pet project of a Nicaraguan line of transit across Central America, and we have shown in another article on the French possessions in Oceania, that the occupation of the Marquesas, of Tahiti, and of New Caledonia, have reference to the same projected line of circumnavigation and communication. It is apparently in connexion with these views and the establishment of a central eastern power in Hindhu-China that the states of Guatemala, Nicaragua, and San Salvador, which border upon Mexico, have been induced to demand the protection of France. There is no doubt that, under existing circumstances, a strong power in Mexico and Central America would be conducive to the peace of the world. The nation which, by blood and other ties, should have rejoiced in the extension of the distracted States, cannot do so, from the threatening attitude which they never cease to uphold towards us in grave as well as in the most trifling affairs. There is no safety from such arrogance, except in limitation of power and prosperity.

America does not exist, and cannot exist, for herself alone, or there would never have been a Spanish America, a Portuguese America, a French America, and a British America. For the descendants of any one of these nations, be they British or Brazilian, to proclaim a universal sovereignty over all the others, and a separation from the Old World, is a far greater solecism to universal morality, interests, and civilisation than the secession of a few States from one particular Union. We can understand countries that, like China and Japan, suffice for themselves, and that have hence for long ages excluded all intercourse with other peoples opposing themselves at first to the breaking down of an old-established system of things; but we can neither understand nor sympathise with a new nation sprung from the old European stock, with the blood of the dominant races of Europe flowing in their veins, isolating themselves from, and attempting to repudiate, their world-wide associations. The thing is as preposterous as it is selfish and unnatural.

But we are by no means, in consequence of such a view of the matter,

prepared to see things in the light that is supposed by some to have been thrown upon them by the present crisis, that is, the possible revival of the old colonial system, extinct now from Patagonia to the St. Lawrence, and very nearly extinct there. These are the days of revivals. Art and literature are essentially archæological—the taste of the day is for all that belongs to the middle ages. It might indeed be thought by some, if the stern lessons of history did not teach us the contrary, that it was the intention of Providence that we should live in a circle.

It is manifest that the possibility of in part resuscitating a colonial America—"Refaire une Amérique Européenne" is the expression—is a dream actually complacently indulged in by some few of our good friends on the other side of the Channel. Any such attempt, we do not hesitate to say, at the onset will be disastrous in the extreme to those who engage in it. Providence has its laws of progress which are not to be interfered with, and we would as soon dream of not contenting ourselves with defending British America, but trying to occupy New England, as to see any good ultimately arise from the conquest of Mexico by France, or the "occupation" or "protection" of its old colonies in the "South." Good might certainly arise to us from such an undertaking, and as the French overtly uphold the aggrandisement of the navy of the United States as a means to an end—that of humbling Great Britain—so we might say that the projects of France in Central America and in the south of North America can only benefit British America by distracting the hostility of the Free States; but we would scorn to indulge in such egotistical arguments, we must leave the monopoly of such to our good friends and allies across the Channel, to the Irish malcontents, who only see an opportunity in another's disaster, and to the disloyal, servile, cringing entities and nonentities that are to be met with in all nationalities.

France itself, even at the present moment, runs the gauntlet of Yankee irritation as well as ourselves. The leading organs of the North, and those whose feelings they represent, have not scrupled to apprise the Emperor Napoleon that the services which the Orleans princes have rendered to the North may justify it in considering, in the event of his taking any line that is "disrespectful" to the Union, whether American arms may not properly be employed to restore the throne of Louis Philippe to the family that has done so much for the Federals in their time of trouble! What will that irritation amount to should France permanently occupy Mexico?

Spain set the example by taking the initiative of interference in Mexico in modern times. The land of the Cid is supposed by many to have shown in modern times signs of vitality which promise to it a new future. It did not begin in a very promising way, however, by an assault upon the "Quail" and the free blacks of Liberia, or by condemning all who professed liberty of conscience in religious matters to the "galères." It played a very secondary part in the conquest of Cochin-China. It manifested a political resolve of a higher order when it subjected the Spanish portion of St. Domingo and determined upon an expedition to Mexico, with which England and France associated themselves apparently (notwithstanding the secret instructions with which Admiral Jurien de la Gravière was honoured, to separate himself as soon as he conveniently could from his allies) to moderate the ambition of Spain. England and the United States alike protested against the occupation of St. Domingo;

the former was quieted by Marshal O'Donnell's promise that slavery should not be established in that portion of Hayti. The United States are still fighting the battle of slavery, and according as that conflict results will be the fate of the "institution" not only in the Southern States, but also in Central and South America, and, indeed, wherever it obtains.

The expedition to Mexico was, on the other hand, according to the view taken of it by M. de Gasparin, part of a general plan of American restorations hastily put into execution whilst the United States were embarrassed. Spain drew out of it, we are told, when a different perspective was opened up by France, that of an Austrian king, and England was forced to do the same by the influence of public opinion. France then had the field left open to itself, and has, to M. de Gasparin's horror, supplanted the idea of a foreign ruler by that of "occupation," and that at the very time when the word "union" is being superseded by that of "empire" in North America. As a Protestant, Count Gasparin very justly declares that, in as far as the restoration of the Spanish monarchy is concerned, Mexico, degraded as it is, is better off than when under Spain, when the Indians and even the creoles were incapable of holding any government employment, when commerce and ideas were alike subjected to the strictest monopoly, when slavery was in full vigour, and torture and the inquisition had it all their own way.

But in respect to French occupation, "I hope," says M. de Gasparin, "that we shall avoid engaging ourselves too far in an enterprise replete with embarrassments;" and then he adds: "It remains to be seen if in the sole purport of arresting the expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race, and of supplanting the Americans in Mexico by Spaniards or by Austrians" (and he might have added by French), "it is intended to introduce at once a source of inevitable and mortal conflict between the United States and Europe."

"The overthrow of the republican system in Mexico would be the worst check that could be inflicted upon the United States. It would be likewise a menace, the bearing of which they would not only estimate at its full import, but they would even exaggerate it. They know full well that, except for their present difficulties, such a thought would never have been entertained by any one. They content themselves under existing circumstances with diplomatic protests, with receiving projects of treaties from Juarez at Washington (and he might have added with the transmission of the sinews of war), with exposing the profound emotion which the resurrection of the old policy has caused from one end of the New World to the other; at a later period they will be tempted to do more. Is it prudent to prepare such conflicts for a future which may be proximate? Is a monarchy in Mexico worth, I do not say a war with the United States, but even a rupture of amicable relations? Must that be entered upon which can neither be finished nor maintained—at all events, what can only be maintained at the price of formidable complications?"

Had these remarks come from ourselves they would at once have been set down as having their origin in anti-Gallican "proclivities." We are happy, then, in being able to quote them from the pages of a French publicist, for the thoughts which they give rise to cannot but be shared by every sensible man. But there is more in this than appears on the surface, and there are probably many other "formidable complications"

that may yet arise from the rupture of the United States before the final series of "confederacies" and "resuscitated colonial viceroynalties" shall have been all duly arranged and settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. It may appear a not very chivalrous act on the part of Europe to interfere in Hayti, Cuba, and Mexico in the time of American trouble, but such is sometimes the way in which Providence works out its ends, and there is an Augean stable of iniquity to be cleansed in those regions where slavery is upheld before right and justice shall have obtained the ascendancy and have wiped out the darkest blot in the escutcheon of the nineteenth century.

M. de Gasparin wrote, we have said, a work which attracted much attention, and which was entitled, "Un Grand Peuple qui se relève." A witty and anonymous countryman replied to him by exhibiting another side of the picture as "Un Grand Peuple qui s'enfonce." Perhaps both were right, but the one looked like a politician to the present, the other like a philosopher to the future. Let the issue of the conflict be what it will, let the North re-establish the Union and confine slavery within the narrowest limits; or let it, as is most likely to be the case, remain separate with its free institutions, or let it emerge from the struggle an empire, still nothing that the Old World can do can deprive it of its population, of its vast resources, or of its industry, wealth, and future prosperity. It may, however, be made to keep its turbulent ambition within bounds, and this is probably the most to which anxious statesmen are now directing their attention. However material prosperity may suffer from civil war, moral progress will inevitably surge from the conflict.

That the United States will have many trials, many perils, many sacrifices to make, there can be no doubt. "It does not," M. de Gasparin remarks, "enter into the designs of God that great iniquities should be effaced before punishment has been felt. And here, it is a remarkable fact, punishment falls alike upon all who have been guilty, upon the South which upheld slavery, upon the North, too long an accomplice in the crime, and upon Europe so long indifferent to the evil, and only disposed to profit by it." A gigantic change, as we shall show in another article, is in the very act of being accomplished, the cultivation of cotton, which has been the support of slavery in America, is about to become an instrument of liberty in Africa, Asia, and Australia. The providential work thus begun is one of the most interesting that the human race has been called upon to contemplate. The progress of many other regions of the three continents will indeed move onwards step by step with the moral regeneration of the United States. "The American crisis," our author remarks, "is one of those events with which God brings about changes in the world. No one can say where the consequences will stop, but we can even at present say that the United States will have done more by abolishing slavery towards a general emancipation than even England herself was able to accomplish."

Another progress will, according to our author, have been accomplished. "The United States were in want of the lessons of defeat and of trial. A young and spoilt people, they could not any more than any other people go on without the sharp teachings of adversity. They were accustomed to success and to flattery, and they had adopted an unreasonable opinion of themselves. Hence *some* presumption in their language and *some*

arrogance in their acts. They have now passed through the crucible where we left our scoria."

It is obvious when we speak here of the "United States," we mean such as remain united. There is no probability that the Secessionist States will ever willingly enter into the Union again, and they certainly cannot be driven into it at the point of the sword. The failure of the North in its attempt to effect this latter solution of the difficulty, has been as flagrant as its braggadocio has been blatant. The right of the Confederate States will no doubt be proximately acknowledged by France and by England, and it is only to be hoped that when thus admitted to take their place among the Powers that be, steps will be taken, as have been promised in the moment of difficulty, to bring about a gradual emancipation of slavery.

With regard to the Northern States, it is to be hoped that they will rise from their trials, purged and reformed, a great and free people, the envy and admiration of the world; and not as they have so long been, the terror of their neighbours, and by their ambition the nightmare of Europe. There is not a peril to which they are at the present moment exposed within their own territory, or a complication that has arisen from without, that if they look to it closely they will not find has had its origin in their own uncastigated errors. They tolerated slavery as an institution; it has brought with it certain punishment; they arrogated all America for the United States, and they have brought about secession among themselves and a European movement to check their foolish ambition. Let them prohibit slavery in the North, and forego wars of aggression, and they will secure the good will of all mankind, and an earnest and universal interest and sympathy in their progress and prosperity.

CLAUDINE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

PART IV.

A STORM—THE DUEL.

'Twas night and tempest where Isère was sweeping
 Along its winding, solitary way;
 No star from out the curtain'd sky was peeping,
 No hermit glowworm lit its twinkling ray;
 But the wild stream rushed foaming through the storm,
 And on the mountain bowed the cedar's form,
 And echoing rolled the thunder in mid-heaven,
 Where every cloud a lightning-tongue was given.

The upper fire revealed far Alpine heights,
 Setting on Cenis a celestial crown,
 Whose jewels were those fierce and fleeting lights,
 Ere in blue zig-zag glory blazing down:

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It played around the crags—a hellish game—
And lined the cascade's arch with lambent flame,
While ever sounded the strong torrent's dash,
More hoarsely deep between each thunder-crash.

The hanging woods of beech, the tall black pines,
That seem as ancient as the rocks they shade—
Massed, ebon foliage, through which never shines
The beam for gladness, not dim sorrow made;
Forests that gird Saint Bruno's lonely cells,*
Where, nursed by horror, pale Religion dwells,
As if a God who loves the bright; the fair,
Can best be served 'mid darkness and despair:

This leafy ocean, billowing o'er the hills
In sombre undulations, sudden burns,
As lurid flame in sheets the horizon fills,
And to unnatural splendour darkness turns;
And glimpses of the awful scene ye gain,
As in the realms of black dismay and pain,
The lost may see hell's bounds by fearful light
Of demon wings that cross their dreary night.

Rage on, thou storm! ye torrid lightnings gleam!
Ye carry back the soul to those far days,
When the round world was forming, like a dream—
Fearful, confused, all earth and heaven a-blaze;
And chaos strove, and thunders from the brow
Of every mountain peaked, as peal they now;
Such tempests tell the soul a God is near,
Who walks in calm above this scene of fear.

But look! as if that God, with sudden smile,
Soothed Nature's rage, and hushed her heart to rest,
The clouds that lay in masses, pile on pile,
Are breaking, and dissolving down the west:
Like wrath appeased, rolls off the thunder's roar,
The pines upon the mountain rock no more;
And now an azure-opening in the sky
Looks like a slow-unsealing, mighty eye.

It widens, and the stars are trembling through,
Placid as holy thought, and silvery faint;
And now the moon, sweet pilgrim, climbs the blue,
Ringed with a glory, like a pensive saint:
The woods begin to sleep on crag and height,
Losing their gloom beneath that gentle light;
The cascade sounds like Nature's hopeful prayer,
And odour's soul steeps all the freshened air.

The river dances by Oularet† walks,
And trails its beauty down the western vale;
The peaceful starlight on its bosom falls,
And to its babblings sings the nightingale:
Wrapped in soft dreamings, bends the yellow willow,
The fairy in her leaf-boat sails the billow;
And tranquil as the sky glides sweet *lâère*,
As if no storm had ever maddened there.

* The monastery of the Chartreuse, founded by St. Bruno, and situated amidst scenery celebrated for its desolate, wild, and gloomy character.

† The ancient name of Grenoble.

That storm is now transferr'd to human hearts ;

Ah ! not like Nature's passion, brief though wild,
And leaving beauty as its wrath departs,

More baneful is it with Barth's mortal child :
The breast can be a chaos, and the mind,
No after peace, no pleasure, doomed to find,
Can burn with lightnings, withering joy's frail flower ;
And oh ! such storm may rage through life's long hour.

Slowly he walked the banks—no form like his

That drew enamoured Dian from the sky ;
No Attic features bright with thoughts of bliss,
No waving hair from forehead pale and high ;
No soft and languishing expression, shining
In joyous eyes, for which young hearts are pining ;
No dainty mien life's storms that cannot brave—
Fine outward polish, meet for luxury's slave ;

Such marked not him who wandered through the night—

A broad, bold brow, a firm-knit, stalwart frame,
A large grey eye, reflective, proudly bright,
Where eager passion lit its varying flame ;
These banished softness, banished gentler grace,
For perfect beauty all too stern that face,
Yet did it charm, and hold you by a spell,
A something subtler far than words may tell.

Mind breathed in every strong, fixed lineament ;

Up from the heart light o'er those features stole ;
That eye proclaimed, in language eloquent,
Beyond form's beauty, beauty of the soul.
Deep thought at times his gathered brow made sad,
For none who think are wholly light or glad ;
He was no stoic, feeling rarely slept,
But round his heart, like flowing lava, swept.

He walked the mossy turf, where beech-trees spread

A heavy shade that veiled the pallid beams ;
And oft he halted there with low-drooped head,
And foot quick beating, wrapt in bitter dreams :
Then with a look of fierceness he would gaze
Where o'er the trees, a rounded silvery blaze,
A mansion rose, his dark hair backward thrown,
While through his parted lips the set teeth shone.

And such was he, who, since fond childhood's hour,

Had loved Claudine, his passion growing ever,
As years swept on, until its warmth and power
Seemed life's own flame from which it could not sever.

Love knit the two by heaven-blest, hallowed ties,
Unselfish, pure, as love first left the skies ;
Apart yet one, their life-streams seemed to glide,
Joy's wilding roses laughing on each side.

'Mid the far Alps, pursuing his high art,

Dupré had roamed, when swept that black simoom
O'er the fair-smiling Eden of his heart,

Thenceforth a desert never more to bloom.
All was revealed—too late, too late to save !
The bark had foundered in th' engulfing wave ;
He could but stand upon the shore, and moan
O'er the dear lost—the treasure once his own.

But crying too for vengeance did he stand ;
 He who accused, and whelmed old age with woe,
 Then feigned to buy his life—the price her hand—
 What fiend more black than he in shades below ?
 Oh ! how he longed to front him, face to face,
 The worse than red assassin, and embrace
 In death's hot struggle him whom fury's heat
 Would crush, a loathed, scorned reptile, 'neath his feet.

Nightly he sought these grounds, where oft alone,
 Till pealed o'er tranquil woods the midnight's chime,
 Hubin would walk, to soothe a mind long grown
 Sated with horrors, and oppressed by crime.
 She who life's joys had bartered could but weep,
 Bound to his side by oaths that truth must keep ;
 But tears were vain, the sacrifice was given,
 Hopeless below, her only hope in Heaven.

Not yet the black one's path Dupré had crossed ;
 Thoughts of the loved companion of his youth
 Flashed on him now—for ever, ever lost !
 He could not brand her spirit with untruth ;
 He knew her struggles, knew how strong her love ;
 The arrow had pierced deep his smitten dove,
 But for each drop of blood her heart distilled,
 His own bled too—his own with anguish thrilled.

Away soft thoughts and dreams ! they yield to one,
 Subduing and devouring all his soul—
 A fire that, like a vulture, feeds upon
 His inner life, and mocks the mind's control.
 Vengeance henceforth in that sad breast must dwell,
 And, with unsleeping memory, form his hell :
 Alas ! for destiny, when man must live,
 And all his soul to these strong tortures give.

He left the river's banks, and slowly crept
 Along an aisle of limes ; his eager eye
 Scanned every path, and oft his bosom leapt,
 As rustling leaves betrayed some footstep nigh :
 Screened from the moonlight in his hiding-place,
 Dupré watched long, with forward-stooping face,
 Scarce drawing breath, and grasping at his side
 Firmly the rapier caution sought to hide.

Again he moved, and now approached so near
 The mansion, that he saw the pale lights flashing
 From casement unto casement, and his ear
 Caught from the walk a fountain's slumbrous plashing :
 All else was still ; the wild flowers, as they slept,
 Were glossed with drops the tempest late had wept ;
 While loneliness, and calm, and moonlight, threw
 A beauty round, a solemn sadness too.

A form was seen emerging—sparkling fire
 Broke from his searching eye—'twas not his foe,
 And he must wait ; but vengeance would not tire ;
 See where the moonbeams rest, all white as snow,
 On dewy grass, and smooth meandering walk ;
 There, there at last doth Hubin slowly stalk,
 Bringing unto this paradise of balm
 A tortured breast that nothing more will calm.

He comes, as wont, an hour in gloom to spend,
 An evil genius pondering acts of guilt,
 A blacker than the man he calls his friend,
 Despite the blood a cruel Robespierre spilt :
 Dupré, half maddened, watched him pacing slow—
 Claudine's destroyer, cause of all their woe—
 Panting to cross his path—shine, friendly light!
 And lure him onward—vengeance comes to-night.

Dupré retired, then, hid in favouring shade,
 Waited where lonelier gloom the valley wore ;
 Already had he drawn the impatient blade,
 For Hubin, well he knew, that weapon bore.
 He would not, as a murderer, take his life,
 But front him to the death in equal strife ;
 O joy to hear the base one's last-drawn sigh !
 And he, if vanquished, he could only die.

The foe was near—Dupré's whole heart on fire,
 Each fibre quivered in his eager frame ;
 But with an effort he restrained his ire,
 And pent within the struggling, raging flame.
 With foot advanced—half-crouched—he seemed to bring
 His powers to one full point, in act to spring ;
 And yet some spell detained him—with wild glare
 Looking, and looking—a chained tiger there.

'Twas loosed—and like a flash he sprang—he stood
 Before the musing wanderer of the night ;
 His sudden presence startling solitude,
 He seemed unearthly unto Hubin's sight—
 Some spectre which his crimes brought haply here,
 For guilt, though stern, will oft times dream and fear,
 And, while it mocks at life beyond the tomb,
 Will conjure up Satanic forms of gloom.

Dupré confronted him, but spake no word,
 Moveless each limb, his features rigid grown ;
 High in the moonlight his uplifted sword
 Shimmered, and gleamed, and trembled while it shone.
 His headlong passion mind must now control ;
 His form dilated with indignant soul ;
 Hubin bent back to meet that withering gaze—
 Each looked at each, eyes flashing blaze for blaze.

The man of guilt, with heart of iron, first
 Broke the enchaining silence, but aside
 He turned contemptuous, and with scornful burst
 Of imprecations ; fierce Dupré replied :
 "Thou shalt not leave me—by those worlds on high
 Gazing down on us, thou or I must die !
 Claudine's great wrongs cry out to pitying Heaven ;
 By God, by man, thou canst not be forgiven."

Hubin with passion trembled, but his brand
 Drew not, as honour bade, in equal fight ;
 He snatched a weapon prized by coward hand ;
 Quick blazed the red fire through the startled night :
 The ball whirled past, and Hubin nearer came,
 But ere again could burst the murderous flame,
 The rapier dashed the weapon high in air,
 And now the foemen stood as equals there.

"Base, mean assassin! stir not—thou shalt draw—
 Black as thou art, I give thee warfare's right,
 Thy chance to fall or conquer; honour's law
 Prevail between us—fight, I bid thee, fight!"
 Still Hubin looked contempt; his pride or fear
 Shrank from encounter; with a haughty sneer
 He turned him to depart, and then his foe
 Struck with his sword-hilt a demeaning blow.

Like the wild steed when first to fury lashed;
 An Alpine flood that breaks its icy bar,
 Down the precipitous rocks in madness dashed;
 Like eager lightning locked in clouds afar,
 Then sudden darting into fierce career;
 A tiger rushing on the hunter's spear—
 Such now was he who on his foeman sprang,
 While sharp and quick their crossing weapons rang.

Claudine's avenger the wild shock withstood,
 The soldier's calmness all transferr'd to him,
 Though spirit inly raged, and boiled his blood;
 A cloud now veiled the moon; the glade was dim;
 But scintillating sparks were seen to flash,
 As the quick-bickering blades met, clash on clash;
 Hubin more fiery seemed, with stronger frame,
 Dupré more skilful, checking passion's flame.

Again the moon cast off her vapoury veil,
 And whitely on the champions flung her rays;
 Livid one looked with ire, now flushed, now pale,
 And all the demon in his eye's wild blaze:
 The other, justice edging honour's brand,
 Fought with a loftier spirit, firmer hand;
 He looked a stern Orestes, half sublime,
 Battling with murder, and avenging crime.

Yet spite of skill, Dupré now backward bent,
 His foe's wild strokes more thickly on him showered
 Now here, now there, the desperate thrusts were sent
 Must guilt then triumph? virtue sink o'erpowered?
 The blood was trickling from Dupré's gored breast,
 And as he reeled, the other forward pressed;
 A cause of righteous truth—a noble life,
 Hung darkly balanced in that fearful strife.

The thought came o'er him of his wronged and lost,
 The playmate, the dear friend of happier years;
 His cherished hopes that wily fiend had crossed;
 Must all be vain?—his struggle, and her tears?
 No—one great effort yet—he will not die;
 Vigour shall nerve his arm, and faintness fly:
 Claudine was on his lips—that name a spell—
 What could support, give strength, inspire so well?

The tide of conflict turned; outbreathed, and worn,
 The elder swordsman slackened; fierce and fast
 Dupré now struck; his foe was backward borne,
 He who o'erpowered by strength, o'erpowered at last:
 Down on his knee he sank, defending still
 His breast against the blows that sought to kill;
 Prone on the turf, exhausted now he lay,
 Shivered his sword, while o'er him stood Dupré.

A moment flashed th' exulting conqueror's eye,
 And gloom and fierceness gathered on his brow;
 He who had caused him heart-wrung agony,
 Lay helpless at his will, his mercy now:
 He who had won Claudine by demon guile,
 Murder his kindness, and a curse his smile,
 Shall he not pass unto his doom of fear,
 No more to wrong the good, to torture here?

The sword above the culprit's heart hung quivering;
 One downward plunge, and justice would be paid;
 The craven lay, an abject being, shivering,
 And for poor life with cry of terror prayed.
 He unto others had no pity shown,
 Shall then indignant mercy heed his groan?
 On his life's blackness set death's closing seal!
 What claim hath he to pardon?—strike, thou steel!

A pause—the lightning of reflection came,
 And stayed the sword whose sheath crime's heart should be;
 Must Hubin's soul, red stamped with crime and shame,
 Pass unprepared to dread eternity?
 Pass straightway to the presence of its God?
 That frame might calmly sleep beneath the sod,
 But the dark spirit, time, probation o'er,
 Would it find peace or mercy ever more?

"Thou evil worker of dishonest deeds!
 Thou who didst plunge a noble man in woe,
 And threaten him with death—whose heart still bleeds,
 Writhing, and wounded by that dastard blow—
 Thou who didst steal the prop of failing years,
 Heap on her ills, and feed upon her tears;
 Thou who o'er all my hopes hast flung a pall,
 Slain my soul's peace, and turned joy's cup to gall:

"I grant thee life—thou couldst not mount to heaven,
 I would not send thee hopeless down to hell;
 Conscience, to meanest, blackest spirit given,
 Will in thy breast, a stinging scorpion, dwell.
 Go, selfish, false, and cruel, as thou art!
 Loathed by thyself, and cursed by every heart:
 But if repentant thou shouldst ever be,
 Think of this hour of mercy—think of me!"

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE ELEVENTH.

I.

DONE! BEYOND RECAL.

THE clerks were at a stand-still in the banking-house of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin. A certain iron safe was required to be opened, and the key was not producible. There were duplicate keys to it; one of them was kept by Mr. Godolphin, the other by Mr. George. Mr. Hurde, the cashier, appealed to Isaac Hastings.

"Do you think it has not been left with Mrs. George Godolphin?"

"I'll ask her," replied Isaac, getting off his stool. "I don't think it has: or she would have given it to me when she informed me of Mr. George Godolphin's absence."

He went into the dining-room: that pleasant room, which it was almost a shame to designate by the name. Maria was standing against the window-frame in a listless manner, plucking mechanically the fading blossoms of a geranium. She turned her head at the opening of the door, and saw her brother.

"Isaac, what time does the first train come in?"

"From what place?" inquired Isaac.

"Oh—from the Portsmouth direction. It was Portsmouth that Captain St. Aubyn was to embark from, was it not?"

"I don't know anything about it," replied Isaac. "Neither can I tell at what hours trains arrive from that direction. Maria, has Mr. George Godolphin left the book-safe key with you?"

"No," was Maria's answer. "I suppose he must have forgotten to do so. He has left it with me when he has gone on an unexpected journey before, after banking hours."

Isaac returned to the rest of the clerks. The key was wanted badly, and it was decided that he should go up to Ashlydyat for Mr. Godolphin's.

He took the nearest road. Down Crosse-street, and through the Ash-tree walk. It was a place, as you have heard, especially shunned by night: it was not much frequented by day. Therefore it was no surprise to Isaac Hastings that he did not, all through it, meet a single thing, neither man nor ghost. Right at the very top, however, on that same broken bench where Thomas Godolphin and his bodily agony had come to an anchor the previous night, there sat Charlotte Pain.

She was in deep thought; deep perplexity; there was no mistaking that her countenance betrayed both: some might have fancied in deep pain, either bodily or mental. Pale she was not. Charlotte's complexion was made up too fashionably for either red or white, born of emotion, to overspread it, unless it might be emotion of an extraordinary nature. Hands clenched, brow knit, lips drawn from her teeth, eyes staring on

vacancy—Isaac Hastings could not avoid reading the signs. And he read them with surprise.

"Good morning, Mrs. Pain!"

Charlotte started from the seat with a half scream. "What's the use of your startling one like that?" she fiercely exclaimed.

"I did not startle you intentionally," replied Isaac. "You might have heard my footsteps, had you not been so preoccupied. Did you think it was the ghost arriving?" he added, jestingly.

"Of course I did," returned Charlotte, laughing, as she made an effort, and a successful one, to recover herself. "What do you do here this morning? Did you come to look after the ghost, or after me?"

"After neither," replied Isaac, with more truth than gallantry. "Mr. George Godolphin has sent me up here."

Now, in saying this, what Isaac meant to express, was nothing more than that his coming up was *caused* by George Godolphin. Alluding of course to George's forgetfulness in carrying off the key. Charlotte, however, took the words literally, and her eyes opened.

"Did George Godolphin not go last night?"

"Yes, he went. He forgot——"

"Then what can have brought him back so soon?" was her vehement interruption, not allowing Isaac time to conclude. "There's no train in from London yet."

"Is there not?" was Isaac's rejoinder, looking keenly at her.

"Why, of course there's not: as you know, or ought to know. Besides, he could not get the business done that he has gone upon, and be back yet, unless he came by telegraph. He intended to leave by the eleven o'clock train from Paddington."

She spoke rapidly, thoughtlessly, in her surprise. Her inward thought was, that to have gone to London, and come back again since the hour at which she parted from him the previous night, one way, at any rate, must have been accomplished on the telegraph wires. Had she taken a moment for reflection, she might not have spoken. However familiar she was with the affairs of Mr. George Godolphin, so much the more reason was there for her shunning open allusion to them.

"Who told you Mr. George Godolphin had gone to London, Mrs. Pain?" asked Isaac, after a pause.

"Do you think I did not know it? Better than you, Mr. Isaac, clever and wise as you deem yourself."

"I pretend to be neither one nor the other, with regard to the movements of Mr. George Godolphin," was the reply of Isaac. "It is not my place to be. I heard he had only gone a stage or two towards Portsmouth with a sick friend. Of course if you know he has gone to London, that is a different matter. I can't stay now, Mrs. Pain: I have a message for Mr. Godolphin."

"Then he is not back?" cried out Charlotte, when Isaac was going through the turnstile.

"Not yet."

Charlotte looked after him as he whisked out of sight, and bit her lips. A doubt was flashing over her—called up by the last observation of Isaac—whether she had done right to allude to London. When George had been with her, discussing it, he had wondered what excuse he should

invent for taking the journey, and Charlotte never supposed but what it would be known. The bright idea of starting on a benevolent excursion towards Portsmouth, had been an after-thought of Mr. George's as he journeyed home:

"If I have done mischief," Charlotte was beginning slowly to murmur. But she threw back her head defiantly. "Oh, nonsense to mischief! What does it matter? George can battle it out."

Thomas Godolphin was at breakfast in his own room, his face, pale and worn, bearing traces of suffering. Isaac Hastings was admitted to him, and explained the cause of his appearance. Thomas received the news of George's absence with considerable surprise.

"He left me late last night—in the night, I may say—to return home. He said nothing then of his intention to be absent. Where do you say he has gone?"

"Maria delivered a message to me, sir, from him, to the effect that he had accompanied a sick friend, Captain St. Aubyn, a few miles on the Portsmouth line," replied Isaac. "But Mrs. Pain, whom I have just met, says it is to London that he has gone: she knows it."

Thomas Godolphin made no further comment. It may not have pleased him to remark upon any information furnished by Mrs. Charlotte Pain. He handed the key to Isaac, and said he should speedily follow him to the bank. It had not been Thomas Godolphin's intention to go to the bank that day, but the hearing of George's absence caused him to proceed thither. He ordered his carriage, and got there almost as soon as Isaac, bearing an invitation to Maria from Janet.

A quarter of an hour given to business in the manager's room, George's, and then Thomas Godolphin went to Maria. She was seated now near the window, in her pretty morning dress, engaged in some sort of fancy work. In her gentle face, her soft sweet eyes, Thomas would sometimes fancy he read a resemblance to his lost Ethel. Thomas greatly loved and estimated Maria.

She rose to receive him, holding out her hand that he might take it, as she quietly but earnestly made inquiries into his state of health. Not so well as he was yesterday, Thomas answered. He supposed George had given her the account of their meeting the previous night, under the ash-trees, and of his, Thomas's, illness.

Maria had not heard it. "How could George have been at the ash-trees last night?" she wonderingly inquired. "Do you mean *last* night, Thomas?"

"Yes, last night, after I left you. I was taken ill in going home——"

Miss Meta, who had been fluttering about the terrace, fluttered in to see who it might be talking with her mamma, and interrupted the conclusion. "Uncle Thomas! Uncle Thomas!" cried she, joyously. They were great friends.

Her entrance diverted the channel of the conversation. Thomas took the child on his knee, fondly stroking her golden curls. Thomas remembered to have stroked just such golden curls on the head of his brother George when he, George, was a little fellow of Meta's age.

"Janet bade me ask if you would go to Ashlydyat for the day, Maria," said he. "She——"

"Meta go too," put in the little quick tongue. "Meta go too, Uncle Thomas."

"Will Meta be good?—and not run away from Aunt Janet, and lose herself in the passages, as she did last time?" said Thomas, with a smile.

"Meta very good," was the answer, given with an oracular nod of promise.

"Then Meta shall go. If mamma pleases."

Meta took it for granted that mamma would please. She waited for no further consent, but slid down from her seat and ran away to find Margery and tell her. Thomas turned to Maria.

"Where is it that George has gone?" he asked. "With St. Aubyn? or to London?"

"Not to London," replied Maria. "He has gone with Captain St. Aubyn. What made you think of London?"

"Isaac said Mrs. Pain thought he had gone to London," replied Thomas. "It was some mistake, I suppose. But I wonder he should go out to-day for anything less urgent than necessity. The bank wants him. Will you go to Ashlydyat, Maria?"

"Yes, I shall like to go. I always feel dull when George is away."

Maria was soon to be convinced that she need not have spoken so surely about George's having gone with Captain St. Aubyn. When she and Meta, with Margery—who would have thought herself grievously wronged had she not been of the party to Ashlydyat—were starting, Thomas came out of the bank parlour and accompanied them to the door. While standing there, the porter at the Bell Inn happened to pass, and Maria stopped him to inquire whether Captain St. Aubyn was better when he left.

"He was not at all well, ma'am," was the man's answer: "hardly fit to travel. He had been in a sort of fever in the night."

"And my master, I suppose, must take and sit up with him!" put in Margery, without ceremony, in a resentful tone.

"No he didn't," said the man, looking at Margery, as if he did not understand her. "It was my turn to be up last night, and I was in and out of his room four or five times: but nobody stayed with him."

"But Mr. George Godolphin went with Captain St. Aubyn this morning?" said Thomas Godolphin to the man.

"Went where, sir?"

"Started with him. On his journey."

"No, sir; not that I know of. I did not see him at the station."

Maria thought the man must be stupid. "Mr. George Godolphin returned to the Bell between eleven and twelve last night," she explained. "And he intended to accompany Captain St. Aubyn this morning on his journey."

"Mr. George was at the Bell for a few minutes just after eleven, ma'am. It was me that let him out. He did not come back again. And I don't think he was up at the train this morning. I'm sure he was not with Captain St. Aubyn, for I never left the captain till the train started."

Nothing further was said to the porter. He touched his hat, and went on his way. Maria's face wore an air of bewilderment. Thomas smiled at her.

"I think it is you who must be mistaken, Maria," said he. "Depend upon it, Mrs. Pain is right: that he has gone to London."

"But why should he go to London without telling me?" deposed Maria. "Why say he was going with Captain St. Aubyn?"

Thomas could offer no opinion. Miss Meta began to stamp her pretty shoes, and to drag her mamma by the hand. She was impatient to depart.

They chose the way of the lonely Ash-tree walk. It was pleasant on a sunshiny day: sunshine scares away ghosts: and it was also the nearest. As they were turning into it, they met Charlotte Pain. Maria, simple-hearted and straightforward, never casting a suspicion to—to anything undesirable, spoke at once of the uncertainty she was in, as to her husband.

"Why do you think he has gone to London?" she asked.

"I know he has," replied Charlotte. "He told me he was going."

"But he told me he was only going with Captain St. Aubyn," returned Maria, a doubtful sound in her tone.

"Oh, my dear, gentlemen do not always find it desirable to keep their wives *au courant* of their little affairs."

Had it been salvation to her, Charlotte could not have helped lancing that shaft at Maria Godolphin. No: not even regard for George's secrets stopped her. She had done the mischief by speaking to Isaac, and this opportunity was too glorious to be missed, so she braved it out. Had Charlotte dared—for her own sake—she could have sent forth an unlimited number of poisoned arrows daily at George Godolphin's wife: and she would have relished the sport amazingly. She sailed off: a curiously conspicuous smile of triumph in her eyes as they were bent on Maria, her parting movement being a graciously condescending nod to the child.

Maria was recalled to her senses by the aspect of Margery. The woman was gazing after Charlotte with a dark, strange look: a look that Maria understood as little as she understood Charlotte's triumphant one. Margery caught the eye of her mistress, and smoothed her face down, with a short cough.

"I'm just a taking the pattern of her jacket, ma'am. It matches bravely with the pork-pie, it does. I wonder what the world 'll come to next? The men 'll take to women's clothes, I suppose; now the women have took to men's. Meta, child, if I thought *you'd* ever make such a Jezebel of yourself when you grow up to be a woman, I'd—I'd——"

"What, Margery?" asked Meta, looking up.

"I'd like to take you along of me, first, when I'm put into my coffin. There!"

Mr. George—as you may remember—missed his train. And Mr. George debated whether he should command a special. Two reasons withheld him. One was, that his arriving at Prior's Ash by a special train might excite comment; the other, that a special train is expensive; and of late Mr. George Godolphin had not had any too much of ready cash to spare. He waited for the next ordinary train, and that deposited him at Prior's Ash at seven o'clock.

He proceeded home at once. The bank was closed for the evening.

Pierce admitted his master, who went into the dining-room. No sign of dinner; no signs of occupation.

"My mistress is at Ashlydyat, sir. She went up this morning with Miss Meta and Margery. You would like dinner, sir, would you not?"

"I don't much care for it," responded George. "A bit of anything. Has Mr. Godolphin been at the bank to-day?"

"Yes, sir. He has been here all day, I think."

George went into the bank parlour, then to other of the business rooms. He was looking about for letters: he was looking at books: altogether he seemed to be busy. Presently he came out and called to Pierce.

"I want a light."

Pierce brought it. "I shall be engaged here for half an hour, Pierce," said his master. "Should anybody call, I cannot be disturbed: under any pretence, you understand."

"Very well, sir," replied Pierce, as he withdrew. And George locked the intervening door between the house and the bank, and took out the key.

He went diving down a few stairs, the light in his hand. Selected one of several keys which he had brought with him, and opened the door of a dry, vaulted room. It was the strong-room of the bank, secure and fireproof.

"Safe, number three, on right," he read, consulting a bit of paper on which he had copied down the words in pencil up-stairs. "Number three? Then it must be this one."

Taking another of the keys, he put it into the lock. Turned it, and turned it about there, and—could not open the lock. George snatched it out, and read the label. "Key of safe, number two."

"What an idiot I am! I have brought the wrong key!"

He went up-stairs again, grumbling at his stupidity, opened the cupboard where the keys were kept, and looked for the right one. Number three was the one he wanted. And number three was not there.

George stood transfixed. *He* had the custody of the keys. No other person had the power of approaching the place they were guarded in: except his brother. Had the bank itself disappeared, George Godolphin could not have been much more astonished than at the disappearance of this key. Until this moment, this discovery of its absence, he would have been ready to swear that there it was, before all the judges of the land.

He tossed the keys here; he tossed them there; little heeding how he misplaced them. George became convinced that the Fates were dead against him, in spiriting away, just because he wanted it, this particular key. That no one could have touched it but Thomas, he knew: and why he should have done so, George could not imagine. He could not imagine where it was, or could be, at the present moment. Had Thomas required it to visit the safe, he was by far too exact, too methodical, not to return it to its place again.

A quarter of an hour given to hunting, to thinking—and the thinking was not entirely agreeable thinking—and George gave it up in despair. "I must wait till to-morrow," was his conclusion. "If Thomas has

carried it away with him, through forgetfulness, he will find it out and replace it then."

He was shutting the cupboard door, when something impeded it on its lower shelf, so that it would not close. Bringing the light inside, he found—the missing key. George himself must have dropped it there on first opening the cupboard. With a suppressed shout of delight, he snatched it up. A shout of delight! Better that George Godolphin had broken into a wail of lamentation!

He could not conceive how it could have got on that lower shelf. That he had dropped it, there was no doubt: but, according to all recognised rules of gravity, it ought to have fallen to the ground: it was certainly strange that it should have leaped on to the lower shelf, which lay under the other. "Janet would say it was sent to me as a warning not to use the key—as I am about to use it," he said, musingly. The next moment he was going down the stairs to the strong-room, laughing at Janet and her superstition, the key in his hand.

Safe, number three, on the right, was unlocked without trouble now. In that safe there were some tin boxes, on one of which was inscribed "Lord Averil." Selecting another and a smaller key from those he held, George opened this.

It was full of papers. George looked them rapidly over with the quick eye of one accustomed to the work, and drew forth one of them. Rather a thick parcel, some writing outside it. This he thrust into his pocket, and began patting the rest in order. Had a mirror been held before him at that moment, it would have reflected a face utterly colourless.

Very soon he was on his way to Lady Godolphin's Folly, bearing with him the small packet sent by Mrs. Verrall. A sufficient excuse for calling there, had George required an excuse. Which he did not.

It was a light night; as it had been the previous one, though the moon was not yet very high. He gained the turnstile at the top of the Ash-tree walk—where he had been startled by the apparition of Thomas the night before, and Isaac Hastings had seen Charlotte Pain that morning—and turned into the open way to the right. A few paces more, and he struck into the narrow pathway which would convey him through the grove of trees, leaving Ashlydyat and its approaches to the left.

Did George Godolphin love the darkness, that he should choose that road? Last night and again to-night he had preferred it. It was most unusual for any one to approach the Folly by that obscure path. A few paces round, and he would have skirted the thicket, would have gone on to the Folly in the bright, open moonlight. Possibly George scarcely noticed that he chose it: full of thought, was he, just then.

He went along with his head down. What were his reflections? Was he wishing that he could undo the deeds of the last hour—replace in that tin case what he had taken from it? Was he wishing that he could undo the deeds of the last few years—be again a man without a cloud on his brow, a more heavy cloud on his heart? It was too late: he could recal neither the one nor the other. The deed was already on its way to London: the years had rolled into the awful PAST, with its doings, bad or good, recorded on high.

What was that? George lifted his head and his ears. A murmur of

suppressed voices, angry voices too, sounded near him, in one of which George thought he recognised the tones of Charlotte Pain. He pushed through to an intersecting path, so narrow that one person could with difficulty walk down it, just as a scream rang out on the night air.

Panting, scared, breathless, her face ghastly white, so far as George could see of it in the shaded light, her gauze dress torn by every tree with which it came in contact, flying down the narrow path, came Charlotte Pain. And—unless George Gedelphin was strangely mistaken—some one else was flying in equal terror in the opposite direction of the path, as if they had just parted.

“Charlotte! What is it? Who has alarmed you?”

In the moment's first impulse he caught hold of her to protect her: in the second, he loosed his hold, and made after the other fugitive. The impression upon George's mind was, that some one, perhaps a stranger, had met Charlotte, and frightened her with rude words. “Who was it?” he called out: and flew along swiftly.

But Charlotte was as swift as he. She flung her hands round George, and held him in. Strong arms they were always: doubly strong in that moment of agitation. George could not unclasp them: unless he had used violence.

“Stop where you are! Stop where you are for the love of Heaven!” she gasped. “You must not go.”

“What is all this? What is the matter?” he asked, in surprise.

She made no other answer. She clung to him with all her weight of strength, her arms and hands straining with the effort, reiterating wildly, “You must not go! you must not go!”

“Nay, I don't care to go,” replied George: “it was for your sake I was following. Be calm, Charlotte: there's no need of this agitation.”

She went on, down the narrow path, drawing him along behind her. The broader path gained—though that was but a narrow one—she put her arm within his, and turned towards the house. George could see her scared white face better now, and all the tricks and cosmetics invented, could not hide it: he felt her heaving pulses; he heard her beating heart.

Bending down to her, he spoke with a soothing whisper: “Tell me what it was that terrified you.”

She would not answer. She only pressed his arm with a tighter pressure, lest he might break from her again in the pursuit; she pushed onwards with a quicker step. Skirting round the trees, when they emerged from them, which in front of the house made a half concave circle, Charlotte came to the end, and then darted rapidly across the lawn to the terrace and into the house by one of the windows.

Her first movement was to close the shutters and bar them: her next to sit down on the nearest chair. White and ill as she looked, George could scarcely forbear a smile at her gauze dress: the bottom of its skirt was hanging in tatters.

“Will you let me get you something, Charlotte? Or ring for it?”

“I don't want anything,” she answered. “I shall be all right directly. How could you frighten me so?”

“I frighten you!” returned George. “It was not I who frightened you.”

"Indeed it was. You and no one else. Did you not hear me scream?"

"I did."

"It was at you, rustling through the trees," persisted Charlotte. "I had gone out, to see if the air would do any good to this horrid headache, which has stopped upon me since last night, and won't go away. I strolled into the thicket of trees, thinking of all sorts of lonely things, never suspecting that you or anybody else was near me, until the trees to shake. I wonder I did not faint, as well as scream."

"Charlotte, what nonsense! You were whispering with some one; some one who escaped in the opposite direction. Who was it?"

"I saw no one; I heard no one. Neither was I whispering."

He looked at her intently. That she was telling an untruth he believed, for he felt nearly positive that some second person *had* been there. "Why did you stop me, then, when I would have gone in pursuit?"

"It was your fault for attempting to leave me," was Charlotte's answer. "I would not have remained by myself for a jar full of gold."

"I suppose it is some secret. I think, whatever it may be, Charlotte, you might trust *me*." He spoke significantly, a stress on the last word. Charlotte rose from her seat.

"So I would," she said, "were there anything to trust. Just look at me! My dress is ruined."

"You should take it up if you go amidst clumsy trees, whose rough trunks nearly meet."

"I had got it up—until you came," returned Charlotte, jumping upon a chair that she might survey it in one of the side glasses. "You startled me so that I dropped it. I might have it joined, and a lace flounce put upon it," she mused. "It cost a great deal of money, did this dress, I can tell you, Mr. George."

She jumped off the chair again, and George produced the packet confided to him by Mrs. Verrall.

"I promised her that you should have it to-night," he said. "Hence my unfortunate appearance here, which it seems has so startled you."

"Oh, that's over now. When did you get back?"

"By the seven o'clock train. I saw Verrall."

"Well?"

"It's not well. It's ill. Do you know what I begin to suspect at times? That Verrall and everybody else is playing me false. I am sick of the world."

"No he is not, George. If I thought he were, I'd tell you so. I would, on my sacred word of honour. It is not likely that he is. When we are in a bilious mood everything wears to us a jaundiced tinge. You are in one to-night."

II.

THE TRADITION OF THE DARK PLAIN.

It is the province of little demoiselles to be naughty: it is their delight to make golden promises and then break them, all false and fearless—as they may do over other affairs in later life. Miss Meta Godolphin was no exception. She had gravely promised her uncle Thomas to be a good girl, and not run away to be lost in unfrequented passages: yet no sooner had the young lady arrived at Ashlydyat and been released of her out-door things by Margery, than with a joyously defiant laugh of triumph, that would have rejoiced the heart of Charlotte Pain, she flew away off to the forbidden spot—the unused passages. Had the little lady's motive been laid bare, it might have been found to consist of one tempting whole: the enjoyment of a thing forbidden. Truth to say, Miss Meta was uncommonly prone to be disobedient to all persons, save one. That one was her mother. Maria had never spoken a sharp word to the child in her life, or used a sharp tone: but she had contrived to train the little one to obey, as well as to love. George, Margery, Mrs. Hastings, Miss Meta would openly disobey, and laugh in their faces while she did it: her mother, never. Meta remembered a scolding she received on the last visit she had paid to Ashlydyat, touching the remote passages—she had never found them out until then—and apparently the reminiscence of the scolding was so agreeable that she was longing for it to be repeated.

"Now," said Margery, as she finished the young lady's toilette, "you'll not go up to them old rooms and passages to-day, mind, Miss Meta!"

For answer, Miss Meta shook out her golden curls, laughed defiantly, and started off to the passages there and then. Maria had never said to her, "You must not go near those passages," and the commands of the rest of the world counted for nothing. Margery remained in blissful ignorance of the disobedience. She supposed the child had run to her mother and the Miss Godolphins. The objection to Meta's being in the passages alone, had no mysterious or covert element in it. It proceeded solely from a regard to her personal safety. The staircase leading to the turret was unprotected; the loopholes in the turret were open, and a fall from either might cost the young lady her life. These places, the unfrequented passages at the back of the second story, and the staircase leading to the square turret above them, were shut in by a door, which closed them from the inhabited part of the house. This door Miss Meta had learned to open: and away she went, as her fancy led her.

Maria was in Miss Godolphin's room, talking to that lady and to Bessy. Bessy had been out visiting for a few days, but had returned the previous evening. "Where is it that George has gone?" Janet was asking of Maria. "Your brother Isaac said this morning that he was away."

"I cannot tell where he has gone: there appears to be some mistake over it," replied Maria. "George was called away from his guests last night to see Captain St. Aubyn, who was lying ill at the Bell. He came

home soon after eleven, said the captain was very ill, and that he should return to sit up with him, and probably accompany him a stage or two in the morning."

"He must have returned home, then, direct from here," remarked Janet. "He came here with Thomas, whom he encountered in the Ash-tree walk——"

"But what brought George at all in the Ash-tree walk last night?" interrupted Maria. "Thomas said something about it, but I forgot to ask him again."

"He had been to Mr. Verrall's, he told Thomas."

"But Mr. Verrall is not at the Folly," objected Maria.

"Oh, he must have been paying an evening visit to Charlotte Pain," said Bessy, who rarely judged it necessary to conceal her thoughts and opinions. "I fancy George is rather fond of paying evening visits to Mrs. Pain. Very foolish of him! I'm sure she's not worth it."

"It is Mrs. Pain who says he is gone to London: and not with Captain St. Aubyn," said Maria. "I cannot in the least understand it. If he had any intention of going to London, as Mrs. Pain says, he would not come home and tell me he was going somewhere else."

"He said nothing to Thomas that he was going anywhere," observed Janet. "George——"

A sound overhead startled Janet and caused her to stop. Not that the sound, from its noise, could have startled any one. It was a very faint sound, and no ears, perhaps, save the ever-wakeful ones of Janet, would have detected it. The turret was built partially over Janet's room, and it was so unusual for any noise, or sound, to be heard in it, that Janet could not help being startled now. From year's end to year's end that lonely turret remained in silence, unless when invaded by Janet.

"Where's Meta?" hastily cried Janet, running out of the room. "She cannot have got up-stairs again! Margery! Where's the child?"

Margery at that moment happened to be putting the finishing touches to her own toilette. She came flying, without her cap, out of one of the many narrow passages and windings which intersected each other on that floor. "The child went off to you, ma'am, as soon as I had tied her pinafore on."

"Then, Margery, she's got into the turret. She never came to us."

Up to the turret hastened Janet; up to the turret followed Margery, capless as she was. Bessy and Maria traversed the passage leading to the turret-stairs, and stood there, looking up. Maria, had she been alone, could not have told which of the passages *would* lead her to the turret-stairs; and she could not understand why so much commotion need be made, although Meta had run up there. Strange as it may seem, Maria Godolphin, though so many years George's wife and the presumptive future mistress of Ashlydyat, had never been beyond that separating door. Miss Godolphin had never offered to take her beyond it, to show her the unused rooms and the turret; and Maria was of too sensitively refined a nature to ask it of her own accord.

Janet appeared, leading the rebel; Margery behind, scolding volubly. "Now," said Janet, when they reached the foot, "tell me, Meta, how it

was that you could behave so disobediently, and go where you had been expressly told not to go?"

Meta shook back her golden curls with a laugh, sprang to Maria, and took refuge in her skirts. "Mamma did not tell me not to go," said she.

Janet looked at Maria: almost as if she would say, Can it be true that you have not?

"It is true," said Maria, answering the look. "I heard something about her running into the turret the last time she was here: I did not know it was of any consequence."

"She might fall through the loopholes," replied Janet. "Nothing could save her from being dashed to pieces."

Maria caught the child to her with an involuntary movement. "Meta, darling, do you hear? You must never go again."

Meta looked up fondly, serious now. Maria bent her face down on the little upturned one.

"Never again, darling; do not forget," she murmured. "Does Meta know that if harm came to her, mamma would never look up more? She would cry always."

Meta bustled out of her mamma's arms, and stood before Miss Godolphin, earnest decision on her little face. "Aunt Janet, Meta won't run away again."

And when the child made a voluntary promise like that, they knew that she would keep her word. Margery whirled her away, telling her in a high tone of a young lady of her own age who would do something that she was bade not to do: the consequence of which act was, that the next time she was out for a walk, she was run at by a bull with brass tips on his horns.

"Is the turret really dangerous?" inquired Maria.

"It is dangerous for a random child like Meta, who ventures into every hole and corner, without reference to dirt or danger," was Miss Godolphin's answer. "Would you like to go up, Maria?"

"Yes, I should. I have heard George speak of the view from it."

"Mind, Maria, the stairs are narrow and winding," interposed Bessy.

Nevertheless, they went up, passing the open loopholes which might be dangerous to Meta. The first thing that Maria's eyes encountered when they had reached the top, was a small bow of violet-coloured ribbon. She stooped to pick it up.

"It is a bow off Janet's evening dress," exclaimed Bessy. "Janet"—turning to her sister—"what can have brought it here?"

"I was up here last night," was the answer of Janet Godolphin, spoken with composure.

"That's just like you, Janet!" retorted Bessy. "To watch for that foolish shadow, I suppose."

"Not to watch for it. To see it."

Bessy was afflicted with a taint of heresy. They had never been able to imbue her with the superstition pertaining to the Godolphins. Bessy had seen the Shadow more than once with her own eyes: but they were practical eyes and not imaginative, and could not be made to see anything mysterious in it. "The shade is thrown by some tree or other,"

Bessy would say. And in spite of its being pointed out to her that there was no tree near, which *could* cast a shadow on the spot, Bessy obstinately held to her own opinion.

Maria gazed from two sides of the turret. The view from both was magnificent. The one side overlooked the charming open country; the other, Prior's Ash. On the third side rose Lady Godolphin's Folly, standing out like a white foreground to the lovely expanse of scenery behind; the fourth side looked down on the Dark Plain.

"There's Charlotte Pain!" said Bessy.

Charlotte had returned home, it appeared, since Maria met her, and changed her attire. She was pacing the terrace in her riding-habit, a whip in her hand and some dogs surrounding her. Maria turned towards the Dark Plain, and gazed upon it.

"Is it true," she timidly asked, "that the Shadow has been there for the last night or two?"

Janet answered the question by asking another. "Who told you it was there, Maria?"

"I heard Margery say it."

"Margery?" repeated Janet. "That woman appears to know by instinct when the Shadow comes. She dreams it, I think. It is true, Maria, that it has appeared again," she continued, in a tone of unnatural composure. "I never saw it so black as it was last night."

"Do you believe that there can be anything in it—that it is a foreboding of ill?" asked Maria.

"I know that it is the tradition handed down with our house: I know that, in my own experience, the Shadow never came but it brought ill," was the reply of Miss Godolphin.

"Janet, I have never seen the Shadow but once," resumed Maria. "And I could not see much of it then, for George hurried me away. It was the night that we reached home after our marriage."

"And pray, if it be Heaven's pleasure, that you may never see it again!" broke from Janet in answer.

"What caused the superstition to arise in the first instance?" asked Maria.

"Has George never told you the tale?" replied Janet.

"Never. He says he does not remember it clearly enough."

"It is to be hoped he may never have cause to remember it more clearly!" was the severe rejoinder of Janet. For a Godolphin to forget, or to profess to forget, the house's tradition, was rank heathenism in the sight of Janet.

"Will you not tell it me, Janet?"

Janet hesitated. "One of the early Godolphins brought a curse upon the house," she at length slowly began. "It was that evil ancestor whose memory we would bury, were it practicable; he who earned for himself the title of the Wicked Godolphin. He killed his wife——"

"Killed his wife!" interrupted Maria, somewhat startled.

"Killed her by gradual and long-continued ill treatment," explained Janet, whose voice had sunk to a hushed tone. "He wanted her out of the way that another might fill her place. He pretended to have discovered that she was not worthy: than which assertion nothing could be more shameful and false, for she was one of the best ladies ever created.

She was a De Commins, daughter of the warrior Richard de Commins, who was brave as she was good. The Wicked Godolphin turned her coffin out of the house on to the Dark Plain, there"—pointing down to the open space in front of the archway—"there to remain until the day came for interment. But he did not wait for that day of interment to bring home his second wife."

"Not wait!" exclaimed Maria, her eager ears drinking in the story.

"The manners in those early days will scarcely admit of an allusion to them in these," continued Janet: "they savour of what is worse than barbarism—sin. The father, Richard de Commins, heard of his child's death, and hastened to Ashlydyat, arriving by moonlight. The first sounds he encountered were the revels of the celebration of the second marriage; the first sight he saw was the coffin of his daughter on the open plain, a pall covering it, and two of her faithful women attendants sitting, the one at the head, the other at the foot, mourning the dead. While he halted there, kneeling to say a prayer, it was told to the Wicked Godolphin that De Commins had arrived. He—that Wicked Godolphin—rushed madly out and drew his sword upon him as he knelt. De Commins was wounded, but not badly, and he rose to defend himself. There ensued a combat, De Commins having no resource but to fight, and he was killed; was murdered. Weary with his journey, enfeebled by age, weakened by grief, his foot slipped, and the Wicked Godolphin, stung to fury by the few words of reproach De Commins had had time to speak, deliberately ran him through as he lay. In the moment of death, De Commins cursed the Godolphins, and prophesied that the shadow of his daughter's bier, as it appeared then, should remain to bring a curse upon the Godolphins' house for ever."

"But do you believe the story?" cried Maria, breathlessly.

"How much of it may be true and how much of it addition, I cannot decide," said Janet. "One fact is indisputable: that a shadow, bearing the exact resemblance of a bier, with a mourner at its head and another at its foot, does appear capriciously on that Dark Plain: and that it never yet showed itself, but some grievous ill followed for the Godolphins."

"Janet," cried Maria, leaning forward, her own tones hushed, "is it possible that one, in dying, can curse a whole generation, so that the curse shall take effect?"

"Hush, child!" rebuked Janet. "It does not become us to inquire into these things. They are far, far above the ken of our poor earthly wisdom. I do not attempt to enter upon it. Were I to say, of my own decision, God does permit this curse to remain and to take effect upon us, the descendants of that wicked man: were I, on the contrary, to fling it from me in derision, to say, it is folly, no such thing as a curse can hold its effect; all that has happened to us of ill, happens by accident, the appearance of the shadow is but an accident, induced by natural causes, though we cannot find the precise clue to them—I should be only a degree less wicked than that dead-and-gone Godolphin. We must be content to leave these things. They can never be decided, until all the mysteries of this lower world shall be cleared up, by means of that Light which has not yet entered it. Controversy on them is utterly bootless, worse than profitless; for there will be believers and disbelievers to the end of time."

You wished me to tell you the story, Maria, and I have done so. I do no more. I do not tell you it is to be believed, or it is not to be believed. Let every one decide for himself, according as his reason, his instinct, or his judgment shall prompt him. People accuse me of being foolishly superstitious, touching this Shadow and these old traditions. I can only say the superstition has been forced upon me by experience. When the Shadow appears, I cannot shut my eyes to it and say, 'It is not there.' It is there: and all I do, is to look at it, and speculate. When the evil, which *invariably* follows the appearance of the Shadow, falls, I cannot close my heart to it, and say, in the teeth of facts, 'No evil has happened.' The Shadow never appeared, Maria, but it brought ill in its wake. It is appearing again now: and I am as certain that some great ill is in store, as that I am talking with you at this moment. In this point I *am* superstitious."

A pause ensued. Bessy Godolphin was watching the distant movements of Charlotte Pain. Bessy's mind would not admit of superstition: it appeared to be constituted dead against it: but Bessy did not cast to it ridicule, as George sometimes would. Maria broke the silence.

"It is a long while, is it not, since the Shadow last appeared?"

"It is years. The last time it appeared, was the time you have just alluded to, Maria: the night you first came up here after your marriage."

"How did you know that it appeared that night?" asked Maria, in her surprise.

"Child," gravely answered Janet, "there are few times it has been seen that I have not known it."

Maria wondered whether Janet came up every night to the turret to gaze on the Dark Plain. It was not unlikely. Janet resumed.

"I have not quite finished the story. The wicked Godolphin killed Richard de Commins, and buried him that night on the Dark Plain. In his fury and passion he called his servants around him, ordered a grave to be dug, and helped with his own hands. De Commins was put into it without the rites of burial. Tradition runs that so long as the bones remain unfound, the place will retain the appearance of a graveyard. They have been often searched for. That Tragedy no doubt gave the name to the place, 'Dark Plain.' It cannot be denied that the place does wear much the appearance of a graveyard: especially by moonlight."

"It is the effect of the low gorse bushes," said Bessy. "They grow in a peculiar form. I know I would have those bushes rooted up, were I master of Ashlydyat!"

"Your father had it done, Bessy, and they sprung up again," replied Janet. "You must remember it."

"It could not have been done effectually," was Bessy's answer. "Papa must have had lazy men to work, who left the roots in. I would dig it all up, and make a ploughed field of it."

"Did he do any other harm—that Wicked Godolphin?" asked Maria.

"He! other harm!" reiterated Janet, something like indignation at Maria's question, mingling with the surprise in her tone. "Don't you know that it was he who gambled away Ashlydyat? After that second marriage of his, he took to worse and worse courses. It was said that his second wife proved a match for him, and they lived together like two evil

demons. All things considered, it was perhaps a natural sequence that they should so live," added Janet, in a severe tone. "And in the end he cut off the entail and gambled away the estate. Many years elapsed before the Godolphins could get it back again."

Maria was longing to put a question. She had heard that there were other superstitious marvels attaching to Ashlydyat, but she scarcely liked to mention them direct to the Miss Godolphins. George never would explain anything: he always turned it off with laughing railery. "Is there not some superstition connected with the old passages here?" she at length ventured to say.

"Tradition goes that before the fall of Ashlydyat, a sound, the like of which had never been heard for intensity and fearfulness, resounded through the passages and shook the house to its centre. It was the warning of its fall. Since then, a strange noise, as of the wind whistling, has occasionally been heard in the passages——"

"I do not quite understand, Janet, what you mean by the fall of Ashlydyat," interrupted Maria.

"When it fell from the Godolphins. When the Wicked Godolphin brought the evil upon the race, and then gambled the house away. Tradition goes that the same sound will come as a warning before the second fall."

"When it——" Maria stopped and hesitated.

"When it shall pass away finally from the Godolphins," explained Janet.

"You—think,—then,—that it will pass away from them?"

Janet shook her head. "We have been reared in the belief," she answered. "That the estate is to pass finally away from them, the Godolphins have been taught to fear, ever since that unhappy time. Each generation, as they have come into possession, have accepted it as an uncertain tenure: as a thing that might last them for their time, or might pass away from them ere their sojourn on earth was completed. The belief was; nay, the tradition was; that so long as a reigning Godolphin held by Ashlydyat, Ashlydyat would hold by him and his. My father was the first to break it."

Janet had taken up her dress, and sat down on a faded, dusty crimson bench, the only article of furniture of any description that the small square room contained. The strangely speculative look—it was scarcely an earthly one—had come into her eyes: and though she answered when spoken to, she appeared to be lost in sad, inward thought. Maria, somewhat awe-struck with the turn the conversation had taken, with the words altogether, stood against the opposite window, her delicate hands clasped before her, her face slightly bent forward, pale and grave.

"Then, do you fear that the end for the Godolphins is—is at hand?" resumed Maria.

"I seem to see that it is," replied Janet. "I have looked for it ever since my father left Ashlydyat. I might say—but that I should be laughed at, worse than I am, for a speculative idealist—that the strangers to whom he resigned it in his place, would have some bearing upon our fall, would in some way conduce to it. I think of these things ever," continued Janet, almost as if she would apologise for the wildness of the confession. "They seem to unfold themselves to me, to become clear and

more clear: to be no longer fanciful fears that dart across the brain, but realities of life."

Maria's lips slightly parted as she listened. "But the Verralls have left Ashlydyat a long while?" she presently said.

"I know they have. But they were the usurpers of it for the time. Better—as I believe—that my father had shut it up: better, far better, that he had never quitted it! He knew it also: and it preyed upon him on his death-bed."

"Oh, Janet! the ill may not come in our time!"

"It may not. I am anxious to believe it may not, in defiance of the unalterable conviction that has seated itself within me. Let it pass, Maria; talking of it will not avert it: indeed, I do not know how I came to be betrayed into it."

"But you did not finish telling me about the sounds in the passages?" urged Maria, as Janet rose from her dusty seat.

"There's nothing more to tell. Peculiar sounds, as if caused by the wind, are heard. Moaning, sighing, rushing—the passages at times seem alive with them. It is said to come as a reminder to the Godolphins of that worse sound that will sometime be heard, when Ashlydyat shall be passing away."

"But you don't believe that?" breathlessly uttered Maria.

"Child, I can scarcely tell you what I believe," was Janet's answer. "I can only pray that the one-half of what my heart prompts me to fear, may never have place in reality. That the noise does come in the passages, and without any apparent cause, is not a matter of belief, or non-belief: it is a fact, patent to all who have inhabited Ashlydyat. The Verralls can tell you so: they have had their rest broken by it."

"And it is not caused by the wind?"

Janet shook her head in dissent. "It has come on the calmest and stillest night, when there has not been a breath of air to move the leaves of the ash-trees."

Bessy turned round from her pastime of watching Charlotte Pain: she had taken little part in the conversation.

"I wonder at you, Janet. You will be setting Maria against Ashlydyat. She'll be frightened to come into it, should it lapse to George."

Maria looked at her with a smile. "I should have no fear with him, superstitious or otherwise. If George took me to live in the catacombs, I could be brave with him."

Ever the same blind faith; the unchanged love in her husband. Better, far better, that it should be so!

"For my part, I am content to take life and its good as I find it; and not waste my time in unprofitable dreams," was the practical remark of Bessy. "If any ill is to come, it must come; but there's no need to look out for it beforehand."

"There must be dreamers and there must be workers," answered Janet, picking her way down the winding stairs. "We were not all born into the world with the same constituted minds, or to fulfil the same parts in life."

The day passed on. Thomas Godolphin came home in the evening to dinner, and said George had not returned. Maria wondered. It grew

later. Margery went home with Meta : who thought she was very hardly used at having to go home before her mamma."

"I had rather you would stay, Maria," Thomas said to her. "I particularly wish to say a word to George to-night on business matters : if he finds you are here when he returns, he will come up."

George did find so—as you already know. And when he quitted Mrs. Charlotte Pain, her torn dress and her other attractions, he bent his steps towards Ashlydyat. But, instead of going the most direct road to it, he took his way through that thicket where he had had the encounter an hour previously with Charlotte. There was a little spice of mystery about it which excited Mr. George's curiosity. That some one had parted from her, he felt convinced, in spite of her denial. And that she was in a state of excitement, of agitation, far beyond anything he had ever witnessed in Charlotte Pain, was indisputable. George's thoughts went back, naturally, to the previous night. To the figure he had seen, and whom his eyes, his conviction, had told him was Charlotte. She had positively denied it, had said she had not quitted the drawing-room; and George had found her there, apparently composed and stationary. Nevertheless, though he had then yielded to her word, he began now to suspect that his own conviction had been a correct one : that the dark and partially disguised figure had been no other than Charlotte herself. It is probable that, however powerful was the hold Charlotte's fascinations may have taken upon the senses of Mr. George Godolphin, his *trust* in her, in her truth and single-heartedness, was not of the most implicit nature. What mystery was connected with Charlotte, or who she met in the thicket, or whether she met anybody or nobody, she best knew. George's curiosity was sufficiently excited upon the point to induce him to walk with a slow step and searching eyes, lest haply he might come upon somebody or something which should explain the puzzle.

How runs the old proverb ? "A watched-for thing never comes." I forget the exact words, but those are near enough to explain the meaning. In vain George halted and listened ; in vain he peered into every part of the thicket within his view. Not a step was to be heard, not a creature to be seen ; and he emerged from the trees, ungratified. Crossing the open grass by the turnstile he turned round by the ash-trees, to the Dark Plain.

Turned round, and started. George Godolphin's thoughts had been on other things than the Shadow. The Shadow lay there, so pre-eminently black, so menacing, that George positively started. Somehow—fond as he was of ignoring the superstition—George Godolphin did not like its look that night.

Upon entering Ashlydyat, his first interview was with Thomas. They remained for a few minutes alone. Thomas had business affairs to speak of : and George—it is more than probable—made some good excuse for his day's absence. That it would be useless to deny he had been to London, he knew. Charlotte had set him on his guard. Janet and Bessy put innumerable questions to him when he joined them, on the score of his absence ; but he treated it in his usual light, joking manner, contriving to tell them nothing. Maria did not say a word then : she left it until they should be alone.

"You will tell me, George, will you not?" she gently said, as they were walking home together.

"Tell you what, my darling?"

"Oh, George, you know what"—and her tone, as Mr. George's ears detected, bore its sound of pain. "If you were going to London then, when you left me, why did you deceive me by saying you were going where you did say?"

"You goose! Do you suppose I said it to deceive you?"

There was a lightness, an untruthfulness in his words, in his whole air and manner, which struck with the utmost pain upon Maria's heart. "Why did you say it?" was all she answered.

"Maria, I'll tell you the truth," said he, becoming serious and confidential. "I wanted to run up to town on a little pressing matter of business, and I did not care that it should become patent in the bank. Had I known that I should be away for the day, of course I should have told Thomas: but I fully intended to be home in the afternoon: therefore I said nothing about it. I missed the train, or I should have been home."

"You might have told me," she sighed. "I would have kept your counsel."

"So I would, had I thought you deemed it of any consequence," replied George.

Consequence! Maria walked on a few minutes in silence, her arm lying very spiritless within her husband's. "If you did not tell me," she resumed, in a low tone, "why did you tell Mrs. Pain?"

"Mrs. Pain's a donkey," was George's rejoinder. And it is probable Mr. George at that moment was thinking her one: for his tone, in its vexation, was real enough. "My business in town was connected with Verrall, and I dropped a hint, in the hearing of Mrs. Pain, that I might probably follow him to town. At any rate, I am safe home again, Maria, so no great harm has come of my visit to London," he concluded, in a gayer tone.

"What time did you get in, George?" she asked.

"By the seven o'clock train."

"The seven o'clock train!" she repeated, in surprise. "And have only now come up to Ashlydyat!"

"I found a good many things to do after I got home," was Mr. George's rejoinder.

"Did you see Meta? Margery took her home at eight o'clock."

Mr. George Godolphin had not seen Meta. Mr. George could have answered, had it so pleased him, that before the child reached home, he had departed on his evening visit to Lady Godolphin's Folly.

III.

THE DEAD ALIVE AGAIN.

SATURDAY was a busy day at Prior's Ash; it was a busy day at the banking-house of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin. Country towns and country banks always are more busy on a market-day.

George Godolphin sat in the manager's room, full of business. Not

much more than a week had elapsed since that visit, of his, to London; and it was now Thomas's turn to be away. Thomas had gone to town. His errand there was to consult one of the first surgeons of the day, on the subject of his own health. Not so much that *he* had hope from the visit; as that it would be a satisfaction to his family to have made it.

George Godolphin was full of business. Full of talking also. A hearty country client, one who farmed a great number of acres, and generally kept a good round sum in the bank's coffers, was with him. What little point of business he had had occasion to see one of the partners upon, was concluded, and he and George were making merry together, enjoying a gossip as to the state of affairs in general and particular, out-door and in. Never a man more free from care (if appearances might be trusted) than George Godolphin! When that hearty, honest farmer went forth, he would have been willing to testify that, of carking care, George possessed none.

As he went out, George sat down and bent over some account-books. His face had changed. Lines, of what looked worse than care, grew out full in it, and he lifted his hand to his brow with a weary gesture. Another minute, and he was interrupted again. He did not get much peace on a market-day.

"Lord Averil wishes to see you, sir," said one of the clerks. It was Isaac Hastings.

To any other announced name, George Godolphin's ready answer would have been, "Show him in." To that of Lord Averil he evidently hesitated, and a sudden flush dyed his face. Isaac, keen in observation as was his father, as was his sister, Grace, noticed it. To him, it looked like a flush of shrinking fear.

"Did he ask for me?"

"He asked for Mr. Godolphin, sir. He says it will be the same thing if he sees you. Shall I show him in?"

"Of course," replied George. "What do you stop for?"

He rose from his seat; he put a chair or two in place; he turned to the table, and laid rapidly some of its papers one upon another—all in a fuss and bustle, not in the least characteristic of George Godolphin. Isaac thought his master must have lost his usual presence of mind. As to the reproach addressed to himself, "What do you stop for?"—it had never been the custom to show clients into the presence of the partners without first asking for permission.

Lord Averil came in. George, only in that short time, had grown entirely himself again. They chatted a minute of passing topics, and Lord Averil mentioned that he had not known, until then, that Mr. Godolphin was in London.

"He went up on Thursday," observed George. "I expect he will be back early in the week."

"I intend to be in London myself next week," said Lord Averil. "Will it be convenient for me to have those bonds of mine to-day?" he continued.

A sudden coursing on of all George's pulses; a whirling rush in his brain. "Bonds?" he mechanically answered.

"The bonds of that stock which your father bought for me years ago," explained Lord Averil. "They were deposited here for security."

Don't you know it?"—looking at George's countenance, which seemed to speak only of perplexity. "Mr. Godolphin would know."

"Oh yes, yes," replied George, catching up his breath and his courage. "It is all right: I did not remember for the moment. Of course—the deposited bonds."

"I am thinking of selling out," said Lord Averil. "Indeed, I have been for some time thinking of it, but have idly put it off. If it would be quite convenient to give me the bonds, I would take them to town with me. I shall go on Monday or Tuesday."

Now, George Godolphin, rally your wits! What are you to answer? George did rally them, after a lame fashion. Confused words, which neither he nor Lord Averil precisely understood—to the effect that in Thomas Godolphin's absence, he, George, did not know exactly where to put his hand upon the securities—came forth. So Lord Averil courteously begged him not to take any trouble about it. He would let them remain until another opportunity.

He shook hands cordially with George, and went out, with a mental comment, "Not half the man of business that his brother is, and his father was: but wondrously like Cecil!" George watched the door close. He wiped the great dewdrops which had gathered on his face; he looked round with the beseeching air of one seeking relief from some intense pain. Had Lord Averil persisted in his demand, what would have remained for him? *Those* are the moments in which man has been tempted to resort to the one irredeemable sin—self-destruction.

The door opened again, and George gave a gasp like one in an agony. It was only Isaac Hastings. "Mr. Hurde wishes to know, sir, whether those bills are to go up to Glyn's to-day or Monday?"

"They had better go to-day," replied George. "Has Mr. Barnaby been in to-day?" he added, as Isaac was departing.

"Not yet."

"If he does not come soon, some one must go down to the corn-market to him. He is sure to be there. That is, if he is in town to-day."

"I know he is in town," replied Isaac. "I saw him as I was coming back from dinner. He was talking to Mr. Verrall."

"To Mr. Verrall!" almost shouted George, looking up as if electrified into life. "Is *he* back?"

"He is back, sir. I think he had but arrived then. He was coming from the way of the railway station."

"You are *sure* it was Mr. Verrall?" reiterated George.

Isaac Hastings smiled. What could make Mr. George Godolphin so eager? "I am sure it was Mr. Verrall."

George felt as if a whole ton weight of care had been lifted off him. He had been so long in the habit of flying to Mr. Verrall to stave off his difficulties, that it seemed to him it would only cost the going to him, to stave off the one that was hanging over him now. Mr. Verrall had generally accomplished the task as men of his profession do accomplish such tasks—by the laying up an awful day of reckoning for the future. That day was not now far off for George Godolphin.

The bank closed later on Saturdays, and George remained at his post to the end. Then he dined. Then, at the dusk hour—nay, at the

dark hour—he went out to Lady Godolphin's Folly. Why was it that he rarely went to the Folly now, save under the covert shades of night? Did he fear people might comment on his intimacy with Mr. Verrall, and seek a clue to its cause? or did he fear the world's gossip on another score?

George arrived at Lady Godolphin's Folly, and was admitted to an empty room. "Mr. Verrall was returned, and had dined with Mrs. Pain, but had gone out after dinner," the servant said. He had believed Mrs. Pain to be in the drawing-room. Mrs. Pain was evidently not there, in spite of the man's searching eyes. He looked into the next room, with equal result.

"Perhaps, sir, she has stepped out on the terrace with her dogs?" observed the man.

George—ungallant as it was!—cared not where Mrs. Pain might have stepped at that present time: his anxiety was for Mr. Verrall. "Have you any idea when your master will be in?" he inquired of the servant.

"I don't think he'll be long, sir. I heard him say he was tired, and should get to bed early. He may have gone to Ashlydyat. He told Mrs. Pain that he had met Mr. Godolphin in town yesterday, and he should call and tell Miss Godolphin that he was better in London than he had felt here. I don't know, sir, though, that he meant he should call to-night."

The man left the room, and George remained alone. He drummed on the table; he tried several seats in succession; he got up and looked at his face in the glass. A haggard face then. Where was Verrall? Where was Charlotte? She might be able to tell him where Verrall had gone and when he would be in. Altogether George was in a state of restlessness little more tolerable to endure than torture.

He impatiently opened the glass doors, which were only closed, not fastened, and stood a few moments looking out on the night. He gazed in all directions, but could see nothing of Charlotte: and Mr. Verrall did not appear to come. "I'll see," suddenly exclaimed George, starting off, "whether he is at Ashlydyat."

He did well. Action is better than inertness at these moments. Standing outside the porch at Ashlydyat, talking to a friend, was Andrew, one of their servants. When he saw George, he drew back to hold open the door for him.

"Are my sisters alone, Andrew?"

"Yes, sir."

George scarcely expected the answer, and it disappointed him. "Quite alone?" he reiterated. "Has no one called on them to-night?"

The man shook his head, wondering probably who Mr. George might be expecting to call. "They are all alone, sir. Miss Janet has got one of her bad headaches."

George did not want to go in, Mr. Verrall not being there, and this last item of news afforded him an excuse for retreating without doing so. "Then I'll not disturb her to-night," said he. "You need not say that I came up, Andrew."

"Very well, sir."

He quitted Andrew and turned off to the left, deep in thought, striking into a covert path. It was by no means the direct road back to the Folly:

or to Prior's Ash, either. In point of fact, it led to nothing but the Dark Plain and its superstition. Not a woman-servant of Ashlydyat, perhaps not one of its men, would have gone down that path at night: for its egress at the other end was close to the archway, before which the Shadow was wont to show itself.

Why did George take it? He could not have told. Had he been asked why, he might have said that one way, to a man bending under a sharp weight of trouble, is the same as another. True. But the path led him to no part where he could wish to go: and he would have to pick his way to Lady Godolphin's Folly amid the gorse bushes of the Dark Plain, right over the very Shadow itself. These apparently chance steps, which seem to take their own way without any premeditation or guidance of ours, do sometimes lead to strange results.

George went along moodily, his hands in his pockets, his footsteps slow and light. But for the latter fact, he might not have had the pleasure of disturbing a certain scene that was taking place under cover of the dark part of the archway.

Was it a ghost, enacting it? Scarcely: unless ghosts meet in couples. Two forms, ghostly or human, were there. One of them looked like a woman's. It was in dark clothes, and a dark shawl was folded over the head, not, however, hiding the features—and they were those of Charlotte Pain. She, at any rate, was not ghostly. The other, George took to be Mr. Verrall. He was leaning against the brick-work, in apparently as hopeless a mood as George himself was in.

They were holding a quarrel. Strange that they should leave the house and come to this lonely spot in the grounds of Ashlydyat, to hold it! Charlotte was evidently in one of her angry tempers. She paced to and fro underneath the archway, something like a restrained tiger, pouring forth a torrent of sharp words and reproaches, all in a suppressed tone.

"I'll tell you what it is," she said, were the first distinct words of anger George caught. But her companion interrupted her, his tone one of mourning and humility.

"I'll tell *you* what it is, Charlotte——"

The start made by George Godolphin at the tones of the voice, the involuntary sound of utter astonishment that escaped him, disturbed them. Charlotte, with a cry of terror, darted one way: her companion another.

But the latter was not quick enough to elude George Godolphin. Springing forward, George caught him in his powerful grasp, really to assure himself that it was no ghost, but genuine flesh and blood. Then George turned the face to the starlight, and recognised the features of the dead-and-gone Mr. Rodolf Pain.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

WHAT a large volume may be written—what a large number of large volumes might be written—on the subject of intended great subjects, to be treated of on a great scale, by men great and little, who, each of them, “fully intended” to make a big book of his pet topic, but, for some cause or other, did not. What numbers (for instance) of literary men, and others, *not* “literate persons,” technically so called, must have, first and last, schemed an exhaustive history of the Antonines and their age—though in almost, if not quite every case, the scheme has turned awry, as Hamlet says, and lost the name of action.

Two celebrated names occur to us, of men who either seriously thought of writing, or were seriously urged to write, such a history; of men who either proposed it to themselves, as a bit of genuine hard work, but withal a labour of love,—or who favoured the proposition, as pressed upon them by zealous and admiring friends, to take so noble a subject up in earnest, and so work it up and work it out, as at once to do honour to it and to themselves.

Horace Walpole is one of the two. Not a likely man, one might fairly assume, either to select such a theme, or to do it the faintest appearance of justice. Be that as it may, we have it upon record, in Horry’s own autograph, written when he was a little past forty, that he had long had a mind to treat, with due preparation, elaboration, and completeness, “the history of what I may in one light call the most remarkable period of the world, by containing a succession of five good princes: I need not say they were Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonines. Not to mention that no part almost of the Roman History has been well written from the death of Domitian, this period would be the fairest pattern for use, if History can ever effect what she so much pretends to—doing good.

“I should be tempted,” he continues, “to call it the *History of Humanity*; for though Trajan and Adrian had private vices that disgraced them as men, as princes they approached to perfection. Marcus Aurelius arrived still nearer, perhaps with a little ostentation; yet vanity is an amiable machine if it operates to benevolence. Antoninus Pius seems to have been as good as human nature royalised can be. Adrian’s persecution of the Christians would be objected, but then it is much controverted. I am no admirer of elective monarchies; and yet it is remarkable that when Aurelius’s diadem descended to his natural heir, not to the heir of his virtues, the line of beneficence was extinguished; for I am sorry to say that *hereditary* and *bad* are almost synonymous.”*

Thus did Horace Walpole open his mind to Doctor Robertson, the historian, when that accomplished author sought counsel of Strawberry Hill, as to the advisability or otherwise of undertaking a History of Charles the Fifth.

* Walpole to Dr. Robertson, March 4, 1758.

The other name is that of one as discrepant as need be, in intellectual structure, and general character, from the virtuoso Earl of Orford. Walter Savage Landor has a deal more of the stoic about him than his epicurean lordship; and is vastly more of the antique Roman in well-nigh every particular, physical or metaphysical. We cannot doubt that Mr. Landor had a kindness for the subject, when urged to undertake it by Robert Southey. It was assuredly one that he could take to, with all his heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. Here is one of Southey's appeals to him: "I should dearly like to see such a history of Rome, as you and you only could write from the commencement of Augustus's reign to the end of the Antonines. With some dreadful exceptions, and moreover, a constant and necessary tendency to deteriorate in everything, I suppose this to have been the happiest age of what may be called the European world. Neither you nor I should be ambitious of being the contemporaries of Fronto, but how we should have loved such an emperor as Marcus Antoninus!"*

The delight of men,†
He who the day when his o'erflowing hand
Had made no happy heart, concluded lost;
Trajan and he, with the mild sire and son,
His son of virtue, eased awhile mankind;
And arts revived beneath their gentle beam.‡

By the *mild sire and son* are meant, of course, Antoninus Pius and his adopted heir to the throne, Marcus Aurelius—that *Marc-Aurèle* whose soul, to quote an admired archaism of Michel l'Hôpital's, "*dont l'ame passe d'un si long entrejet toutes ses amies contemporaines*;"—that *Marc-Aurèle* whom Duplessis Mornay called "*le meilleur des payens*;"—that *Marc-Aurèle* whom M. Guizot brackets with Saint Louis, in the character of a truly and rarely conscientious man—of one who, before acting, weighed the question to himself of the moral good or evil, the question as to whether what he was about to do was good or evil in itself, independently of all utility, of all consequence. "Such men are rarely seen, and still more rarely remain, upon the throne. In truth, there are hardly more than two examples in history, one in ancient, the other in modern times: Marcus Aurelius and Saint Louis." These are, according to M. Guizot,§ perhaps the only two princes who, on every occasion, have formed the first rule of their conduct from their moral creeds—Marcus Aurelius, a stoic; Saint Louis, a Christian. Each approximating so memorably to the exemplar of a pious and patriot king,—

How, o'er himself, as o'er the world, he reigns,
His morals strengthening what his law ordains,
Thro' all his thread of life too swiftly spun,
Becoming grace and proper action run;
The piece by virtue's equal hand is wrought,
Mixed with no crime and shaded with no fault.||

After saying that Marcus Aurelius, "as he excelled all the rest in

* Rob. Southey to W. S. Landor, Aug. 22, 1829.

† Titus.

‡ Thomson, Liberty, part iii.

§ Histoire de la Civilisation en France, III. xiv.

|| Prior, Carmen Seculare.

learning; so he excelled them likewise in perfection of all royal virtues," Lord Bacon refers to the Emperor Julian's book on the Cæsars, intended "as a pasquin or satire to deride all his predecessors"—wherein it is feigned that they were all invited to a banquet of the gods, and Silenus the Jester set at the nether end of the table, who "bestowed a scoff on every one as they came in; but when Marcus Philosophus came in, Silenus was gravelled, and out of countenance, not knowing where to carp at him; save at the last he gave a glance at his patience towards his wife.

"And the virtue of this prince, continued with that of his predecessor, made the name of Antoninus so sacred in the world, that though it were extremely dishonoured in Commodus, Caracalla, and Heliogabalus, who all bore the name, yet when Alexander Severus refused the name, because he was a stranger to the family, the senate with one acclamation said, *Quomodo Augustus, sic et Antoninus*. [Such as Augustus was, Antoninus is.] In such renown and veneration was the name of these two princes, in those days, that they would have it as a principal addition in all the emperor's styles. In this emperor's time also the church for the most part was in peace; so as in this sequence of six princes we do see the blessed effects of learning in sovereignty, painted forth in the greatest table of the world."*

There are one or two points in this panegyric of Francis Bacon's which will justify, if not require, some elucidatory comment further on; meanwhile something more may be said upon the relation by office, and the affinities in personal character, between the two Antonines, Pius and Philosophus. The elder has been called a second Numa—the same love of religion, justice, and peace, being the distinguishing characteristic alike of him who consulted Egeria, and of him who adopted Marcus Aurelius. Gibbon says of Pius, that the native simplicity of his virtue was a stranger to vanity or affectation; that he enjoyed, with moderation, the conveniences of his fortune, and the innocent pleasures of society; and that the benevolence of his soul displayed itself in a cheerful serenity of temper. The virtue of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus "was of a severer and more laborious kind. It was the well-earned harvest of many a learned conference, of many a patient lecture, and many a midnight lucubration. At the age of twelve years, he embraced the rigid system of the Stoics, which taught him to submit his body to his mind, his passions to his reason; to consider virtue as the only good, vice as the only evil, all things external as things indifferent. His meditations, composed in the tumult of a camp, are still extant; and he even condescended to give lessons in philosophy, in a more public manner than was perhaps consistent with the modesty of a sage, or the dignity of an emperor.

"But his life was the noblest commentary on the precepts of Zeno. He was severe to himself, indulgent to the imperfection of others, just and beneficent to all mankind. . . . War he detested, as the disgrace and calamity of human nature; but when the necessity of a just defence called upon him to take up arms, he readily exposed his person to eight winter campaigns on the frozen banks of the Danube, the severity of which was at last fatal to the weakness of his constitution. His memory

* Bacon, De Augmentis Scientiarum, l.

was revered by a grateful posterity, and above a century after his death many persons preserved the image of Marcus Antoninus among those of their household gods.*

Addison, by the way, on the subject of statues, as examined by him on Italian soil, finds "as many figures of that excellent emperor, Marcus Aurelius, as of all the rest together; because the Romans had so great a veneration for his memory, that it grew into a part of their religion to preserve a statue of him in almost every private family."†

That is true fame. Not, however, for fame may we suppose this philosopher-prince to have lived and reigned; though, verily, he has his reward. His principles certainly, and with almost equal certainty his practice, would have endorsed as a true bill the doctrine of Pope's philosophy,

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.‡

Mr. de Quincey has said that a thoughtful Roman would have been apt to exclaim, "This is too good to last," upon finding so admirable a ruler as Antoninus Pius succeeded by one still more admirable in the person of Marcus Aurelius. His father by adoption Marcus obeyed with the "punctiliousness of a Roman obedience"—with a "rigour of filial duty" which illustrates a noteworthy feature of Roman life; for such was the sanctity of law, that a father created by legal fiction was in all respects treated with the same veneration and affection as a father who claimed upon the most unquestioned footing of natural right. But although Marcus is described as watching the very motions of the emperor's countenance, and waiting so continually upon his pleasure, that for the three-and-twenty years they lived together, only on two nights did Cæsar, the son, sleep out of the palace of Augustus, the sire;—although so punctilious in his filial devotion, yet, in De Quincey's language, "such is the universal baseness of courts, that even this scrupulous and minute attention to his duties did not protect Marcus from the injurious insinuations of whisperers. There were not wanting persons who endeavoured to turn to account the general circumstances in the situation of the Cæsar which pointed him out to the jealousy of the Emperor."§ For it must needs be that offences come, that scandals be bruited abroad, when scandal-mongers in ordinary are so Argus-eyed and so Hydra-headed.

O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are struck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings.||

But so it was in this exceptional case, where the adoptive Emperor and the adopted Cæsar, heir apparent, were two exceptional men, that

* Gibbon, *Roman Empire*, ch. iii.

† Addison's *Remarks on Italy*, A.D. 1701-3.

‡ Essay on Man, ep. iv.—If the Emperor had any hole to pick with Mr. Pope's verses, it would perhaps be as to the *bleeding* of Socrates. Why bleed, Mr. Pope? Was it Seneca you were thinking of?

§ De Quincey, *The Cæsars*, ch. iv.: *The Patriot Emperors*.

|| Measure for Measure, Act IV. Sc. 1.

calumny sundered no ties between them twain, and the whisperers that would have separated chief friends, only served to give private confirmation and public prominence to their reciprocal confidence and affectionate regard.

There is a rather piquant dialogue between the Emperor Napoleon and M. de Narbonne, in the Memoirs of the latter, on the subject of the Antonines, à propos of the celebrated *éloge* on *Marc-Aurèle* by M. Thomas. Of this *éloge* M. de Barante has said that it forms the only instance in which Thomas was fortunate enough to take full and fast hold of the true character of a lofty and touching eloquence—transporting our imagination to the very time and place of action, so that we find ourselves at Rome, hemmed in, as it were, by the funeral procession of the virtuous emperor. That Roman empire, which comprehended the wide world, and the fate of which hung on the lips of one man, is pictured to us “penetrated with grief, and frozen with fear as to the future;” philosophy is exhibited to us in tears, the army bewailing its chief, and a nascent tyranny aggravating men’s regrets for virtue departed. “Alors, au milieu de ce vaste spectacle, les paroles solennelles, les expressions exaltées se trouvent dans un parfait accord avec notre âme, et produisent tout leur effet.”*

Now, this *éloge* of the Academician-orator formed the text of a colloquy between Bonaparte and M. de Narbonne,—in which the latter dwelt upon the advantages the imagination of youth might gain from a study of such a panegyric on such a prince. The Antonines, he said, gave the world sixty years of happiness, and Marcus Aurelius is their grandest and purest type. Marcus was not merely a sage upon the throne; he made war with the tact of an adroit and successful general. He struck a great blow at the barbarian races, as Marius had done two centuries before. He held the whole North in subjection, for several winters; in that bleak region it was that death surprised him; nor by his death was any shock given to the obedience of the vanquished races, or to the well-established peace of the empire. “If Tacitus,” remarked M. de Narbonne, “wrote extravagantly against the power of the Cæsars, the best answer that can be made to him is the reign of Marcus Aurelius.”

At this epigrammatic solemnity, it appears, Napoleon laughed, and said *Là, là*. His imperial majesty saw the *arrière pensée* in the argument of his guide, philosopher, and friend, whom he half-snubbed, half-solaced, by the playful promise: “il ne faut décourager personne: ce règne patrilial des Antonins sera la retraite de nos vieux jours.” Time enough for that, *mon cher*. And his majesty went on to tell his trusty counsellor that he had now caught him *en flagrant délit* of sentimental philosophy—him, a man of experience as well as of heart, and who had been a living witness of the Revolution. I knew this *éloge* of Marc-Aurèle well enough, says Napoleon—it has been one of the *œuvres d’avant-scène* of our reforming philosophes. When I was quite a boy, I heard it pompously declaimed by the Représentant Fréron, then Proconsul in the south. Very sonorous it sounded in my ears; but neither the writer, nor even his hero, is to my taste. Marc-Aurèle, Napoleon goes on to declare, “is a sort of Joseph II. magnified—a philanthropist

* Barante, De la Littérature Française, p. 144, Septième édit.

and sectary—holding communications with the sophists, the idéologues of the time, flattering them, imitating them, and persecuting the Christians, as Joseph II. did the Catholics of the Netherlands. For my part, I like Diocletian better—in whose skin Chateaubriand had a mind to give me a bit of a scratching [*a voulu m'égrotigner un peu*], in his 'Martyrs.' A well-chosen comparison truly! I don't abdicate, not I; I don't go and plant cabbages at Salona. There's a difference.—Besides, Diocletian, until his malady of languor overtook him, was a great prince, administrator, and warrior; not at all contemplative, and on that account more useful to the empire than Marc-Aurèle, with that wife Faustina of his, and that son Commodus.*

Faustina and Commodus are, indeed, the blots on the emperor's escutcheon. Gibbon pronounces his "mildness, which the rigid discipline of the Stoics was unable to eradicate," to have formed, at the same time, the most amiable, and the only defective, part of his character. We have seen that Silenus, the mummer, in the banquet-scene depicted by Julian, seizes on this weak point, in despairing default of any other. And Gibbon, with all his admiration, is free to own, that this prince's excessive indulgence to his brother by adoption (his colleague Verus), his wife, and his son, transgressed the bounds of private virtue, and became a public injury, by the example and consequences of their vices. "Faustina, the daughter of Pius, and the wife of Marcus, has been as much celebrated for her gallantries as for her beauty. The grave simplicity of the philosopher was ill calculated to engage her wanton levity, or to fix that unbounded passion for variety, which often discovered personal merit in the meanest of mankind." For, as Mr. Gibbon characteristically expresses himself, the Cupid of the ancients was, in general, a very sensual deity, and the amours of an empress, as they exact on her side the plainest advances, are seldom susceptible of much sentimental delicacy. "Marcus was the only man in the empire who seemed ignorant or insensible of the irregularities of Faustina; which, according to the prejudices of every age, reflected some disgrace on the injured husband. He promoted several of her lovers to posts of honour or profit, and during a connexion of thirty years, invariably gave her proofs of the most tender confidence, and of a respect which ended not with her life. In his Meditations, he thanks the gods, who had bestowed on him a wife so faithful, so gentle, and of such a wonderful simplicity of manners.† The obsequious senate, at his request, declared her a goddess. She was represented, in her temples, with the attributes of Juno, Venus, and Ceres; and it was decreed that, on the day of their nuptials, the youth of either sex should pay their vows before the altar of their chaste patroness."‡

It seemed as if the conjugal experience of this complacent Cæsar exempted him from any feeling recognition of that most true proverb, that § a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness to his bones.

* *Souvenirs Contemporains*, t. i., M. de Narbonne, par M. Villemain, pp. 154-6.

† *Medit.* l. i. The world has laughed at the credulity of Marcus; but Madame Dacier assures us, "and" [says Gibbon, in a malicious parenthesis] "we may credit a lady," that the husband will always be deceived, if the wife condescends to dissemble.

‡ Gibbon, *Roman Empire*, ch. iv.

§ *Proverbs*, xii. 4.

The gladiators, and still more, we read, the sailors of that age, were constantly to be seen plying naked, and Faustina was shameless enough to take her station in places which gave her the advantages of a leisurely review, and she actually selected favourites from both classes on the ground of a personal inspection.* On one of the coins of Marcus Aurelius there is a figure of Venus caressing Mars, and endeavouring to detain him from the wars. The Venus has Faustina's face; her lover is a naked figure with a helmet on his head, and a shield on his arm. This unluckily brings to mind, as Addison remarks, Faustina's fondness for the Gladiator, and is therefore interpreted by many as a hidden piece of satire:—but besides that such a thought was incongruous with the gravity of a senate, how can one imagine, asks Mr. Addison,† that the fathers would have dared affront the wife of Aurelius, and the mother of Commodus, or that they could think of giving offence to an empress whom they afterwards deified, and to an emperor who was the darling of the army and people?

Nor did Mr. Addison, when he came to write the "Spectator," forget to stigmatise, though with Addisonian ease and lightness of touch, the infidelities of this unmitigated hussy. He is discussing the fatal issues of female levity, and its pernicious influence, in particular, on offspring; and in the course of his dissertation, our short-faced *censor morum* selects an empress for the bad eminence of an example: "The younger Faustina was a lively instance of this sort of women. Notwithstanding she was married to Marcus Aurelius, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the Roman emperors, she thought a common gladiator much the prettier gentleman; and had taken such care to accomplish her son Commodus according to her own notions of a fine man, that when he ascended the throne of his father, he became the most foolish and abandoned tyrant that was ever placed at the head of the Roman empire, signalling himself in nothing but the fighting of prizes, and knocking out men's brains."‡

To all remonstrances, however, on the subject of his wife, Marcus is reported to have replied, "Si uxorem dimittimus, reddamus et dotem;"—meaning that, having received his right of succession to the empire simply by his adoption into the family of Pius, his wife's father, gratitude and filial duty obliged him to view any dishonours emanating from his wife's conduct as joint legacies with the splendours inherited from their common father; in short, that he was not at liberty to separate the rose from its thorns. However, the facts are not sufficiently known, pleads one of his ablest advocates, to warrant us in criticising very severely his behaviour on so trying an occasion as that of his alleged detection of her intrigue with Tertullus. It would be too much for human frailty, that absolutely no stain should remain upon his memory. And possibly the best use that can be made of such a fact, his apologist submits, is in the way of consolation to any unhappy man, whom his wife may too liberally have endowed with honours of this kind, by reminding him that he shares this distinction with the great philosophic Emperor.§

Another particular in which Marcus Aurelius is exposed to the stric-

* The Cæsars, ch. iv.

† The Spectator, No. cxxviii.

‡ Remarks on Italy: the Isle of Caprea.

§ De Quincey.

tures of the stringent, and the censure of censors, is the part he took, or is alleged to have taken,—for what was the exact part he took is still a controverted point,—against the Christians. During his reign it was that Justin and Polycarp suffered death for their religion, and that persecution raged at Lyons with great fierceness. There is no doubt, as his biographer in the English Cyclopædia affirms, that Aurelius was acquainted with the Christians and their doctrines in a general way: he speaks of them* as persons who were ready to die from mere obstinacy: a passage which seems to prove his knowledge of their having been put to death. It is difficult, indeed, to reconcile his behaviour towards them with the general humanity and kindness of his character. There is not, to be sure, any satisfactory evidence of any edict being published by him against the Christians, and the persecutions of Smyrna and Lyons were carried on afar from the capital. Still it “cannot be doubted that he was well acquainted with what was going on in the provinces, and he must have heard of what took place at Lyons and Smyrna.

“There is no evidence that Aurelius encouraged these persecutions; nor is there any evidence that he prevented the persecutions, or punished those who were most active in them. Aurelius did not like the Christians, and he may have thought their assemblies dangerous to the state. Those ecclesiastical historians who have judged him the most severely, have judged him unfairly; and yet the admirers of Aurelius will find it difficult to give a satisfactory explanation of the sufferings of the Christians in his time.”†

As to ecclesiastical historians, and their estimates of the emperor, Mosheim, for one, of the popular sort, appeals to his maltreatment of the Christians as effectually cancelling the “pompous encomiums” of his immoderate panegyrists. Mosheim charges Marcus with not examining impartially the cause of the Christians, and with lending an easy and attentive ear to all the most virulent insinuations of their enemies, and more especially to the “malignant calumnies of the philosophers,” who accused them of crimes the most atrocious, and impiety the most audacious. “So that, if we except that of Nero, there was no reign under which [this is Dr. Mosheim’s conclusion] the Christians were more injuriously and cruelly treated, than under that of the wise and virtuous Marcus Aurelius.”‡ This emperor, adds the church historian, issued out against them, as a “vain, obstinate, and vicious set of men,” edicts which, “upon the whole, were very unjust,” though, Mosheim confesses, we do not know, at this distance of time, their particular contents.

So again with Milner, who records that “Marcus Antoninus was, during all his reign, which continued nineteen years, an implacable persecutor of Christians; and this not from mere ignorance of their moral character. He knew them, yet hated them, and showed them no mercy.”§

Dean Milman (not that he is to be classed with Joseph Milner, or with Isaac either) writes, that the austerity of Marcus, “a blameless disciple in the severest school of philosophic morality,” rivalled that of the Chris-

* Meditat. xi. 3.

† Engl. Cycl. Biog., I. 442.

‡ Mosheim, cent. ii. ch. ii. § v.

§ Milnes, History of the Church, cent. ii. ch. iv.

tians in its contempt of the follies and diversions of life, though his native kindliness of disposition was not hardened or embittered by the severity or the pride of his philosophy. "With Aurelius, nevertheless, Christianity found not only a fair and high-minded competitor for the command of the human mind; not only a rival in the exaltation of the soul to higher views and more dignified motives; but a violent and intolerant persecutor."*

And now take the account of writers of a decidedly anti-ecclesiastical school—such, for example, as Mr. Stuart Mill, and Mr. Buckle,—and it will be found to tally but too closely with that of the most pronounced churchmanship. Mr. Buckle, whom no one can possibly suspect of an undue tenderness for the Christian side of any controversy, tells us that "the great enemy of Christianity was Marcus Aurelius, a man of kindly temper, and of fearless, unflinching honesty, but whose reign was characterised by a persecution from which he would have refrained had he been less earnest about the religion of his fathers."†

Mr. Leigh Hunt, indeed, made bold to maintain that his alleged persecution of the Christians, besides being irreconcilable with everything that is known of Marcus, is refuted by the letter preserved in Eusebius, in which he expressly forbids persecution; rebuking those by whom it was set on foot; and adding, that his opinions on the subject were the same as those of his predecessor Antoninus Pius, who forbade all molestation of Christians, unless they were found plotting against the State. "Now the good emperor was eminently a man of his word. He was so noted for it from his boyhood, that his family name being Verus (True), the Emperor Hadrian used to call him Verissimus (Most True).‡ Evidently *ce bon* Leontius believes himself, at this time of writing, to have brought Marcus clear off.

But after this essay at exculpation was in print, Leigh Hunt found it "proper to state," in a premonitory preface, that on turning to Eusebius to verify the statement in the text, he discovered a "singular confusion on the subject" in the ecclesiastical historian, and an equally "curious difference of opinion" among his critics. It seems, Mr. Hunt says, as if they pronounced Marcus a persecutor or no persecutor, according as they wished to think him;—"no unnatural tendency;—but in this instance increasing the whole strangeness of the question; since they are all agreed in considering him one of the best and kindest of men."§ Nothing else appears to this inquirer to be certain, except that the martyrdoms took place.

The comments of Mr. John Stuart Mill (a free-thinker of quite different calibre) on this emperor's treatment of his Christian subjects, are too striking and instructive to be overlooked—especially if the impressiveness of an error is measured by the wisdom and virtue of him who falls into it. Mr. Mill is clear, that if ever any one, possessed of power, had grounds for thinking himself the best and most enlightened among his contemporaries, it was Marcus Aurelius; who, absolute monarch of the whole civilised world, preserved through life not only the most un-

* Milman, History of Christianity, vol. ii. p. 159, edit. 1840.

† Buckle, History of Civilization, vol. i. p. 169.

‡ The Religion of the Heart, by Leigh Hunt, p. 156.

§ Ibid., p. xxiv, Errata.

blemished justice, but what was less to be expected from his Stoical breeding, the tenderest heart. "The few failings which are attributed to him, were all on the side of indulgence; while his writings, the highest ethical product of the ancient mind, differ scarcely perceptibly, if they differ at all, from the most characteristic teachings of Christ. This man, a better Christian in all but the dogmatic sense of the word, than almost any of the ostensibly Christian sovereigns who have since reigned, persecuted Christianity.

"Placed at the summit of all the previous attainments of humanity, with an open, unfettered intellect, and a character which led him of himself to embody in his moral writings the Christian ideal, he yet failed to see that Christianity was to be a good and not an evil to the world, with his duties to which he was so deeply penetrated. Existing society he knew to be in a deplorable state. But such as it was, he saw, or thought he saw, that it was held together, and prevented from being worse, by belief and reverence of the received divinities. As a ruler of mankind, he deemed it his duty not to suffer society to fall in pieces; and saw not how, if its existing ties were removed, any other could be formed which could again knit it together. The new religion openly aimed at dissolving these ties: unless, therefore, it was his duty to adopt that religion, it seemed to be his duty to put it down. Inasmuch then as the theology of Christianity did not appear to him true or of divine origin; inasmuch as this strange history of a crucified God was not credible to him, and a system which purported to rest entirely upon a foundation to him so wholly unbelievable, could not be foreseen by him to be that renovating agency which, after all abatements, it has in fact proved to be; the gentlest and most amiable of philosophers and rulers, under a solemn sense of duty, authorised the persecution of Christians.

"To my mind," Mr. Mill fairly avows, "this is one of the most tragical facts in all history. It is a bitter thought, how different a thing the Christianity of the world might have been, if the Christian faith had been adopted as the religion of the empire under the auspices of Marcus Aurelius instead of those of Constantine. But it would be equally unjust to him and false to truth, to deny, that no one plea which can be urged for punishing anti-Christian teaching, was wanting to Marcus Aurelius for punishing, as he did, the propagation of Christianity. No Christian more firmly believes that Atheism is false, and tends to the dissolution of society, than Marcus Aurelius believed the same things of Christianity; he who, of all men then living, might have been thought the most capable of appreciating it."*

The practical deduction from all this, by the essayist on Liberty in thought and discussion, is, that unless any one who approves of punishment for the promulgation of opinions, flatters himself that he is a wiser and better man than Marcus Aurelius—more deeply versed in the wisdom of his time, more elevated in his intellect above it—more earnest in his search for truth, or more single-minded in his devotion to it when found;—let him abstain from that assumption of the joint infallibility of himself and the multitude, which the great Antoninus made with so unfortunate a result.

* On Liberty, by J. S. Mill, pp. 48 *sq.*

Mr. Mill's remark that this emperor, of all men then living, might have been thought the most capable of appreciating Christianity, is one that can be corroborated by authorities whose theological orthodoxy is less open to impeachment.

Not to quote, as might be quoted in profusion, testimonials and tributes akin to that of so supralapsarian an evangelical as Augustus Toplady, who cordially owns "that gentleness, that steadiness of wisdom, that self-denying simplicity, that discreet but noble liberality, that unrelaxing adherence to justice, truth, and equity, which (still more than even his writings) have stamped greatness and immortality on the name of Marcus Aurelius;"*—or that of so "sound" and devout a Low-Church divine as Joseph Milner, who, although he pronounces Aurelius "guilty of such deeds as human nature shudders to relate," yet declares him to have been "a person of great humanity of temper: just and beneficent to the rest of mankind;" and adds, "He was free from all reproach in his general conduct; and in several parts of it was a model worthy the imitation of Christians;"†—leaving aside these indirect recognitions, let us see how direct is the evidence of a thinker like De Quincey, on the point in question.

Calling attention to this, among other moral distinctions of the philosophic Cæsar, that he was the first great military leader who allowed rights indefeasible—rights uncanceled by their misfortunes in the field, to prisoners of war; Mr. de Quincey argues that here is an immortal act of goodness built upon an immortal basis; for so long as armies congregate, and the sword is the arbiter of international quarrels, so long it will deserve to be had in remembrance, that the first man who set limits to the empire of wrong, and first translated within the jurisdiction of man's moral nature that state of war which had heretofore been consigned, by principle no less than by practice, to anarchy, animal violence, and brute force, was also the first philosopher who sat upon a throne.

In this, and in his universal spirit of forgiveness, Mr. de Quincey cannot but acknowledge in Marcus "a Christian by anticipation;" nor does he hesitate to believe, that through one or other of his many philosophic friends, whose attention Christianity was by that time powerful to attract, "some reflex images of Christian doctrines—some half-conscious perception of its perfect beauty—had flashed upon his mind. And when we view him from this distant age, as heading that shining array, the Howards and the Wilberforces, who have since then in a practical sense hearkened to the sighs of 'all prisoners and captives'—we are ready to suppose him addressed by the great Founder of Christianity, in the words of Scripture, 'Verily, I say unto thee, thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven.'"‡

"Jamais philosophe n'a mieux fait sentir aux hommes les douceurs de la vertu et la dignité de leur être," says Montesquieu, "que Marc-Antonin: le cœur est touché, l'âme agrandie, l'esprit élevé."§

* Rev. A. Toplady to Mrs. Macaulay, the historian, July 13, 1773. Toplady's Works, p. 845, edit. 1837.

† Milner's Church History, cent. ii. chap. iv. *passim*.

‡ The Cæsars, by Thomas de Quincey, chap. iv.

§ Pensées diverses de Montesquieu: Des Anciens.

Le cœur est touché,—that is Montesquieu's experience. But that is just what is wanting, in a perusal of the *Meditations*, according to other and less congenial critics. M. Desiré Nisard, for instance, tells us, that he admires the beneficent maxims of Marc-Aurèle about society and human fellowship and all that; that he wishes to believe these maxims a direct outcome from the imperial heart; and that he, M. Nisard, tries hard to feel them with his own heart. But they don't touch him. Feel them he cannot; he can only think them. "*Je veux les croire sorties de son cœur; je tâche de les sentir avec le mien; je ne réussis qu'à les penser. De cette bonté du sage, nul accent ne fera la charité.*"* The Stoic philosophy, as Dr. Arnold says, was unfitted for the weakness of human nature; its contempt of physical evil was revolting to the common sense of mankind, and was absolutely unattainable by persons of delicate constitutions; and thus, generally speaking, by one half of the human race, and particularly by that sex which, under a wiser discipline, has been found capable of attaining to such high excellence. Above all, it could not represent God to man under those peculiar characters in which every affection and faculty of our nature finds its proper object and guide.† In this respect, and in anything like a Christian sense, *le cœur n'est pas touché*.

As the philosophy of Epicurus too affably adapted itself to human imperfections—not blinding itself by abstractions too elevated, but submitting to what it found, and bending to the absolute facts and realities of men's nature; stoicism, on the other hand, by "refusing all compromises and all condescensions to human infirmity,"‡ presented to men a brilliant prize and object for their efforts, but placed on an inaccessible height.

J'avouerai qu' Epicure avait une âme honnête,
Mais le grand Marc-Aurèle était plus vertueux,

says Voltaire.§ Montesquieu says there is only one thing that can make us forgetful of Antoninus Pius, and that is, the memory of his successor, Marcus Aurelius. "One feels in oneself a secret pleasure whenever this emperor is spoken of; his life cannot be read without a kind of *attention*; such is the effect produced by it, that one has a better opinion of oneself, because a better opinion of mankind." M. Nourisson says that Marcus lives on and ever in the Maxims he has left behind him; and that, the same as with the Manual of Epictetus, they require and deserve to be read; for never had the ethics of Stoicism a more eloquent expositor.

It is of Epictetus and Antoninus that a modern Epicurean and popular essayist has observed—himself, however, not without a dash of the Stoic in him, which came out in his life, though seldom if ever traceable in his writings—that Aurelius the Emperor and Epictetus the Slave, here meet in fittest association on one and the same ground of a noble mind. "The court of Rome had beheld no finer-hearted gentleman than the slave; and the slave, if he had lived long enough, would have seen his noble and

* *Etudes d'Histoire*, pp. 205-6.

† Arnold, *Roman Literature in the Time of Trajan*, &c.

‡ De Quincey.

§ *Satires*, Les Cabales.

modest philosophy renewed in the person of the emperor." And in another place, the same author thus characterises Antoninus Philosophus: "As to the good emperor, Marcus Aurelius, who knows him not? admired and beloved by all, from the devoutest Christian philosophers, down to the scoffing infidel, Gibbon. Like Soerates, though not gifted with the same robustness of constitution, he was a man of action and a soldier; and like the great Persian, Akbar, though possessed of despotic power, he was a poetist and a philanthropist."*

But the *sterility* of the Stoical philosophy, however eloquently enforced and imperially propounded, is a common-place in the schools. M. Saint-Marc Girardin iterates and re-iterates his exposure of it, politically and morally, as barren of valid results, void of permanent issues. In one treatise† he shows us Stoicism mounting the throne in the succession of the Antonines—but not restoring liberty to Rome; so true he holds it to be that the *opposition stoïcienne* which had been proscribed by Domitian, did not really care for public liberty, but that, like all the ancient philosophies, its dearest wish was for a good tyrant. Stoicism, M. Girardin admits, has raised some men as high as man can, of himself, be raised; and has done honour to human nature by some grand examples it has set; yet he taxes it with being useless to the world—useless, despite the courage of its great men, and the elevated tone of its morality, and the reign of its Antonines. "Voyez les stoïciens," he exclaims, in another work;‡ they govern the world under the Antonines; and notwithstanding all their cleverness, all their wisdom, and even all their power, they create nothing; and the last of their emperors, Marcus Aurelius, seems to leave the empire to Commodus as if to afford proof that neither himself nor his wise predecessors could avail aught to make Rome young again, or to secure its liberty against the mad follies of the first despot that might happen to come.

Adam Smith refers to the *Meditations* of Marcus Antoninus as contributing more to the general admiration of his character, than all the different transactions of his "just, merciful, and beneficent reign"—but in analysing the emperor's practical philosophy, which teaches that a man's being occupied in contemplating the more sublime, can never be an excuse for his neglecting the more humble department, the shrewd Scotch economist pertinently remarks, "And he must not expose himself to the charge which Avidius Cassius is said to have brought, perhaps unjustly, against Marcus Antoninus; that while he employed himself in philosophical speculations, and contemplated the propriety of the universe, he neglected that of the Roman empire." The most sublime speculation of the contemplative philosopher can scarce, urges Father Adam—father of political economy—can scarce compensate the neglect of the smallest active duty.§

The reader of Lucian, as a modern critic of his once remarked, is fur-

* Leigh Hunt, *Religion of the Heart*, cf. pp. 83, 149 *sq.*, 155 *sq.*

† *Le Stoïcisme*, 1829.

‡ *Mélanges d'Histoire Religieuse: La Thébaïde*.

§ See Adam Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, part vi. sect. ii.

In another part of the same work, the author lauds "the mild, the humane, the benevolent Antoninus." And again, designates him "the good-natured emperor, the absolute sovereign of the whole civilised part of the world, who

nished with perfect evidence that, amidst all the splendour of the golden era of the Antonines, there was no lack of rottenness in the state of the magnificent empire, for which, be it admitted, these virtuous princes would fain have effected all that their eulogist, Gibbon, has fancied. Had Marcus Aurelius, suggests this writer, condescended to play the Haroun Alraschid for a single night in any great city of his empire, he would have found out that the evils of the times called for other remedies than those periodical courses of lectures with which he held it his duty, as a sovereign, to edify audiences both Greek and Roman, and considerably more thronged, we may believe, than have usually gratified the vanity of unpurpled professors of ethics.*

Distance lends enchantment to our view of him, in the twilight of paganism and of time. We are like the sojourners in Rome, in Mr. Hawthorne's æsthetic romance, who mounted at nightfall the Capitoline Hill, and stood awhile to contemplate the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius—the moonlight glistening upon traces of the gilding which had once covered both rider and steed; "these were almost gone, but the aspect of dignity was still perfect, clothing the figure as it were with an imperial robe of light." Mr. Hawthorne calls it the most majestic representation of the kingly character that ever the world has seen; and declares that a sight of the old heathen emperor is enough to create an evanescent sentiment of loyalty even in a democratic bosom,—so august does he look, so fit to rule, so worthy of man's profoundest homage and obedience, so inevitably attractive of his love. "He stretches forth his hand with an air of grand beneficence and unlimited authority, as if uttering a decree from which no appeal was permissible, but in which the obedient subject would find his highest interests consulted; a command that was in itself a benediction.—'The sculptor of this statue knew what a king should be,' observed Kenyon, 'and knew, likewise, the heart of mankind, and how it craves a true ruler, under whatever title, as a child its father.'"[†]

certainly had no peculiar reason to complain of his own allotment," and who therefore (though Father Adam does not expressly make an *ergo* of it) delighted in avowing his contentment with his lot, and in pointing out beauties that are less perceptible to the unprivileged *polloi*.—See part vii. sect. ii.

* "His [Gibbon's] boasted age of philosophical light and heathen toleration never had any existence except in the pages of hirelings and flatterers, and in those of well-meaning princes, the dupes of their own vanity, and of the lies by which that vanity was systematically fed."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxvii. p. 44; Art.: Life and Writings of Lucian.

† Transformation, ch. xviii.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE NINETEENTH.

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A BITTERNESS GREATER THAN DEATH.

As soon as De Vigne reached town he went home and smoked—he needed the sedative badly enough—scarcely tasted some soup of all the dainty dinner that awaited him, drank plenty of iced hock, and drove to Dunbar's, glad of anything to do that would prevent his needing to think. Dunbar, in a very few words, told him what he wanted of him, which was to exchange with him back into the Dashers, and go out to the Crimea in his stead; but in lieu of the eager assent he had anticipated from so inveterate a campaigner and thorough-bred a soldier, he was astonished to see De Vigne pause, hesitate, and wait irresolute.

"I thought you would like it, old fellow," said Dunbar. "The exchange would be easily effected. I should be no good in the Crimea; the winter season would send me to glory in no time with my confounded bronchitis, while you seemed to enjoy yourself so thoroughly out in India, polishing off those black devils, that I thought you'd be delighted to get a chance of active service again."

"I enjoy campaigning; no man more so," said De Vigne, shortly; "and to give up a chance of active service is almost as great a sacrifice to me as anything. At the same time, circumstances have arisen which make me doubt whether I can go in your stead or not. Will you give me twenty-four hours to decide?"

"Very well—if you like. I know you will tell me this time tomorrow that you have already ordered your cases of Bass, and looked over your new rifles. You will never be able to resist the combined seductions of Turkish liaisons and Russian spearing," laughed Dunbar.

De Vigne laughed too; though, Heaven knows, laughter was far enough from his heart:

"Very possibly. Sport has always been my favourite Omphale; and it's one that never makes us pay a price for indulging in its amours; we can't say quite so much for the beau sexe! I'll send you a line tomorrow evening, yes or no."

"Oh! it's sure to be yes," said Dunbar. "You were always the very deuce for war and women, but I think campaigning carried the day."

De Vigne laughed again, *par complaisance*; but he thought of one woman he had learnt to love more dearly than anything else in earth or heaven. He left Dunbar, went back to his house, and shut himself in his own room. He lit his cigar, opened the window, and leaned out into the sultry July night. His honour and his love were at war, and the calm and holy midnight irritated and inflamed, where at another time it might have soothed him. Never in all his life, with its errors, its vehemence, its faults, its hot instincts, its generous impulses, its haughty honour, never stained by a mean thought, but often hazarded by reckless

passions, had his nature been so fairly roused as now. He knew that he had fallen far from his standard of truth and candour in the concealment of his marriage, which had gone on from day to day till he had won the deepest love he had ever had, ostensibly a free man; and that knowledge cut him to the soul, and gave him the keenest remorse he had ever known; for though he did much that was wrong in haste, his conscience was ever tender, and nothing could ever blunt him to any dereliction from frankness and honesty. But he knew, too, now that the evil was done, and Alma's life, as she had told him, would be desolate without him, and that to leave her now would be to quench all the youth and glory from her young days, and refuse her the sole consolation in his power to give her his love, no light consolation to a woman of her mind and nature.

He *could* not have broken from her now; to have left her unprotected, unportioned, friendless, to brave the blasts of the world with her high spirit and warm susceptibilities; to have bade her farewell for long and weary years, perhaps for life itself, never to meet again, never again to look into each other's eyes, and together breathe the free fresh air of the fair earth, so fair to those who love; never to pass another golden hour together, but to linger through all existence apart—apart in all the glorious light of life; apart till cold grey age crept on, and both were laid in the narrow chamber of the dead; apart even to the last, the lips that had vainly longed for sweet caresses, silent and fixed, the eyes that had vainly yearned for one sight of the loved face, closed and unconscious; the hearts that had throbbed with natural human love, stilled and powerless for ever. To have lived thus apart from life onwards into death! He would have had no strength to do it; no courage to face so dreary and hopeless a future; no power to condemn her and himself to this grey and weary anguish of separation; to break from her now would have been to tear his very heart-strings from their core. All his soul revolted from the cruel and unnatural divorce, the divorce of human hearts created for each other's joy, formed to love and live in that gracious and golden earth which God gave to man, and man has marred so sadly for himself and for his fellows.

The Wife the law forced on him his nature, his honour, and his heart rejected and forswore; the wife the law denied him all alike pointed out and accepted, and to her he would have been faithful to the grave. All the manhood in him rebelled against the false and hideous marriage the world had fastened on him as just and valid; more cruel than the iron shackles on the dying limbs of the Neapolitan Pironti, more loathsome than the festering sting of the scorpion or the murderous and relentless bite of the vampire. The world's decree had fastened the shackles upon him, even though with every link of the fetters the iron entered into his soul as when the chains were fastened upon the quivering bodies in the *Galera Politica* of our own day. On the world he would revenge himself, and if social law had withered half his life social opinion should not have power to despoil the rest.

"God help her," he muttered to himself, as he looked down into the dark and silent street; "I will be truer to her than any husband ever was to any wife. She is my wife by love, by reason, by right, and when others sneer at her or pass her coldly by because she has sacrificed herself

for me, I will atone to her for all—I will give up the world, and live for her alone. Since I have crushed my little flower in my headlong path, I will make up to her by guarding her from all blight or storm. Would to Heaven I were worthy of her !”

Before he slept that night (and his slumber came not without an anodyne) his resolve was made. To-morrow he would tell her of his marriage—tell her all. If she still loved him, and still wished to live for him, passionately as his heart was bound to the Service, he would throw up his commission and take her to Italy or the Ionian Isles, where he would lavish on her all the luxuries and pleasures wealth could bring, and give her all he knew her heart craved, and what would be all-sufficient to her affectionate and unselfish nature—love. He would live for her alone ; if, in time, he missed the glare and excitement of his past life with men, this sacrifice, in return, he at the least owed her ; he would not bring her to the din of cities where coarse glances might pain the heart that had as yet known no shame, and where coarse judges would class her with the base Floras and Leilas of her sex. He would give her the life of beauty her vivid imagination would paint and thirst for, and for himself—De Vigne, so long alone in the world, so long chilled against his nature by adverse chances, would have paid down any price to win the luxury of love, pure, devoted, single-hearted, unstained by a single coarse instinct and unselfish impulse—love such as he knew *Alma Tresillian* bore for him.

Military duties kept him until late the next day. A soldier's life is not all play, though the foes to a standing army are given to making it out so. Several things called his attention that morning, and he had afterwards to attend the first sitting of a court-martial on one of those low practical jokes with which raw boys bringing their public school vulgarities with them stigmatise a Service that enrolls the best gentlemen, the highest courage, and the most finished chivalry of Europe, whose enemies delightfully pounce on the exception to uphold it as the rule.

The court-martial was not over till between two and three ; De Vigne then hastily got unharnessed and into mufti, drank some soda-water—luncheon he very rarely took—lighted a cheroot, and threw himself across his horse. When he had once determined on a thing he never looked back ; sometimes it had been better for him if he had. Yet, in the long run, I have known more mischief done by indecision of character than anything else in the world, and he is safe to be the strongest and stoutest-hearted who never looks back, whether he has determined on quitting *Sodom* or on staying in it. The evil lies in hasty judgment, not in prompt action.

Right or wrong, however, he never *had* looked back, and nothing would ever have taught him to do it. His mind was made up—if *Alma* still loved him on hearing all, to take her to some southern solitude, and give up his life to her ; if she reproached and condemned him, to take *Dunbar's* place, and fight in the *Crimea* till he fell—and nothing would have stirred either of his resolves. In all his life he had never turned back from any path where his vehement impulse led him ; he was not likely to swerve or falter in this, on whose goal his heart was so utterly and entirely set, and to which an attachment stronger and infinitely deeper than even he had ever known lured him to the life for which, in his wild youth, he had not cared, but for which irresistible longings had

broken up from the hot well springs that lay ice-bound, but never dead, under the chill stoicism that covered his passionate manhood. He rode at a gallop from London to Richmond—rode to the fevered thoughts that chased each other through his mind, many of them of bitter pain and sharp stinging regret, for to the man of honour it was no light trial to say to the woman who had trusted him, "I have deceived you!"—some of them of an involuntary self-reproach at the memory of how little he had merited and fulfilled the trust Boughton Tressillian had placed in him "as a man who will not misjudge my motives nor wrong my confidence." Yet all fears were crossed, and all remorse silenced, and outweighed by that wild delirium of joy of which his nature was capable—that fiery glow and triumph with which his great love could not but excel in the love it had won back in return, and the happiness she had wrested from life which had tried so hard to conquer him, and condemn him in the full vigour of youth and manhood to a cruel bondage and a chill and joyless solitude—a solitude that was not even freedom!

All more gloomy memories vanished, as shadows slink away before the sultry beauty of the noon, as he came within sight of Alma's home; his pulses glowed with all the fire of his earliest boyhood, his heart throbbed quicker, as he thought of her fond welcome. He pulled up his horse with such abruptness that the beast reared and fell back on his haunches; he threw himself off the saddle with a headlong impetuosity that might have lost him life or limb, flung the bridle over the post, and entered. The morning was grey and wet—strange contrast to the radiant summer the night before—the birds were silent, the flowers were snapped off their stems, their scattered petals lying stained and trodden on the moist gravel; his hurried steps stamped the discoloured rose-leaves into the earth, and the dripping chesnut-boughs shook raindrops on him as he passed.

He brushed past the dank bushes in haste, careless, indeed unconscious, of the rain that fell upon him, his mind and heart full of the bitter history he had to tell, and of the love which had stirred every fibre of his warm and deep, though long silent, affections, now fastened on Alma with a strength far surpassing the passion, vehement, it is true, but wayward and fickle, with which other women had inspired him. With all the impatience of his nature he glanced up at the house as he approached. He expected to find her looking out for him, to see her eyes fixed wistfully upon the gate, and to watch the radiance of joy dawn upon her face as she beheld him. He wanted to see that her thoughts and moments were consecrated to him, in his absence as well as his presence, and to have in her joyous welcome and her rapid bound to meet him, surer evidence still of her love. He had no doubt of her; he knew that Alma was too fond to weigh the world against him, to balance love with prudence, and cloak egotism in the guise of affronted virtue. He had no fear but that she would link her life to his in the union for which nature pleaded, and which was their manhood's and their womanhood's right. Still, not to see her there struck a deadly chill into his heart; it was his first disappointment in her—a disappointment that was almost a prophecy.

With a strange, disproportionate anxiety he brushed past the dripping chesnut-boughs, ran up the steps of her bay-window, pushed open the glass door, and entered. There were her easel, her flowers, her little

terrier, Pauline upon her stand pluming her feathers and congratulating herself on her own beauty, one of his own books, "*Notre Dame*," open on her low chair, with some moss-roses flung down in a hurry on its leaves; her colours, and brushes, and half-finished sketches scattered over the room—but the little mistress and queen of it all was absent. There was no sweet welcome for him, no loving radiant face uplifted to his, no rapid musical voice to whisper in his ear earnest impassioned words, no soft caresses to linger on his lips, no warm young heart to beat against his own.

He glanced hastily round on the still deserted chamber, then opened the door, and called her by her name. The house was low and not large, and he knew she would come at the sound of his voice as a spaniel at its master's call. There was no reply; the building was silent as death, and his heart beat thickly with a vague and startled dread. He went on to the staircase and repeated her name; still there was no reply. Had she been anywhere in the house, small as it was, he knew she would have heard and answered him. A horrible unexplained fear fastened upon him, and he turned into a small old-fashioned bedchamber, the door of which stood open, for in its farther window he caught sight of the old woman, her nurse, alone, but sitting in her wicker-chair, her head covered with her apron, rocking herself to and fro in the silent and querulous grief of age.

It is no metaphor that his heart stood still as he beheld her grief, which, mute as it was, spoke to him in a hundred hideous suggestions. She started up as his step rang on the bare floor, and wrung her hands, the tears falling down her wrinkled cheeks.

"Oh, sir! oh, sir! my poor young lady—my pretty darling——"

His hand clenched on her arm like an iron vice.

"My God! what has happened?"

"That ever I should live to see the day," moaned the old woman.

"That ever I couldn't have died afore it. My pretty dear—my sweet little lady that I nursed on my knee when she was a little laughing——"

His grasp crushed on to her wrist, while his words broke from him inarticulate and broken in his dire agony.

"Answer me—what is it? Where is she? Speak—do you hear?"

The woman heard him, and waved to and fro in the garrulous grief of her years.

"Yes, sir—yes; but I am half crazed. She's gone—my poor dear darling!"

"Gone—dead?"

The hue of death itself spread over his face. He let go his hold upon her arm and staggered backwards, all life seeming to cease in the mortal terror of suspense and dread.

"No, sir—no, thank Heaven!" murmured the woman, blind to the agony before her in her own half-fretful sorrow. "Not dead, the pretty dear, though some, I dare say, would sooner see her in her coffin, and sure she might be happier in her grave, than she'll be now, poor child!"

The blood rushed back to his brain and heart; his strong nerves trembled, and he shook in every limb in the anguished agitation of that brief moment which seemed to him a ceaseless eternity of torture. If not dead she could not be lost to him; no human hand had power to take her from his arms.

All his fiery passion, which never brooked opposition or delay, awoke again. He seized the garrulous woman in a grasp whose fervency terrified her :

"Where is she, then? Speak—in a word—without that senseless babble."

"Yes, sir, yes," sobbed the old nurse, half lost in her quivering sorrow, but terrified at his manner and his tone. "She's gone away, sir, with that soft, lying, purring villain—oh, Lord! oh, Lord! what is his name?—that false, silky, girl-faced lord—a duke's son they said he was—who was always hankering after her, and coming to buy pictures, and cared no more for pictures than that cat. She's gone off with him, sir—that dear, innocent child, that a bad man could trap into anything. Thank God! her poor grandfather died before it; it would have broke his heart almost; his pretty darling, that he'd have thought too good for a king on his throne. And it's all my fault. I should have told her what bad men will be—but she was always such a proud little lady, I never thought of saying a word to her, or daring to tell her what she oughtn't to do. And now she's gone away with him, the lying, silky villain, and he'll no more marry her than he'll marry me; and he'll leave her to starve in some foreign land, most likely, and I shall never see her little bright face again. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! sir, you men have much to answer for——"

"She is gone!—with him!"

If she had not been so wrapped in her own rambling regrets she must have noticed the terrible, unutterable anguish in his hoarse and broken words as he grasped her arm with almost wild, unconscious ferocity of madness :

"Woman, it is a vile plot—a lie. She has been trapped, deceived. She has not gone of her own will!"

"Yes, sir, she is—she's gone of her own mind, her own choice," moaned the old nurse.

"I tell you she did *not*—it is a lie," swore De Vigne. "He has stolen her, tricked her, fooled her away. It is a lie, I tell you, and you have been bribed to forge it. He has decoyed her away, and employed you for his accomplice, to pass this varnished tale on me. My God! if you do not acknowledge the truth I will find a way to make you!"

Terrified at his violence the old woman shook with fear, tears falling down her pale and withered cheeks :

"I tell you truth, sir—before Heaven I do. Do you think I should injure her, my pretty little lady, that I've loved like my own child ever since my poor master brought her from foreign lands, a little, lisping, gold-haired thing? Do you think I should join in a plot against her, when I've loved her all her life? Don't you think, sir, I'd be the first to screen her and the last to blame her? I tell you truth, sir, and it breaks my heart in the telling. She went of her own free will, and nothing could stop her. She must have planned it all with him yesterday when he was here: the oily, cruel villain! I knew he didn't come after them pictures; but I never thought Miss Alma would have come to *this*. She went of her own will, sir—she did, indeed! Lord Vane's carriage—his broom, I think they call it—came here between twelve and one this morning; not him in it, but his valet, and he asked straight for Miss Tressillian, and said he had a message for her, and

went in to give it. I thought nothing of it, so many people have been coming and going lately for the pictures ; and indeed, sir, I thought he was your servant, for the man looked like one you used to send here, till my boy, Tom, come in, and said he'd asked the coachman, and the coachman told him his master was the Duke of Tiara's son, and lived in the Albany, I think he called it, whatever that may be. The man wasn't there long before I heard Miss Alma run up-stairs, and as I went across the passage I see her coming down them, with her little black hat on, and a cloak over her muslin dress ; and a queer dread come over me, as it were, for I see her face was flushed, and she'd tears in her eyes, and a wild, excited look ; and I asked her where she was going. But she didn't seem to hear me ; and she brushed past me to where the man was standing. ' I am ready,' she says to him, very excited like ; and then I caught hold of her—I couldn't help it, sir—and I said, though I didn't know where or why she was going, ' Don't go, Miss Alma—don't go, my darling.' But she turned her face to me, with her sweet smile—you know her pretty, imperious, impatient ways—' I must, nurse !' and I got hold of her, and kept on saying, ' Don't go, Miss Alma ! don't !—tell me *where* you're going, at least—do !—my dear little lady !' But you know, sir, if she's set her heart on a thing, it ain't never easy to set her against it ; and there was tears in her eyes. She broke away with that wilfulness she's had ever since she was a little child : ' I cannot stop, nurse—let me go !' and she broke away, as I said, and went down the garden path, sir, the man following after her, and she entered Lord Vane's carriage, and he got up in front, and they drove away, sir, down the road ; and that's the last I ever see of my poor master's darling, Heaven bless her ! and she'll be led into sorrow, and ruin, and shame, and she'll think it's all for love, poor child ; and he'll break her heart and her high proud spirit, and then he'll leave her to beg for her bread ; for that bird's better notions of work than she ; and a deal fit she is to cope with the world, that's so cold and cruel to them that go against it !"

But long ere she ceased her garrulous grief, heedless of his presence or his absence in her absorbed sorrow for her lost darling, De Vigne had staggered from the chamber, literally blinded and stunned by the blow he had received. A sick and deadly faintness as after a vital wound stole over him, every shadow of colour faded from his face as on his marriage-day, leaving it a grey and ashy hue even to his very lips ; his brain was dizzy with a fiery weight that seemed to press upon it ; he felt his way, as if it were dark, into an adjoining room, and sank down upon its single sofa, all the strength of his vigorous manhood broken and cast down by his great agony. How great that agony was Heaven only knew.

He threw back, as a hideous nightmare, the thought that Alma could be false to him ; that a girl so young, so frank, so fond, could be so arch an actress ; that all those loving words, those sweet caresses, that earnest and impassioned affection lavished on him but a few short hours before, were all a lie. Yet the curse of evidence chimed strangely in ; he recalled her blush at his mention of Castleton's name ; he remembered that his ex-valet, Raymond, had entered Castleton's service on being discharged from his ; the mere circumstance of her having left with any one, for anywhere without an explanation, a word, or a message to him—her lover, whom she had parted with so passionately the night before

—these alone wrote out her condemnation, and shattered all hope before his eyes.

What it was to him with all his fiery passions, and deep, silent heart, so fixed and centred on this girl, to find her false, to lose the strongest love of all his life, to know the woman he coveted with the ardent avarice of jealous worship won by another, the joys he thirsted for given to a rival he hated with all the bitter hate of a man for the spoiler who has robbed him of his single treasure—human words, so weak even at the strongest to picture human woe, could never tell. He had had fierce wrongs, fiery hate, and deep, silent sorrows in his life, but none had been like this; the death-blow to all there was of youth, of faith, of beauty, and of glory in his life. Sudden and passionate as had been his dream of love was his terrible awakening. Every nerve seemed to ache with the dull and dreary anguish, every vein seemed on fire with the fell torture of jealousy, his brain grew dizzy trying to realise the hideous and incredible truth, he sat like a man paralysed with a violent and vital blow. He had come full of such a radiant and impassioned future, and an agony worse than his wildest imaginations could have ever dreaded had met him on the threshold.

He sat there in as mortal anguish as man ever knew. If wrong there had been in his acts and his thoughts it was fearfully and cruelly avenged, and the punishment far outweighed the sin. Across the midnight darkness of his mind gleamed lightning flashes of fiery thoughts. Once he started to his feet—in the delirium of jealousy he swore to find Castle-ton wherever he had hid, and make him yield her up, or fight for her till one or the other fell. But pride was not all dead in him—nor ever would be while he had life. Since she had gone to another, let another keep her!

He sat there, all hue of life blanched from his face, his hands clenched, his teeth set tightly as in lock-jaw; the very suddenness of the blow had struck him with something of the blind, dizzy unconsciousness of physical and mortal pain. Once he arose, and sought half unconsciously and with something of the dreamy instinct of a man paralysed by a blow struck at him in the dark, for some note, some sign, some token that might explain her flight, or show at least that she had remembered him whom she had betrayed. He found none, and he sank back on the little couch with a moan of weary anguish, and a bitter curse on the sex that had twice betrayed him.

And now it was that the great faults of De Vigne's nature—hasty doubt, and passionate judgment—came out and rose up against him, marring his life once more. That quick scepticism which one betrayal had engrafted on a nature naturally trusting and unsuspicious, never permitted him to pause, to weigh, to reflect; with the rapidity of vehement and jealous passion, from devoted faith in the woman he loved, he turned to hideous disbelief in her, and classed her recklessly and madly with the vilest and the falsest of her sex. Of no avail the thousand memories of Alma's childlike purity and truth which one moment's thought would have summoned up in her defence, of no avail the fond and noble words spoken to him but the day before, which one moment's recollection would have brought to his mind to vouch for her innocence, and set before him in its vile treachery, the plot to which she had fallen victim,—of no avail! Passionate in every impulse, hasty in every judgment, too cruelly stung

to remember in his madness any reason or any justice, he seized the very poison that was his death-draught, and grasped a lie as truth.

How long he sat there he never knew; time was a long blank to him; roll on as it might, it could only serve him in so far as it brought him nearer to his grave. His brain was on fire, his thoughts lost in one sharp, stinging agony that had entered into his life never to quit it. Thought, memory, hope, were all merged in one fierce, unutterable anguish, where hate, and love, and a very delirium of jealousy seemed to goad him on to madness. He sat there, that one dread fiery weight upon him like molten iron pressing on his brain, till her little dog, that had followed him up the stairs, and now crouched near him, awed as animals always are at the sight of human suffering, crept up and licked his hand, uttering a long, low whine as if mourning for her lost to them both. The touch roused him: how often in happier days, before the curse of love rose up between them, had he smiled to see her playing like a child with her little terrier! The touch roused him, calling him back to the life charged with such unutterable woe for him. He lifted his head and looked around; the clouds had rolled away, and the evening sun, bursting out in all its glory, shone with cruel mockery into the little chamber which, as it chanced, was Alma's apartment. The lattice windows were open, and the roses and clematis looked in with their bright eyes, while the summer wind swept over them with a fresh glad fragrance, stirring the open leaves of a book that lay where she had left it on the dressing-table, and stirring the muslin curtains of the little white bed where night after night her radiant blue eyes had closed in sleep, as pure and sweet as a harebell folding itself to slumber. As he lifted his eyes and looked around the little chamber, so fell his glance upon his own portrait, which hung against the wall with the sunlight streaming full upon it—the portrait which she had drawn from childish memory of her friend "Sir Folko." The sight of the picture told him that it was her room into which he had staggered in his unconscious suffering, and recalled to him the early days when she had first shown him that portrait, lavishing on him her innocent gratitude, her playful tenderness; the early days when their intercourse had been shadowless, and the curse of love had not entered their lives and risen up between them. As he gazed around him at all the trifles that spoke to him like living things of the woman he had loved and lost, the bitter agony in his soul seemed greater than he could bear; the fierce tension of his strained nerves gave way; with one cry to Heaven in his mortal anguish, he fell like a drunken man across the little couch, his brow resting on the pillow where her golden head had so often lain in childlike sleep, deep sobs heaving his breast, burning tears forcing themselves from his eyes, tears which seemed to wring his very life-blood from him in their fiery rain, yet tears which saved him in that horrible hour from madness.

That night he wrote thus briefly to the Major:

"DEAR DUNBAR,—I desire to exchange with you if it can be effected. There is no time to be lost.

"Yours sincerely,

"GRANVILLE DE VIGNE."

II.

HOW WE RODE IN THE LIGHT CAVALRY CHARGE.

ALADYN and Devno!—those green stretching meadows, those rich dense forests, catching the golden glow of the sunshine of the East—those sloping hill-sides, with the clematis, and acacia, and wild vine clinging to them, and the laughing waters of lake and stream sleeping at their base—who could believe that horrible pestilential vapours stole up from them, like a murderer in the dark, and breathing fever, ague, and dysentery into the tents of a slumbering army, stabbed the sleepers while they lay, unconscious of the assassin's hand that was draining away their life and strength? Yet at the very names of Aladyn and Devno rise to memory days of futile longing and weary inaction, of negligence inconceivable, and ennui unutterable, of life spent for the lack of simplest common sense, and graves filled by a schoolboy greed for fruit—such fruit as in such a land was poison when backed by a mad draught of raki. Days, when forbidden to seek another foe, Englishmen and Frenchmen went down powerless and spiritless before the cholera, which had its deadly grip upon them ere they heard its stealthy step. Days, when you could not stroll on the beach without finding at your feet a corpse hastily thrust into the loosened sand, for dogs to gnaw and vultures to make their meal, or look across the harbour without seeing some dead body floating, upright and horrible, in the face of the summer sun. Days, when pestilence was abroad through the encampment from Monastir to Varna, and the stately Guards, the flower of England, the men fresh from the easy, lounging life of London and Windsor, these soldiers “*qui marchent comme les Dieux*,” were so worn out by exhaustion, disease, and the deadly Bulgarian air, that they had barely strength left to march from Aladyn to Varna. Not the place for men to dwindle away their days who had a campaign, and a tough siege, and a bitter winter before them; still less the place for men to come to whose hearts were broken, and whose lives were dark and hopeless. Action and excitement are opiates and panaceas to the deadliest sorrow; inaction eats into the gayest heart, and depresses the lightest spirits, and men who will bear to die in the greatest torture without a murmur or a tremor in their voice, will sicken, and pine, and grow depressed and dispirited, when waiting and waiting, as the English and French forces waited on the pestilential shores of Bulgaria.

Yet we went out to the Crimea light-heartedly and cheerfully enough, God knows. We, tired of our easy life at home, lounging in clubs, pacing in the Ring, and flirting in Belgravian salons, were glad of a chance of that real campaigning of which almost all of us were ignorant, knowing no heavier fatigue than a Hyde Park field-day or a Woolwich sham fight; and the men took it calmly and cheerily, from the gravest lance-corporal to the youngest lad who captivated maid-servants with his dainty stable-dress. Ours were as fine a set of fellows as England ever sent away from her barracks, and though people tell us that our Service is apt to make much of small grievances (an accusation I think they can hardly make against us when great ones fall in to our share), the men bore the discomforts of shipboard, cramped and cooped

up, pitching and tossing over the Bay of Biscay, with nothing to do but to puff at their pipes and look at the seagulls, and suffer the miseries of the *mal de mer*, with as much pluck and patience as could be expected from any Britons.

Women wept sorely the day our transport got under weigh; they would have wept more bitterly still if they had foreseen the pestilence of Bulgaria, the shelterless landing of the 14th of September, the heaps of gay uniforms and stiffening corpses thrust *pêle-mêle* into a hastily dug pit; the long nights in the trenches, where men fell and none marked their fall; the winter days, when, more miserable than the poorest beggar crouching in a gutter at home, Englishmen were bidden to fight, but only left to endure, and not a soul in England seemed to care whether they lived or died.

We went out to the Crimea delightedly enough; most of us had a sort of indistinct panorama of skirmishes and excitement, of breathless charges and handsome Turkish women, of dangers, difficulties, and good tough struggles, pleasant as sport but higher spiced; of a dashing, brilliant campaign, where we should taste real life and give hard hits, and win perhaps some honour, and where we should say, "*Si l'on meurt, eh bien, tant pis!*" in the gay words of the merry French bivouac-song. We thought of what our governors or *grandsires* had done in the Peninsula, and longed to do the same—we did not guess that as different as the bundles of linen, with wrinkled, hideous features, that the Tartars called women, were to the lovely prisoners from the convents of flaming *Badajoz*, would be the weary, dreary, protracted waiting while the batteries strove to beat in the walls of Sebastopol, to the brilliant and rapid assault by which Ciudad Rodrigo was won! I do not like to write of the Crimea; so many painful memories come up with its very name; memories such as all who were out there must have by the score; of true friends slaughtered by negligence and lack of knowledge; of noble fellows lost through the red-tapeism of regulation, that kept its bales of drugs miles away from those that wanted them, and would not give up necessities to save the soldiers from dying off one after another like bees in a smoked hive, without "an order." Of the army that landed in Galipoli, how many in six months' time had fallen in the field, and how many had died of cholera, of dysentery, of pestilence, caught among the deadly forests of Bulgaria, or brought on by the exposure of the night of their first bivouac; of cold, and fevers, and agues, from that piercing wind from which they were given no protection; from that deadly frost, before which mules, and horses, and men went down, while the soldiers in the trenches were dropping off for simple lack of any clothing warmer than rags an English pauper would reject, and the Household Troops were shoeless in the snow? A devil within me always rises up when I think of it—of the white gravestones on Cathcart's Hill, and the rough burial-places of those whom sickness and privation slew when they had come untouched from under the very batteries of the enemy; of Lacy Yea's face, as it lay swollen and almost undistinguishable on the slopes of the Redan; of Louis Nolan's last shriek; of our men, with the bones of their frostbitten hands laid bare; of the soldiers, who would have fought to the last gasp with delight, yet were forced to be, as they termed it, with the iron in their souls,—"*poor, broken-down,*

old commissariat mules;" of the young boys, delicately nurtured, and fresh from every luxury and comfort in their homes, where to wish was to have, and life was one bright summer-day, toiling along in the blinding snow that cavalry horses refused to face, with their clothes hanging about them in miserable tatters, helping their men to tramp the weary five miles between the camp and the commissariat stores, with a cask of rum or biscuit; bearing negligence, privation, storm, and misery, animatedly, cheerily, laughing and comforting their men, even while their own young lives were slowly ebbing away with a sickness unto death;—when I think of all I saw and heard, of all I know was done and suffered there, a devil rises in me that nothing can exorcise. Nothing personal prompts my anger; I liked the campaign well enough myself, having one of the very few tents that stood the hurricane, not missing more than nine-tenths of my letters, enjoying the exceptional blessing of something like a warm coat, and being now and then the happy recipient of a turkey, or some coffee that was *not* ground beans.

I was rewarded as much as any man could expect to be. I have a medal (shared in common with Baltic sailors who never saw the foe, save when securely anchored off Cronstadt) and three clasps, like the privates of the Line, though I am not aware that any infantry man was present at the Balaklava charge. When I came home I was received in a highly enthusiastic manner by the tenantry at Longholme, who, having an eye to the non-raising of their rents, would have cheered the son of the lord of their manor till their throats were hoarse, though he had been as great a brute as the Muscovites who bayoneted our wounded on the field. No; I am perfectly content myself, being happily able to buy my own majority, and being, therefore, independent of that very precarious thing "promotion for distinguished services." But when I think of them all, my dead friends—men so gallant-hearted—men of such high mettle and courage, who went out so cheerily to danger, and wooed death as others woo their brides, and bore with every privation, only thinking of their "poor men," whose deprivations cut nearer to them than their own, and who laid down their lives cheerfully and unrepiningly, though to many of them life was very sweet and very precious, dying of thirst and gun-shot wounds on the dark battle-field, or of typhus fever or cholera among the dreary and crowded hospitals—when I think of them all, whose bodies lie thick where the sweet wild lavender is blowing over the barren steppes of the Chersonese this summer's day, I remember, wrathfully, how civilians, by their own warm hearths, sat and dictated measures by which whole regiments, starving with cold, sickened and died; and how Indian officers, used to the luxurious style of Eastern warfare and travel, asserted those privations to be "nothing," which they were not called to bear; and I fear—I fear—that England may one day live to want such sons of hers as she let suffer and rot on the barren plains of the Crimea, in such misery as she would shudder to entail on a pauper or a convict.

What a night that was the British army spent on September 14! Few of us will ever forget our first bivouac on the Chersonese soil. That pitiless drenching down-pour of sheets of ink-black water, soaking through and through every blanket or great-coat that we, without a tent over

any one of our heads in that furious storm, could offer to oppose to its violence—what a night it was! his first taste of campaigning was rough enough to many a poor fellow. Old generals accustomed to easy fauteuils, pleasant mornings in club-windows, slow canters on park-hacks, and lengthened dinners, products of a cordon bleu, were glad of the shelter of a bit of waterproof-wrapper, and envying the Duke and Sir George Brown their tilted cart. Young lords and honourables, with the down hardly on their cheeks, fresh from every luxury and pleasure, accustomed to get up at noon after their chocolate and French novel, to be dressed by their valet with finest linen and most delicious bouquet, were lying down with reeking pools for their beds, in the pelting, ceaseless storm of rain that poured all night on their defenceless heads from the inhospitable clouds of the Crimea. What a night it was! De Vigne, ever reckless of weather, had not even a blanket to wrap round him, and lay there in the puddles of which the morass-like earth was full, the rain pouring down upon him, the sole man in that army of twenty thousand odd who did not vent his discomfort in groans or oaths; perhaps there was so great a tempest warring in his heart that all exterior miseries passed unnoticed. And Sabretasche, the refined, luxurious man of fashion, accustomed to an excess of luxury even in an age when luxury is at its height, who loved to surround himself with every delicacy and every pleasure that could lull the senses and shut out the harsher world, on whose ear, and eyes, and taste, anything bizarre, painful, or unsightly, jarred so unspeakably, and who had been used from his birth to the most voluptuous and raffiné life, passed the night in a storm to which we should not expose a dog, and in discomfort for which we should pity a beggar;—yet gave away the only shelter he had, a Highland plaid, to a young boy who had but lately joined, a little fellow with a face as fair as a girl's, and who had barely seen seventeen summers, who was shivering and shuddering with incipient ague.

The stamp of their bitter fate was upon both those men; the wounds were too deadly and too recent to be yet skinned over; healed they deemed they never would be, while their hearts beat and pulses throbbed. How Violet and Sabretasche parted Heaven only knew; no human eyes had pried in upon them in that darkest hour; they had parted on the very day that should have been their marriage day; and of all the bitter farewells that were spoken that year, when so many of the best beloved of women left England—left, never to behold it or them again—none was like unto theirs, when their lips met in kisses such as the living give the dead ere the tomb shuts them for ever from their sight. They had parted—whether ever to meet again on earth who could tell? They had parted—the lives that should have blent in one were torn asunder. He left her, and came amongst us—calm, gentle, kind to those about him—thoughtful of the comforts and the needs of his men and his horses; but his brilliant and subtle wit was silent; the melancholy which had tinged his character, even in his happiest hours, had closed wearily and hopelessly around him. His trial was known to all; even the men who had admired Violet's fair face when she had driven up to the barracks, or come to a luncheon in the mess-room, had caught some version and some glimmering of it, and there was not one amongst the Dashers who did not, in his own way, grieve for and reverence the Colonel's sorrow,

for not Strangways, nor Yea, nor Eman, nor Trowbridge, were ever better loved by their men than Vivian Sabretasche was by his.

De Vigne was even yet more altered, and I, who knew nothing of the cause, saw with astonishment all the icy coldness and the chilling hardness which had grown on him after his fatal marriage, but which had of late been utterly dissipated, now closing round him again in tenfold gloom and impenetrability. I could but guess at the cause, when before the embarkation, I, knowing nothing of his passion for Alma, had asked him if he had been to bid her good-by, and wondered what the poor little thing would do without her beloved Sir Folko;—he turned on to me, his face white as death, his eyes black as night:

“Never breathe that name to me again!”

I knew him too well to press questions upon him, and unspeakably as I wondered at this abrupt snap of a friendship which I had always thought would lead to something dearer between a man of his age and a girl of hers, I was obliged to be content with my suspicions as to the solution, in which I did not much doubt the passion that De Vigne had so contemptuously defied had been at work. But, knowing him as I did, I was pained to see the bitter gloom which had gathered round him again, too deeply for trouble, danger, excitement, or care of comment, to have any power to dissipate it; the fierce and stormy passions chained and pent up within him could not but have effect upon his outward manner. He had an impatient, irritable hauteur to his men quite foreign to him, for to his soldiers he was invariably generous and considerate; he was much more stern in his military orders, for before he had abhorred anything like martinetism; and there was a settled and iron gloom upon him with which every now and then it seemed as if the fiery nature in him were at war, struggling like the flames of a volcano within its prison of ice. From the time he took Dunbar's place as major of Ours, I never saw him smile, not once, that sunny, sweet, and radiant smile which used to light up his face so strangely, however haughty or grave the moment before. I never saw him smile, but I did see him now and then, when he was sitting smoking in the door of his tent, or riding beside me home from a dog-hunt or a hurdle-race, look across to where the sea lay, with a passionate agony in his eyes, which must have poured out its pent-up suffering in a resistless tide under the shadow of night and solitude. All he seemed to live for was headlong and reckless danger, if he could have had it. The thing that roused him the most since we left England was when St. Arnaud, Bosquet, Forey, and their staff rode along the front of our columns before Alma, and we were told what the Marshal said to the 55th, “English, I hope you will fight well to-day.”

“By Heaven!” swore De Vigne, fiercely, “if I had been near that fellow I would have told him we will fight as we fought at Waterloo!”

It was a bitter trial to him, as to us all, that the Cavalry could not do more on the 20th, when we sat in our saddles, seeing the serried columns of the Line dash through the hissing waters, red with blood and foaming with the storm of shot, and force their way through the vineyards of the Alma—that little tortuous stream where we tasted blood for the first time on Crimean soil, whose name, with all his self-command, made De Vigne wince more than a Cossack lance thrust through his side would have done. We had not enough to do to satisfy any one of us. Sabretasche had

longed to lead the men, in whose efficiency to do anything he was almost as firm a believer as poor Nolan, on to some such brilliant charge as Anglesea's, when his magnificent rush of Royals, Greys, and Eaniskilleners captured the eagles of D'Erlon's brigade; and De Vigne envied, with all the appreciation and admiring envy of a beau sabreur who knew what good fighting really was, the individual hair-breadth escape of the Guards, the rush of the Fusiliers, the way that Sir Colin's Highlanders won their bonnets. To have sit like targets for the Russians' round shots, though our men were as immovable as if that storm of balls that tore through our lines and ripped up our horses had been soft summer rain, was much too quiet business for any of us. When we awoke on the morning of the 23rd to march on to Katcha, awoke in the dull, dusky fog, through which the watch-fires struggled with the heavy damp and dew, and the rich thrilling roll of the French horns and drums and trumpets, all blending in one wild flourish, came rolling its stirring music through the valley of the Alma, De Vigne looked back to the plain, where nigh eight hundred men lay wounded and helpless, with only one English surgeon—Thompson of the 44th—left with them to care for their great needs, and as he looked wished, I believe, that the stinging, throbbing agony of his life had been stilled there once for ever, and that he could have fallen in the stead of little Walsham of the Artillery, or Monck of the 7th, or any other of the many shovelled into those yawning pits hastily dug on the hill-side for the dead that had fallen among the vineyards of Alma.

Heaven forbid that I should intrude a history of the Crimean campaign upon you. Most of you have somebody either beside you, or in your family, or on your visiting list, who will tell you better than I can write (since each man sees things through his own lorgnon, and there never was a battle yet fought, nor even the most insignificant skirmish, of which each individual present had not his own particular account, differing in pretty well everything from his comrades) of all we did and all we did not do. Besides, the Crimea is getting roccoco now, and it is the fashion to look at it as a dim era of the past, and the blood spilt and the bodies strewn so thick upon its barren steppes have been superseded in interest by the "great national movement" of those civilians who are just now frantically leaving briefs and banks, offices and chambers and consultation-rooms, to shoot at butts, and show themselves in the streets, after the eccentric manner of all amateurs, in the glory of their full sleeves, Albert hats, and waving cocktails. Heaven forbid that I should bore you with a history of the Crimea. We would fain have done much more there if they had let us, and what we did do we do not need to din into anybody, since it was our simplest and our plainest duty.

We were weary of inaction; our Arm of the service had had little or nothing to do; we were not allowed to push on the pursuit at Alma, nor the charge at Mackenzie's Farm; we were stung by certain individual sneers that we were "too fine gentlemen for our work," and we were longing to prove, as we should have done long before if opportunity had not been denied us, that if we were "above our business of collecting supplies for the army," we could, if we had the chance, send home to England such a tale as would show them how cheaply the fine gentlemen of the Light Cavalry held life when honour claimed it, and would cover

our slanderers for ever in the shame of their own lies. Whether it was from necessity or from injustice, opinions differed, but we felt that our Arm had not had the opportunities given us we might have had, and De Vigne was not alone in the bitter oaths he swore at the enforced inaction of the Light Cavalry, when we might have shown them what we could do, had we only been allowed, both at, and subsequent to, Alma. He was not alone in the glow of excitement and the hope of "something to do," when, at half-past seven, the news of the Russians' advance came down to our camp on the dawn of the 25th of October, and without time for the men to water the horses, or get any breakfast for themselves, we were roused by the notes of Boot and Saddle, and drawn up on the slopes behind the redoubts. The story of that day is well enough known in England. How brightly the sun shone that morning, dancing on the blue strip of sea, and flashing on the lines of steel gleaming and bristling below, on the solid masses of the Russians, with their glittering lances and sabres, and their gay accoutred skirmishers whirling before their line of march like swallows in the air; on the fierce-eyed, rapid, brilliant Zouaves lying behind the earthworks; on our Light and Heavy brigades in front of our camp; on Sir Colin's Highlanders drawn up *two deep*;—the 93rd did not need to alter their line even to receive the magnificent charge of masses of Muscovite cavalry. How brightly the sun shone,—and how breathlessly we waited in that dead silence, only broken by the clink and the ring of the horses' bits and the unsheathing of sabres, as the Russians came up the valley, those splendid masses of cavalry moving en echelon up to the attack. Breathless every man on the slopes and in the valley, French and English, soldier and amateur, waited, while the grand line of the Muscovite Horse rode on to the 93rd, who quietly awaited them, motionless and impenetrable as a wall of granite, firm and invulnerable as their own Highland sea-wall—awaited them, till with their second volley, rolling out on the clear morning air, they sent that splendid body of horse flying, shivered, like sea-foam breaking on a rock. Then came the time for Scarlett and his Heavies—when the Russian Lancers, and Hussars, and Dragoons galloped over the hill, their squadrons twice our length and more than twice our depth, and the trumpets rang out twice, and Lord Raglan and his staff, the French generals and their masses of infantry, and all the lookers-on gathered up yonder on the heights, held their breath when Greys and Eunniskillers, with the joyous cheer of the one, the wild shout of the other ringing through the air, rushed at the massive columns of the Russians, charged in amongst them, shaking their serried masses as a hurricane shakes woodland trees; and closing with their second line as it came up to retrieve the lost honour of the priest-blessed Muscovite lances, mingled pêle-mêle with them, their swords crossing and flashing in the air, reckless of all odds, cutting their way inch by inch through the dense squadrons closing round them—those "beautiful grey horses" pushing their road with that dash and daring which had once won them Napoleon's admiration—till the 1st Royals, the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, rushed in to the rescue, and sent the Russian columns flying over the plain like a routed herd of cattle without a leader. How the lookers-on cheered them, waving their caps in their hands and shouting rapturous applause, till the heights rang again, as the Brigadier and his Heavies rode back from their

assault!—and De Vigne muttered, as he glanced down the line of our light brigade:

“By Heaven! what wouldn't I give to have ridden that charge with the Greys! When is our turn to come?”

Our turn was near at hand. An hour after we received the order to advance on the Russian guns. With the blame, on whomsoever it may lie of that rash order, I have nothing to do. That vexatious question can never be settled, since he on whose shoulders they place it lies in the valley of Balaklava, the first victim to it that fell, and cannot raise his voice to reply, or give the lie, if it be a lie, to his calumniators, as he would have done so fearlessly in his life. If Louis Nolan were to blame, his passionate love for our Arm of the service, and his jealousy over its honour, his belief that Light Cavalry would do all and anything though it were the work of demigods, and his irritation that hitherto we had not been given the opportunity we might have had, must plead his excuse; and I think his daring spirit, his brilliant courage, and the memory of that joyous cheer to his Hussars which ended in the wild death-cry which none who heard can ever forget, might be enough to silence the angry jar and jangle of contention above his grave, and set the seals of oblivion upon his error.

The order was given us to take the Russian guns. For the first time since we had landed a light of joy and pleasure came into the Colonel's mournful eyes; and his old proud, glad, sunlit smile flashed over De Vigne's face. We were so sick of inaction, of riding about the Chersonese doing nothing, and letting other men's names go home in the despatches!

The order was given to take the Russian guns. At ten minutes past eleven we of the Light Brigade shook our bridles and dashed off in the morning sunlight towards the Russian battery. Lookers-on tell me they could hardly credit that we, so few in numbers, and entirely unsupported, were going to charge an army in position, and that they gave us up for hopeless destruction as we swept past them full gallop, the sunshine catching the points of our sabres and flashing off our harness. If they did not credit it, *we* did. We knew it was against all maxims of war for cavalry to act without support or infantry at hand. We knew that in all probability few indeed, if any of us, would ever come back from that rapid and deadly ride. But the order was given. There were the guns—and away we went, quickening from trot to canter, and from canter to gallop, as we drew nearer to them. On we went, spurring our horses across the space that divided us from those grim fiery mouths. On we went: Sabretasche's silvery voice cheering us on, and the delicate white hand that Belgravian belles admired pointing to the guns before us; De Vigne a little in advance of us all, sitting down in his saddle as in bygone days, when he led the field across Northampton pastures or Leicestershire bulfinches, a glow upon his face, his eyes flashing fire, his teeth set, his fingers clenched on the true steel that had done trusty work for him before then among the Indian jungles. On we went. All I was conscious of was of a feverish exultation; a wild, causeless delight; a fierce, tiger-like longing to be at them, and upon them. The ring of the horses' iron hoofs, the chink of the rattling bits, the dashing of chains and sabres, the whistle and screech of the bullets as they flew amongst us

from the redoubt, all made a music in my ear to which my heart beat with delicious excitement. God knows how it is, but in such hours as that the last thing one thinks of is the death so near at hand. Though men reeled from their saddles and fell lifeless to the ground at every step, and riderless chargers fled snorting and wounded from our ranks; though the guns from the redoubt poured on us as we swept past, and volleys of rifles and musketry raked our ranks; though every moment great gaps were made, till the fire broke our first line, and the second had to fill it up; though from the thirty guns before us poured a deadly fire, whose murderous balls fell amongst us as we rode, clearing scores of saddles, sweeping down horses and men, and strewing the plain as we passed with quivering human bodies, and chargers rolling over and over in their death-agony,—on we rode, down into that fiery embrace of smoke and flame that stretched out its arms and hissed its fell kisses at us from the Russian line. His sword whirling and flashing above his head, De Vigne spurred his horse into the dense smoke of the blazing batteries. With a cheer to his men, in that sweet and silvery voice that had whispered such soft love-vows in women's ears, Sabretasche led us in between the guns. Every one was for himself then, as we dashed into the battery and sabred the gunners at their posts, while the oblique fire from the hills, and the direct fire of musketry, poured in upon us. Prodiges of valour were done there never to be chronicled. Twice through the blinding smoke I saw De Vigne beside me—the Charmed Life, as they had called him in India—neckless of the storm of balls that fell about him, sitting in his saddle as firmly as if he were at a Pychley meet. We had no breathing-time to think of others in that desperate struggle, but once I heard Pigott near me shout out, “The Colonel’s down!” Thank God it was not true; down he was, to be sure, for his horse was killed under him by a round shot; but Sabretasche sprang up again in an instant, as calm and collected as though he were pacing the Ring in Hyde Park, vaulted on a riderless charger that was by him, and struck down a gunner the next moment, his face all the while as pale and as impassive as if he were in a drawing-room at home. That wild mêlée! I can remember nothing distinctly in it, save the mad thirst for blood that at such a time rises in one as savagely as in a beast of prey. A shot struck my left arm, breaking the bone above my wrist; but I was conscious of no pain as we broke through the column of Russian infantry, sending them flying before us, broken and scattered like thistle-down upon the wind, and were returning from our charge, as brilliantly as the Scots and Enniskilleners had returned from theirs, when, as you know, the flank fire from the hill battery opened upon us—an enemy we could not reach or silence—and a mass of Russian Lancers were hurled upon our flank. Shewell and his 8th cut through them—we stayed for an encounter, hemmed in on every side, shrouded—our little handful of men—by the dense columns of their troops. It was hot work, work that strewed the plain with the English Light Brigade, as a harvest-field is strewn with wheat-ears ere the sheaves are gathered. But we should have broken through them still, no matter what the odds, for there were deeds of individual daring done in that desperate struggle which would make the chilliest blood glow, and the most lethargic listener kindle into admiration. We should have cut through them, coûte que coûte, but that horrible volley of grape and canister, on

which all Europe has cried shame, poured on friend and foe from the gunners who had fled before our charge, the balls singing with their murderous hiss through the air, and falling on the striving mass of human life, where English and Russian fought together, carrying death and destruction with its coward fire into the ranks of both, and stamping the Church-blessed troops of the Czar with ineffaceable infamy.

It was with bitter hearts and deadly thoughts that we, the remnant of the Six Hundred, rode back, leaving the flower of the Light Brigade dead or dying before those murderous Russian guns ;—and it was all done, all over, in five-and-twenty minutes—less than a fox-hunt would have taken at home!

De Vigne was unhurt. The Charmed Life must still have had his spell about him, for if any man in the Cavalry had risked danger and courted death that day he had done so ; but he rode out of the lines at Balaklava without even a scratch. Sabretasche had been hit by a ball which had only grazed his shoulder ; the delicate and raffiné man of fashion would have laughed at a much more deadly wound. We were not too “fine gentlemen” for *that* work, but rather went through it perhaps the better for having come of a race that for many generations had never “funked,” and bearing names that cowardice or dishonour had never touched. With tears standing in his eyes, Sabretasche looked back one morning to the plain where so many of his Dashers had fallen, torn and mangled in the bloody jaws of those grim batteries, the daring spirits quenched, the vigorous lives spent, the gallant forms food for the worms, and he turned to De Vigne with a mournful smile, “*Cui bono ?*”

True indeed—*cui bono ?* that waste of heroic human life. There was a bitter significance in his favourite sarcasm, which the potentates, who for their own private ends had drenched the Chersonese in blood, would have found it hard to answer. *Cui bono* indeed ! Their bones lie whitening there in the valley of Balaklava ; fresh fancies amuse and agitate the nations ; the Light Cavalry charge is coldly criticised and pronounced tomfoolery, and their names are only remembered in the hearts of some few women whose lives were desolation when they fell.

III.

THE BRIDAL JEWELS GO TO THE MONT DE PIÉTÉ.

IN their salon in the Champs Elysées, that crowded, gaudy, and much-bedizened room, sat, as they had sat twelve months before, old Fantyre and the Trefusis, the old woman huddled up among a pile of cushions, shawls, and furs, with her feet on a chaufferette, older and uglier, with her wig awry, and her little piercing black eyes roving about like a monkey's as she drank her accustomed demie tasse, which, as I before observed, looked most suspiciously like cognac undefiled ; the younger one, with her coarse, dashing, full-blown, highly-tinted beauty not shown off to the best advantage, for it was quite early morning, madame n'était pas visible, of course, in common with all Parisiennes, whether Parisienne by birth or by adoption ; and not being visible, the Trefusis had not thought it worth her while to dress, but hastily enveloped in a

peignoir, looked certainly, though she was a fine woman still, not exactly calculated to please the taste of a high-born gentleman used to the sight and the society of delicate aristocrates (though, truly, before *they* are made up, some of those self-same delicate aristocrates!—but, *taissons nous!* If we pried into the composition of the entremets at Vésours' or the Trois Frères, should we enjoy the dainties of them?).

"Well, my dear, ain't he killed yet?" demanded old Fantyre, in her liveliest treble.

"No," said the Trefusis, running her eye through the returns of the 25th October. "Major Halkett, Captain Nolan, Lord Fitzgibbon—lots of them—but——"

"Not the right one," chuckled the old Fantyre, who, though she had her own private reasons for desiring De Vigne's demise, as his property was so ruled that a considerable portion must have come to his wife whether he had willed it so or not, had still that exquisite pleasure in the Trefusis's mortification which better people than the old Viscountess indulge in now and then at their friends' expense. "Deuce take the man! Tiresome creature it is; shot and sabre carry off lots of pretty fellows out there. Why on earth can't they touch him? And that beautiful creature, Vivian Sabretasche, is *he* all right?"

"Slightly wounded—that's all."

"How cross you are, my dear. If you must not wear widow's weeds, I can't help it, can I? They're not becoming, my dear—not at all; though if a woman knows how to manage 'em, she may do a good deal under her crape. Men ain't afraid of a widow as they are of an unmarried woman, though Heaven knows they need be if they knew all; the "dear departed" 's a capital dodge to secure a new pigeon. Mark my words, my dear, De Vigne won't die just because you wish him!"

"Wish him!" reiterated the Trefusis. "How disagreeably you phrase things, Lady Fantyre."

"Give 'em their right names, my dear? Yes, I believe that is uncommon disagreeable for most people," chuckled the old woman. "In my time, you know, we weren't so particular; if we did naughty things (and we did very many, my dear, almost as many as people do now!), we weren't ashamed to call 'em by their dictionary names. Humbug's a new-fangled thing, as well as a new-fangled word. They say we were coarse; I don't know, I'm sure; I suppose we were; but I know we didn't love things under the rose and sneak out of 'em in daylight as you nineteenth-century people do; our men, if they went to the casinos at night, didn't go to Bible meetings, and Maintenance-of-Immaculate-Society boards, and Regenerated Magdalens' Refuges the next morning—as they do now-a-days. However, if we were more consistent, we weren't so Christian, I suppose! Lor' bless me, what a deal of cant there is about in the world now; even you, whom I did think was pretty well as unscrupulous as anybody I ever met, won't allow you'd have liked to see De Vigne among them returns. I know when poor old Fantyre died, Lady Rougepot says to me, 'What a relief, my dear!' and I'm sure I never thought of differing from her for a minute! You've never had but one checkmate in your life, Constance—with that little girl Trevelyan—Tressillian—what's her name?"

"Little devil!" said the Trefusis, bitterly; she had not grown the

choicest in her expressions, from constant contact with the Fantyre. "I saw her again the other day."

"Here?"

"Yes; in the Rue Vivienne—in a fleuriste's shop. I passed her quite close; she knew me again. I could tell that by the scorn there was in her eyes and the sneer that came on her lips. Little fool! with the marriage certificate before her very eyes, she wouldn't believe the truth."

"The scheme was so good it deserved complete success. I hate that little thing—such a child as she looks to have put one down, and outgeneralled one's plans."

"Child!" chuckled old Fantyre; she wasn't so much of a child but what she could give you one of the best retorts I ever heard. "It was a pity you didn't learn the semblance of a lady to support you in the assumption of your rôle!" Vastly good, vastly good; how delighted Selwyn would have been with that.

"Little devil!" repeated the Trefusis again. "I hate the sight of that girl's great dark-blue eyes. De Vigne shall never see her again if I can help it, little, contemptuous, haughty creature!"

"She's a lady, ain't she?" said the Fantyre, drily.

"I'm sure I don't know. She is as proud as a princess, though she's nothing but an artist after all. Good gracious! Who is that?" said the Trefusis, as she heard a ring at the entrance, giving a hurried dismayed glance at her negligée. "It can't be Anatole nor De Brissac; they never come so early."

"If they do, my dear, beauty unadorned, you know——"

"Stuff!" said the Trefusis, angrily. "Beauty unadorned would get uncommonly few admirers in these days. Perhaps it's nobody for us."

As she spoke a servant entered, and brought her a piece of paper with a few words on it, unfolded and unsealed.

"What's that, my dear?" asked Lady Fantyre, eagerly.

"Only my dressmaker," said the Trefusis, with affected carelessness, but with an uneasy frown, which did not escape the quick old lady.

"Dressmaker!" chuckled the Fantyre, as she was left alone. "If you've any secrets from me, my dear, we shall soon quarrel. I've no objection whatever to living with you as long as you have that poor fellow's three thousand a year, and we can make a tidy little income with you to attract the young men, and me to play whist and *ecarté* with 'em; but if you begin to hold any cards I don't see I shall throw up the game, though we have played it some time together."

While old Fantyre, who had this single virtue amongst all her vices, that she was candid about them—more than can be said of most sinners—thus talked to herself over her cognac and coffee; the Trefusis had gone, demi-toilette and all, into the *salle*, where there awaited her a neat, slight fair man, with a delicate badine and gold studs, who looked something between a valet, an actor, and a would-be dandy—such as you may see by scores any day in Oxford-street, or on the Boulevards, hanging about the Bada, or lounging in the *parterre* of the Odéon.

He smiled, a curious slight smile, as the Trefusis entered.

"*Vous voila, Madame!* Not *en grande tenue* to-day; too early for your pigeons I suppose? I dare say you and the old lady make a very good thing out of it, though of course you only entertain immaculate

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society, for fear you should give the Major a chance to bring you up before a certain Law Court, eh?"

"What did you come for so soon again?" demanded the Trefusis, abruptly, with as scant courtesy as might be. "I have only five minutes to spare, you had better not waste it in idle talk."

"What do I come for, *ma belle*? Now, what *should* I come for? What do I ever come for, pray?" returned her visitor, in no wise displeased, but rather amused at her annoyance.

"Money!" retorted the Trefusis, with an angry glare. "You will get none to-day, I can assure you!"

The man laughed.

"Now why always keep up this little farce? Money I wish for—money you will give me. Why make the same amusing little denial of it every time."

"It is no amusing little denial to-day, at all events," said the Trefusis, coldly. "I have none left. I cannot give you what I have not."

He laughed, and played a tattoo with the cornelian head of his cane.

"Very well, then I will go to the Major."

"You cannot. He is in the Crimea."

"To the Crimea I can go to-morrow, *belle amie*, in the service of a gentleman who has a fancy to visit it. But I am tired of playing the valet, though it is amusing enough sometimes; and, indeed, as you pay so very badly, I have been thinking of writing to De Vigne, he will give me anything I ask, for my information."

The Trefusis's eyes grew fiercer, but she turned pale and wavered.

"A line of mine will tell the Major, you know, *belle amie*—and the crime is actionable—and I don't fancy he will be inclined to be very gentle to his wife—*née* Lucy Davis, eh?" he went on, amused to watch the changes on her face. He will pay very highly, too—what are a few thousands to him?—he is as lavish as the winds; as proud as the devil, and hating *Mme. sa femme* as he does, he will give me, I have no doubt, anything I ask. It will be a much better investment for me; I won't trouble you any more, Lucy; I shall write to the Major at once."

He rose, and took his hat; but the Trefusis interrupted him.

"Stay—wait a moment—how much do you want?"

"Fifty pounds now, and as much this day week."

"Impossible! I have not half——"

"Glad to hear it, *madame*. The Major will be the much better paymaster. With his thousands I can get a life annuity, buy stock, take shares, do what I like, even—who knows?—became an eminently respectable member of society! Adieu! *belle amie*; when we next meet it will be in the law-courts over the water."

"Villain!" swore the Trefusis, with a fierce flash of her black eyes.

He laughed:

"Not at all; you have the monopoly of any villany there may be in the transaction. Adieu! what shall I say from you to the Major—any tender message?"

"Wait," cried the Trefusis, hurriedly. "I have five naps—I could let you have more to-morrow; and—you could take one of my bracelets——"

"One! No, thank you, the other plan will be best for me. I am tired of these instalments, and De Vigne——"

"But—my diamonds, then—the ceinture he was fool enough to give me——" She tried to speak coldly, but there was a trembling eagerness in her manner which belied her assumed calmness.

"Fool, indeed!—and to think he was a man of the world! Your diamonds!—*ma chère*, you must be in strange fear, indeed, to offer me them. They must be worth no end, or they would not be the Major's giving. Those bracelets he bought for the Little Tressillian cost a hundred the pair, I know: splendid emeralds they were; he thought I never saw them, but they laid five minutes on his dressing-table before he sealed them up. He was always careless in those things: I believe, aristocrat as he was, he thought servants had neither eyes nor ears, instead of having them, in point of fact, just doubly acute. Well," he went on—he had only made this lengthened digression to annoy his listener—"Well, come, let us look at those diamonds—I am willing to spare you, if I can, for old acquaintance sake."

When he left the house he carried with him that magnificent diamond ceinture which De Vigne had bought, in his lover's madness, for his bride nine years before, and took it up to the Mont de Piété. Three thousand a year was not a bad income, but the Trefusis's dress, the Fantyre's wines, the petits soupers, and the numerous Paris agréments and amusements, ran away with it very fast, and though *écarte*, *vingt-et-un*, and whist, added considerably to their resources, the Trefusis was very often hard up, as people who have lived on their wits all their lives not unfrequently are. One would fancy such sharpening upon the grindstone of want might teach them economy in prosperity; but I don't think it often does; the *cannille* ever glory in the vulgar pride of money, waste hundreds in grand dinners, and—grudge the pineapple. Besides, the Trefusis, too, had a drain on her exchequer, of which the world and even Argus-eyed old Fantyre was ignorant.

A DAY'S FISHING ON THE POTOMAC IN 1860.

BY W. BRODIE.

ACCORDING to a previous agreement I was awakened from my sleep about half an hour before sunrise by my friend Stevens, to accompany him on a fishing excursion to the Little Falls of the Potomac. The song of the nightingale struck sweetly on my ear through the open window; and as I looked out, hoping to see the first streak of morning light in the east, a lazy fire-fly flitted here and there through the thick foliage of the trees that grew in front of my residence. In a few minutes afterwards I was trudging on my way from Washington to Georgetown, splashing, in the darkness, through the deep mud with which the heavy rain of the day before had filled the badly-paved streets; and we had almost reached the bridge across the stream called Rock Creek before the bright shimmer of the morning began to appear

on the edge of the horizon. Here we were met by our friends, Rumsey and Mann, in a fast waggon, who soon drove us to the point where our day's sport was to begin.

The spot at which we alighted is about a mile below the Little Falls. It is one of the most romantic sites imaginable. The banks of the Potomac rise up almost perpendicularly on either side, yet from every crevice in the rocks large trees spring out, and every ledge is covered with thick brushwood, whilst variegated lichens and all sorts of woodland flowers lend their charms to clothe the cold, grey, rugged rocks that project their huge masses from among the foliage. The river itself, though swollen with the late rains, but barely filled its channel, the main waters being drained off by the large canal that occupies a portion of its bed. Yet it brawled and fumed against the numerous rough boulders that obstructed its progress. The day promised fairly for our excursion. The regular fishermen told us that the take of bass, and rock, and herring, was plenty, and that the rains had just been sufficient to bring up the fish without being strong enough to carry down food to satisfy their appetites.

Immediately after our arrival we paddled across to a sort of island about mid-channel, and in about an hour and a half a few fine rock-fish had rewarded our labours. The sun was shining down in all the mild radiance of spring on the river, and gilding with the roseate hue of morning each dancing wave as it rippled on its way. Above, the foliage of the trees, of the tenderest yet brightest green, contrasted sweetly with the deep unclouded blue of the sky, and the songs of a thousand little birds that peopled the thickly-wooded banks on either side of us, made this one of the most enjoyable mornings I ever remember to have passed. It was, indeed, one of those mornings when the very act of living in itself seems to possess charms which, though easily felt, are yet, in their pleasurable intensity, incapable of being expressed in language. Music, perhaps, approaches nearer doing so than anything else.

We had already caught a sufficient quantity of fish, not to be ashamed of our work should we even then have returned home; but as we thought it would be well to spend the rest of the day in this delightful spot, and as we found at the same time that we must change our fishing ground a little, we determined on landing on the Virginia side, cooking some breakfast, and, after finishing our meal, proceeding nearer to the suspension-bridge. The place fixed upon for our repast, by Rumsey, was picturesque in the extreme. Running up from the river for about twenty feet to the base of the cliffs was an inclined plane of the softest green velvet sward, studded with crocuses, violets, &c. Right in the background a crystal stream trickled for some fifty or sixty feet down the front of the rock with an inviting metallic tinkle into a basin wrought out by itself in the solid stone, and then stole down, almost unseen, through the grass into the river at our feet. Here we collected some brushwood, struck a light, kindled a bright, crackling fire; and having prepared our coffee, broiled a few of the fish we had just caught, and with them and a couple of loaves made one of the pleasantest meals it is possible to conceive—a meal to which a long fast and appetites sharpened by exercise did not fail to give a peculiar zest. We then all drank some of the pure, limpid, ice-cold water in the basin behind us, and prepared once more to embark

in our flat-bottomed punt. But before doing so, we sat down on the grassy bank looking towards the aqueduct bridge at Georgetown, and, I must admit, that I for one was struck with the beauty of the view; and as it was the first time I had been at that part of the river, could not help expressing to my companions the regret I felt that foreigners visiting the capital of the United States were not generally taken by the natives to such places as this from which they might be able to form a better opinion of the surrounding scenery than they usually do from visiting only the town and the Capitol. After waiting still in the enjoyment of the scene until we had discussed our morning cigar, we leapt again into our boat, and what between rowing and pushing, had managed to get up about a quarter of a mile against the stream, and were endeavouring to reach a tall steeple-shaped rock that stands close in to the Virginian shore, when, as bad luck would have it, our boat upset. Fortunately the water was not above three feet deep, and with a little trouble we had righted our boat, bailed her out, and collected all our rods, fishing tackle, baskets, &c., and were getting in to push off again from the shore, when Mann screamed out, in a voice of despair and anguish:

"Oh, Heavens! I am bitten by a snake. Pull, pull, for mercy's sake, to the Georgetown side, that I may get whisky at once; for if I do not get some within half an hour I know that I shall be a dead man in the course of this very afternoon."

Pale as death he sprang into the boat, and threw himself half fainting at the bottom of it. Every nerve was strained to gain the opposite shore as quickly as possible, for we all knew that the snake most common in those parts, and that which is more often found in the waters, is the copper-head, one of the most deadly snakes on the American continent, and that the only remedy known for its bite is to make the person bitten drink spirits until he is completely stupefied, when the venom loses its power.

A few minutes brought us to the bank of the river; but we had still to cross the wide canal, and how to do so completely puzzled us. Our boat was too heavy for us to be able to carry it up the steep embankment. What was to be done. There was, no doubt, a huge canal boat lying moored near us; but we did not know if, as it was a holiday, there would be anybody on board or not. A light blue smoke, however, that ascended from the cabin chimney, rendered it a matter of probability that the boatman's wife might be there; then again, would she have any whisky with her; and, if not, could she let her barge fall across the canal so that we might get over, for if the men were away of course they would have taken the pinnacle with them. All these thoughts rushed through my mind, and, as I found afterwards, through that of Stevens, who waited with me to help in assisting Mann up to the canal, whilst Rumsey went before to see if any of the bargemen were on board. Scarcely had he left us, however, when we saw him returning with two great stout fellows, who at once shouldered our sick companion and conveyed him to their cabin, where they placed him on a bed, and taking a demijohn of whisky out of a locker forced a good pint of it at once down his throat, and patiently waited the issue, the elder one telling us:

"Wal, gentlemen, I ain't quite sartin, but I reckon I've seed about as much of this ar work as most men what trades up and down ourn canal.

In my state—old Kentucky—there's a precious lot o' them varmin; you can't a'most go to draw water but what you comes on one on 'em critturs, or mayhap a rattlesnake or two. Oh! Kentucky's the place for all things. I guess you don't find men o' my size and my son's down in them parts; and it ain't none o' yer pison. I give youre friend jist now, but the real pride o' Kentucky as I've put a pint uv in him. It udn't hurt a babe it wouldn't. Will you smile along o' us, sir?"

To this appeal to drink with him, from our kind host, there was no saying nay, so we all three drank to his and his family's health, and to Mann's speedy recovery. At this moment the son, who had been watching him, called our attention to the fact that he was falling asleep, it seemed, and appeared to be breathing rather hard. We all rose up to look at him, anxious as to his fate. The old boatman took up his hand, felt it, and peered into his face.

"This don't look as well as it mightn do," says he; "mayhap it's the spirit a working, but I'm sore afeard on't. Any how we must get his clothes off, and let un rest."

To pull off his dress was now the next thing to be done, and as we lifted him up gently on the bed the old man pulled away at his overalls and trousers, when he suddenly cried out,

"Stand clar! I'm blowed if the tarnation viper ain't in his trousers."

With that he threw down the overalls and trousers on the cabin floor, and sure enough there was something moving about in them.

"Get sticks and kill the sarpint between the folds. Don't let'n out," was the son's suggestion.

So to work we set, and beat the trousers and overalls so unmercifully that no snake could ever have lived through the heavy strokes that fell on its devoted head. The movement had ceased, so we carefully turned the trousers and overalls inside out, when lo! there fell from between the two, not a snake, but a wretched little cat-fish, smashed to a mummy, that had got under his overalls, and whose sharp back fin pricking him through his trousers had so frightened our friend Mann. A hearty laugh broke out on all sides so soon as we discovered our error, in which laugh, however, Mann did not join, as he was lying senseless on the bed, not dead, but only dead drunk. This mistake was the ground for many an after-joke; and even now, when any one wishes to "rile" Mann, all they have to do is to ask him if he likes the pride of Kentucky, or if a copper-head's bite is very painful?

THE LATER YEARS OF PITT.*

WE have already mentioned his disappointment at the unfavourable reception of the measures so carefully matured for the improvement of our commercial relations with Ireland. To its Lord Lieutenant (the Duke of Rutland)—whose death, the following year, deprived him of one of his earliest and most attached friends—he wrote confidentially,† and while the subject still pressed upon his mind, that it was a satisfaction to have proposed a system which would not be “discredited even by its failure,” and that those who had obstructed it would themselves be the greatest sufferers. “I believe,” he adds, “that the time will yet come when we shall see all our views realised in both countries, and for the advantage of both.”

But it was the misfortune of Pitt, in many matters, both of trade and of policy, to be in advance not less of those with whom he had to act than of his times. Lord Stanhope remarks how many of his views were in his own day disputed or opposed as dangerous which have since been adopted almost by universal assent, as indispensable. He meditated the commutation of tythes.‡ He was anxious for the removal of civil disabilities from the Roman Catholics. He endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to improve our poor-laws.§ He was the first to impress upon unbelieving hearers the reasonable probability that the reduction of a tax might add to the revenue it produced. And he considered that the only effect of prohibitive duties was the increase of smuggling. His treaty with France was a large and liberal measure, conceived in a spirit of amity towards the power that had been absurdly represented as our unalterable|| enemy; and “notwithstanding every effort, and in spite of all the eloquence of Fox and Sheridan, of Francis and Grey,” it was carried by the overwhelming majority of 286 against 116.

A very different struggle awaited him.

Lord Stanhope has availed himself of the revelations of Madame d'Arblay, and of other contemporary diaries, in reviving the painful incidents connected with the first illness of the king; and we do not know anything more touching than the exclamation of the royal sufferer when, turning to one of his sons, he burst into tears, and gave utterance to the simple but most affecting words, “I wish to God I might die, for I am going to be mad!”¶ We have no desire to dwell upon this sad, and almost humiliating, portion of our history. In preparing for the possible contingency of a regency, Mr. Pitt showed his usual firmness and integrity, and he was assisted, more than injured, by the violence of his oppo-

* Continued from last month. Vol. *xxxv.* p. 348.

† Vol. *i.* 266.

‡ See his letter to the Duke of Rutland, vol. *i.* p. 318.

§ Lord Stanhope informs us that a copy of his bill, which was admirably devised, is still preserved in the library of the House of Lords. An abstract of it was given in the *Times* of March 19, 1838. Vol. *ii.* p. 396.

|| Sir Philip Francis suggested that it was not consistent with experience that such near neighbours should ever agree; and this mere badinage was about the strongest argument that was urged.

¶ On the authority of a letter quoted from Moore's *Life* of Sheridan, vol. *ii.* pp. 21-31.

nents. They indulged in a wantonness of vituperation that seems beyond even the sharp sarcasms of Disraeli. Burke went so far as to call the prime minister "one of the prince's competitors," and in another part of his speech described him as "the prince opposite." Sheridan threatened him with "the danger of provoking the prince to *assert* his right," and Fox, in one of his ablest speeches, alleged that his rival "would never have proposed any limitation of the prince's power, had he not been conscious that he did not deserve the prince's confidence, and would not be the prince's minister." To this unworthy taunt Pitt replied with a dignity and power which he never excelled. Grenville said of it: "I never heard a finer burst of eloquence, nor witnessed such an impression as it produced." It had the rare effect of a speech in the House of Commons, of materially influencing the votes; and the Resolution it supported was affirmed by 268 against 204.

Upon the result of these discussions his tenure of office depended. "It was known," we are told by his biographer, "that he had already taken measures for returning to his first profession, and he trusted to discharge the debts in which a neglect of his private affairs had involved him by an industrious application of his talents at the bar." In the mean time a meeting was held, "by public advertisement, of the principal bankers and moneyed men of London" to tender him, on retiring from office, "a substantial mark of their esteem." "The sum of 50,000*l.* was first proposed, but so great was the enthusiasm, that in the space of forty-eight hours this sum was doubled," and Mr. Rose "was requested to press upon him, in the manner most likely to be acceptable, a free gift of 100,000*l.*" "No consideration on earth shall ever induce me to accept it," was his dignified answer to this generous offer.*

His refusal, two years later, of the king's offer of the Garter, we cannot regard as equally disinterested, for if he declined it for himself he asked and obtained it for his brother, the inefficient Lord Chatham.†

Amongst the events which preceded the war there are one or two other matters to which we may briefly refer.

In sanctioning the proceedings against Warren Hastings he had no vindictive feeling to gratify, like Francis; no ambitious love of popularity and display, like Burke or Sheridan. He took part in them unwillingly, and solely from a sense of justice and of duty. The king, though he differed with him in opinion, gave him credit for his motives; but as regarded the Rajah of Benares he at the same time reminded him, with much good sense though in homely phrase, that it did not seem possible "in that country to carry on business with the same moderation that is suitable to an European civilised nation."‡

One of the failures that we have alluded to as personally annoying to Pitt—the shadows of an otherwise brilliant career—was the rejection, on his first bringing them forward, of his plans for the fortification of our

* *Life*, vol. ii. p. 17.

† His patronage of Lord Chatham could have had no motive but relationship. In 1788 he was made First Lord of the Admiralty, an office for which he was totally unfit; and the fatal results—fatal in every way—of his expeditions to Holland gave very mortifying proofs of his incompetency.

‡ Letter from the king, appendix, vol. i. p. xix.

dockyards at Plymouth and Portsmouth. Another was the disappointing result of the Westminster scrutiny. During eight months little advance had been made, and it was computed that the process would require two years more. All parties had become weary of it except Pitt—who was not unreasonably suspected of being impelled by rancorous feelings towards his rival Fox—and a motion that the high-bailiff should make an immediate return was carried, against all his efforts, in a House in which on other occasions he was so zealously supported. It reinstated Fox as Member for Westminster.

Of the measures which it thus falls within our plan to notice as belonging to the period before us, one of the most important was the proposed abolition of the slave trade.* Pitt has been charged with occasional lukewarmness in this righteous cause, but we think unjustly. He had no part in the delays of "Mr. Secretary Gradual." It was at Holwood, as recorded by Wilberforce himself, after a conversation in the open air (at the root of an old tree just above the steep descent into the vale of Keston—still pointed out as a relic—) that he counselled his friend to give notice in the House of Commons of his intention to bring the subject forward; and on the 19th of May, 1788, Wilberforce being detained at Bath by ill-health, Pitt, acting in his stead, moved a resolution for inquiry into the circumstances of the slave-trade, which was allowed to pass unopposed. He warmly advocated the cause in May, 1789, and again in 1791. He joined Fox in supporting Wilberforce's unsuccessful motion of the 2nd of April, 1792, for immediate abolition, "with more energy and ability, it was said, than were almost ever exerted in the House of Commons;" and at a much later period than we are at present noticing—as late as 1799, and again in 1804—he was consistent and uncompromising. There were deep prejudices to be overcome, and powerful interests to be reconciled; and delays were unavoidable. The cause was also injured by having supporters whose opinions on other subjects were thought dangerous. But if Pitt were lukewarm, what shall we say to the bench of bishops, some of whom actively opposed the abolition, and quoted Scripture for their purposes.

As Mr. Pitt's speech on the motion of the 2nd of April is considered to have been "one of the very greatest that he ever made," we may here dwell for a moment upon his style of oratory as we find it described by his contemporaries. Windham told Wilberforce† that "Fox and Grey, with whom he walked home after the debate, agreed with him in thinking the speech, on this occasion, one of the most extraordinary displays of eloquence they had ever heard: for the last twenty minutes he seemed to be inspired." This probably was when "the first beams of the rising sun shot through the windows of the House, and seemed, as he looked upwards, to suggest to him without premeditation" the lines

* It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon his adoption of the scheme, proposed by Dr. Price, for the redemption of the national debt. We could never regard it either as the discovery or the failure that it has been represented. Whether the expenditure of the year be provided for by taxes or by loans, the only reason for not appropriating a portion of it to the redemption of the debt must be a desire to press lightly on the existing generation, and to burthen the future.

† Letter quoted by Lord Stanhope, vol. ii. p. 143.

with which he closed his glowing description of the future of civilised Africa.:

Nos . . . primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis;
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina vesper.

Mr. Rigby, who had had a long parliamentary experience, though he then very seldom attended the House of Commons, expressing to General Grant, in familiar phrase, his impressions of the time, says: "You know that I am not partial to Pitt, and yet I must own that he is infinitely superior to anything I ever saw in that House. . . . Fox and Sheridan and all of them put together are nothing to him. He, without support or assistance, answers them all with ease to himself, and they are just chaff before the wind to him."*

Lord Stanhope, in an elaborate parallel,† and with the authority of one who is familiar more than most men with political traditions, considers that "Fox would have been without doubt or controversy the first orator of his age had it not been for Pitt. Pitt would have been without doubt or controversy the first orator of his age had it not been for Fox. It may fairly be left in question which of these two pre-eminent speakers should bear away the palm. But they were *magis pares quam similes*—far rather equal than alike. Mr. Windham, himself a great master of debate, and a keen observer of other's oratory, used to say that Pitt always seemed to him as if he could make a king's speech off hand.‡ There was the same self-conscious dignity, the same apt choice of language, the same stately and guarded phrase. Yet this, although his more common and habitual style, did not preclude some passages of pathetic eloquence, and many of pointed reply. He loved on some occasions to illustrate his meaning with citations from the Latin poets—sometimes giving a new grace to well-known passages . . . and sometimes drawing a clear stream from an almost hidden spring. . . . Never—even on the most sudden call upon him to rise—did he seem to hesitate for a word, or to take any but the most apt to the occasion. His sentences, however long, and even when catching up a parenthesis as they proceeded, were always brought to a right and regular close—a much rarer merit in a public speaker than might be supposed by those who judge of parliamentary debates only by the morning papers." Many are the sentences which, like those of a well-known Oxford lecturer, are never finished.

Pitt differed from his father greatly. "Chatham excelled in fiery bursts of eloquence, Pitt in luminous array of arguments. On no point was Pitt so strong as on finance, on none was Chatham so weak."

Of his mode of preparing for these magnificent displays we are not left uninformed. His practice seems to have been the same as that which we know to have been Canning's. There was no formal writing out: the heads and principal subjects to be referred to were noted down on cards or slips of paper, and the words were meditated. Lord Stanhope

* Quoted from the Cornwallis Correspondence, V. i. p. 231.

† Vol. i. p. 244.

‡ Mr. Windham seems to have made a higher estimate of the style of king's speeches than Cobbett has done while analysing one of them in his "English Grammar." (Letter XXII.)

gives us two of these skeleton speeches.* The following extracts will be sufficient to show the mode adopted:

1. Previous negotiations.
Wickham.
Emperor's note.
Denmark.

Sometimes they were more suggestive, as :

- By what considerations to be influenced.
- On what principles.
- What offered.
- What asked, and for whom.

As to the conflicts of debate, those who take part in public discussions are well aware that when once the faculty of improvising correctly-formed sentences is acquired, it is more easy to speak in reply than in a formal address.

His action, unlike what we should have expected, is described as having been "very vehement." He sometimes bent eagerly forward, "so that his figure almost touched the table." Mr. Horner, giving his early recollections of the great parliamentary rivals, observes: "The one (Mr. Fox) saws the air with his hands, and the other (Mr. Pitt) with his whole body."† Sir Bulwer Lytton assumes that, like many others, he was nervous before rising to speak; and "hence, perhaps, his recourse to stimulants." "A surgeon (he says), eminent in Brighton some years ago, told me that when he was a shopboy in London he used to bring to Mr. Pitt the dose of laudanum and sal volatile which the great statesman habitually took before speaking."‡ We may admit the shopboy's evidence as to the delivery of the potion, but not as to the time of its being taken; and such a state of the nerves as Sir Bulwer supposes is scarcely reconcilable with the anecdote given on the authority of Bishop Tomline by Lord Stanhope.§ When we differ from the author of "Rienzi," it is necessary to show our grounds; and, as it is amongst the few "personal reminiscences" with which the bishop "has indulged us," we shall quote nearly the whole passage.

"Mr. Pitt (it seems) passed the morning . . in providing the calculations which he had to state, and in examining the resolutions which he had to move; and at last he said that he would go and take a short walk by himself that he might arrange in his mind what he had to say in the House. He returned in a quarter of an hour, and told me he believed he was prepared. After dressing himself he ordered dinner to be sent up; and learning at that moment that his sister (who was then living in the house with him) and a lady with her were going to dine at the same early hour, he desired that their dinner might be sent up with his, and that they might dine together. He passed nearly an hour with these ladies and several friends who called on their way to the House, talking with his usual liveliness and gaiety, as if having nothing on his mind. He then went immediately to the House of Commons, and made his 'elaborate and far extended speech,' as Mr. Fox called it, without one omission or error." This does not, we think, argue nervousness.

* Vol. iv. pp. 411—413.

† Quoted by Lord Stanhope from Memoirs, vol. i. p. 11.

‡ Article in *Blackwood* for April, 1862.

§ *Life*, vol. i. p. 291.

Towards the close of the period to which we have, so far, chiefly confined ourselves—though we have referred occasionally to earlier and later dates—a reward for his services was offered to him by the king under circumstances which made refusal impossible. In August, 1792, the lord wardenship of the Cinque Ports, “a place for life, and with a salary at that time of 3000*l.* a year,” became vacant by the death of the Earl of Guilford. Pitt had taken advantage of the close of the session to pay one of his now rare visits to Lady Chatham at Burton Pynsent. His Majesty at once wrote to him that “he would receive no recommendation from him for the vacant office, being determined to bestow it upon Mr. Pitt himself,”* and he enclosed his communication in a letter to Dundas, in which he desired him, in forwarding it, to say he should “not admit of this favour being declined.”

The offer so kindly made was gratefully accepted;† and Walmer Castle became the scene of some of the few days of retirement and repose which he was from this time permitted to enjoy. A long and harassing war, and a rebellion in Ireland, embittered the remainder of his life.

Lord Stanhope has so well described the period over which we have passed that we gladly avail ourselves of his words:

“With the declaration of war by France” (he says), “in February, 1793, or with the preparations for that war a few weeks before, the first and the peaceful part of Pitt’s administration ends. It was a period of nine years—the most prosperous and happy, perhaps, that England ever yet had known. I have related” (writes his lordship) “how the consummate financial skill of the young prime minister converted deficiency to surplus, and augmented the revenue while lessening the taxes. I have related how a firm and most resolute tone to foreign powers . . . was found not inconsistent with the rapid expansion of commerce, and the almost unexampled growth of credit at home. And, let me add, that the benefit of these measures was by no means limited to the period thus described, since it was mainly the sap and strength imparted by them which enabled the nation to sustain and finally triumph over the perils of the conflict that ensued.”

A considerable portion of his remaining chapters are rather an agreeably-written History of England during the transition from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, than a biography of Pitt. The nine years that elapsed, from this time till he yielded his power to a feeble successor, included the commencement of the war and the rebellion in Ireland. To the former—or to its principal features as connected with Pitt himself—we have sufficiently referred.‡

He entered upon the contest surrounded, for the most part, by the friends by whom he had hitherto been supported—Dundas the firmest. His lord chancellor, the arrogant, unmanageable, and loosely-principled

* Life, vol. ii. p. 160. The king’s words were: “I will not receive any recommendations, having positively resolved to confer it on him as a mark of that regard which his eminent services have deserved from me. I am so bent on this that I shall seriously be offended at any attempt to decline.”—Appendix V. 2, p. xvi.

† The Duke of Dorset, it appears, then one of the household, was exceedingly wroth that Mr. Pitt should not have declined it in his favour. Truly might Pascal say “On ne peut contenter tout le monde.”

‡ *New Monthly Magazine* for July, p. 335.

Thurlow, he had been obliged to displace. He had opposed Mr. Pitt rather "fiercely" when he named his early friend Arden as Master of the Rolls; but the minister was firm: the Lord Chancellor growled, and gave way. The king, anxious to avert a quarrel, appealed to Mr. Pitt's forbearance and "good temper," and they were severely tested. During the discussions on the regency, his lordship's colleagues were well aware of his treachery. The finding of his lost hat in the prince's closet only helped to confirm it. It was after intriguing in favour of his royal highness that he made his memorable apostrophe in the House of Lords, "When I forget my king may my God forget me!" *The best thing that could happen to you*, said Burke. Horne Tooke's remark was something stronger. Pitt, who was on the steps of the throne, is recorded to have hastily quitted his place, and given expression to his disgust in exclamations of "Oh, what a rascal!"* The rough chancellor, however, gained an extraordinary amount of popularity by this outburst of affected loyalty, the public being ignorant that their admiration was entirely undeserved; and he retained his office for nearly four years longer. But in 1792 an event occurred which was subversive of all administrative discipline. Upon one of Pitt's great financial measures, which had passed the Commons without difficulty, being sent to the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor rose to oppose it; and, calling unexpectedly for a division in a thin house, he left the ministry within seven of a minority. This was intolerable. Pitt felt that they could no longer act together. The king's decision upon the difficulty it presented was promptly taken, and was communicated, with great clearness and firmness, through Mr. Secretary Dundas. He will "acquaint the Lord Chancellor," writes his majesty, "that Mr. Pitt has this day stated the impossibility of his sitting any longer in Council with the Lord Chancellor: it remains therefore for my decision which of the two shall retire from my service. The Chancellor's own penetration must convince him that however strong my personal regard, nay, affection, is for him, that I must feel the removal of Mr. Pitt impossible with the good of my service." In this manner, adds Lord Stanhope, fell the arrogant Thurlow, without support from any one of his colleagues, without sympathy from any section of the people.

For the moment the Great Seal was put in commission. It was too high a prize to remain so. Lord Loughborough (whose own course in the discussions on the regency had nearly amounted to treason) had now several conferences with Pitt and Dundas on the possibility of a junction with some of the opposition. Pitt was willing to waive all personal objections if a strong and united ministry could be formed; but his great rival was not so manageable. "You see how it is," said Burke, "Mr. Fox's coach stops the way." Towards the close of the year the negotiations were resumed. The only result, however, was—what Lord Loughborough had from the first probably chiefly desired—his own appointment as Lord Chancellor in January, 1798. It did not improve the average political integrity of the cabinet; nor did Pitt gain a more faithful adherent. He ended by intriguing against him, and was dismissed (in 1801) to be replaced by Lord Eldon.

* Locker manuscripts cited in Massey's "History of England, vol. iii. p. 488, referred to by Lord Stanhope,

There are many portions of Lord Stanhope's work which show, as we have already urged, how reluctantly Pitt became involved in the revolutionary war. Though he was from this time to be chiefly praised or blamed as a war minister, it was no part of his early policy. When he was pressed, in 1787, to interfere against France in defence of Holland, "It is to be maturely weighed," he said, "whether anything could repay the disturbing that state of growing affluence and prosperity in which [England] now is." In withdrawing from the alliance against Russia, in 1791, he willingly yielded to the wishes of the nation. And his financial speech in January, 1792, may itself alone convince us how little he desired or anticipated the struggle that was at hand. While pointing to a long future of diminishing taxation and expenditure, "unquestionably," he said, "there never was a time in the history of this country when from the situation of Europe we might more reasonably expect fifteen years of peace than we may at the present moment."^{*}

"No one," Lord Grenville told Rogers, "could wish more to preserve peace with France. His heart was set upon peace, and upon financial improvements. The war was forced upon him."[†]

It placed him, too, in a position that must always be painful to a man whose professions are sincere, as regarded Parliamentary Reform. When Mr. Grey gave notice of his motion upon the subject in the session of 1792, Pitt (whom it was thought it would embarrass) said "candidly and clearly," "I retain my opinion of the propriety of a Reform in Parliament, if it could be obtained without mischief or danger. But I confess that I am not sanguine enough to hope that a reform at this time can be safely attempted."—Though we were still at peace, men's minds were agitated and perverted by the events in France.—"Every rational man," he continued, "has two things to consider . . . the probability of success, and the risk to be run by the attempt. Looking at it in both views, I see nothing but discouragement. I see no chance of succeeding in the attempt, in the first place; and I see great danger of anarchy and confusion in the second." But, however honestly such explanations may be given, they always leave a suspicion of insincerity. The early advocates of reform were charged—and in no gentle terms—with having changed their colours. During a debate in the House of Lords, the subject being introduced, Lord Lauderdale described the Duke of Richmond, who had once supported annual parliaments and universal suffrage, as being equal in apostacy to Arnold. For this figure of speech he was challenged both by the English duke and the American general; and, according to the practice of the time, he gave them the satisfaction of firing at him without effect.

When Mr. Grey renewed his motion in 1797, Mr. Pitt, with altered views, urged the argument so often used in later days by Canning, that the interests of Yorkshire were not neglected because it sent only two members to parliament, nor had Birmingham or Manchester experienced

* Lord Stanhope reminds us that "in his speech on the budget this year—one of the greatest and most comprehensive financial statements that he ever made—it is striking to find the prime minister ascribe the merit of his system in no small degree to the author of 'The Wealth of Nations.'"—Vol. II. p. 141.

† "Recollections." Second ed., p. 189.

any ill consequences from having no representative;* and when he introduced the question into his "masterly and comprehensive speech" on the Union, in 1800, his opinions had undergone a great and evident change:†

Mr. Grey's motion was lost by 256 against 91. The opposition was now powerless, and some of its principal leaders adopted the extraordinary course of absenting themselves from parliament altogether. Amongst the few exceptions were Mr. Tierney and Sir Francis Burdett. It gave Fox to the delights of St. Ann's Hill, and to the repose which few knew better how to enjoy; but otherwise it was an unwise and unworthy proceeding.

In the changes that nine years were certain to produce, the friends and supporters of Pitt had increased. The Duke of Portland, Earl Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Windham, amongst others, were added to his ministry in 1794; but the appointment of his grace involved a difficulty that had nearly caused the secession of Dundas. It was only on personal appeals both from Pitt and from the king himself that it was prevented; and "Here then I am still"—so Dundas wrote to his kinsman, the Lord Advocate . . . "a very responsible minister with a great deal of trouble, and without power or patronage, all of which I have resigned into the hands of the Duke of Portland." And certainly, if all that has been said is true, nothing could have given better proof of the friendship of Dundas than the retention of place without patronage. Addington had some misgivings from the first as to the result of these arrangements; and suggested to Pitt that he might be outvoted in his own cabinet. "I am under no anxiety," he said, "on that account. I place much dependence on my new colleagues; and I place still more dependence on myself.‡ But no long time elapsed before a difficulty arose connected with the appointment of Earl Fitzwilliam as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. By firmness, management, and right feeling it was surmounted; his old friends and his new were kept together; Grenville, and the future Marquis Wellesley were amongst them; and, in the interval we have referred to, Canning and Castlereagh were also added to the number of his supporters. It was not till 1800 that his cabinet showed symptoms of division.

Wilberforce, though unchanging in his friendship, was crochety as to his support. He seceded on the war policy in 1795; he divided against him more than once; but their intercourse was rarely interrupted. Every man who has public objects to attain must be content occasionally, however repugnant to his feelings,

To walk in sinners' ways, and sit;
Where men profanely talk;

and Wilberforce's forbearance was often tried. He was greatly shocked at the duel with Tierney, though, according to the opinion and temper of the times, it was inevitable—the only way in which an offensive word spoken in the House, and not retracted, could be expiated. Pitt had charged his opponent with "a desire to obstruct the defence of the country." This would, at present, only be thought to require an indignant disavowal of such desire, but the chair was appealed to, and very fairly decided that "whatever tended to cast a personal imputation for words spoken in debate was certainly disorderly and unparliamentary. It was for the right honourable gentleman to explain his meaning." Mr.

* Vol. iii. p. 40.

† Vol. iii. p. 227.

‡ Quoted on the authority of Dean Pellew's *Life of Lord Sidmouth*.

Pitt haughtily declared that he would neither explain nor retract; and the consequences were obvious. Attended by Mr. Dudley Ryder, he met his antagonist (accompanied by Mr. George Walpole) on Putney Heath, at three o'clock in the afternoon of *Sunday*, the 27th of May (1798). The seconds tried to prevent further proceedings, but (as was generally the case) they were unable; there was first an exchange of shots without effect; a second case of pistols was then produced. Pitt fired in the air; it was "decided that sufficient satisfaction had been given, and that the business was ended with perfect honour to both parties." Addington—who was then Speaker of the House of Commons—was so anxious as to the result that he rode towards the spot, and took his stand beneath Abershaw's gibbet, which commanded a distant view of the heath. "When I arrived on the hill" (he tells us), "I knew from seeing a crowd looking down into the valley that the duel was then proceeding. After a time I saw the same chaise which had conveyed Pitt to the spot mounting the ascent, and riding up to it I found him safe." He informed Dundas of his safety the same evening; and wrote with kind considerations to Lady Chatham, his mother.

Wilberforce was greatly scandalised at this affair, aggravated, as he would probably think it, by having taken place on the *Sunday*; and he determined to bring forward a motion in the House of Commons "against the principle of duelling." Pitt felt at once how completely he must be identified with such a motion. He frankly told his friend that he should consider it as involving his removal from office,* and appealed to his regard. Wilberforce himself admits† that he would not have had more than five or six supporters, so he relinquished his intention: and was thanked as cordially as if he had sacrificed a success.‡

The king had also expressed his disapprobation of the affair, in an audience to Lord Chatham, and repeated it kindly but firmly in a note to Pitt, reminding him that public characters "have no right to weigh alone what they owe to themselves; they must consider also what is due to their country."§ But so long as such a folly was tolerated, no one but a professed saint could refuse to give or receive a challenge. Few men could in all cases have shown the moral courage that such a refusal would have required.

From Wilberforce, and from Pitt's own letters, we gather almost all we know of him in private intercourse. Whatever were his labours and anxieties he looked forward to brief snatches of country enjoyments, and sometimes he was able to obtain them. Of this we find short and scattered notices—chiefly from the sources we have named—throughout Lord Stanhope's volumes. On one occasion we are told of his having been at Cheveley. "My visit" (he says), "was not a long one, but afforded me a good deal of riding in the way there and back, and as good a day's sport of shooting as could be had *without ever killing*." At another time his avocations had not allowed him to quit Downing-street, or to venture even as far as Holwood. Sometimes he could only be there for a few hours. Wilberforce makes such entries as: "To Holwood with Pitt in his phaeton—early dinner, and back to town;" or that he has to find him in Downing-street with "a great map spread out before him."

* Letter, vol. iii. p. 133.

† Letter from Pitt, vol. iii. p. 134.

‡ Diary, June, 1798.

§ Appendix, vol. iii. p. xiv.

In the autumn of 1793 he was able to make a visit to Burton Pynsent; and shortly afterwards, as Lord-Warden of the Cinque Ports, to his new possession of Walmer Castle. The king seems to have been uneasy at his being so near the French coast, and in his solicitude sent private instructions to Lord Amherst to stockade the ditch of the castle, and place in it a picket of soldiers, "to prevent any surprise,"—which his majesty thought would "enable Mr. Pitt to go there safely whenever the public business [would] permit."* When he was recovering from one of the attacks of gout, he writes to Lady Chatham from Holwood, "Your letter found me enjoying a fine day from my window so much as almost to be glad of my present excuse for being out of London." He considered its "country air" and its comparative leisure as luxuries. "I have been enjoying," he says, "a great deal of this unusual summer, and should like it still better if it had not burnt all my grass and parched a good many young trees;" and he looks forward to "another week's holidays" with the keen delight of a schoolboy. From Walmer he writes, Oct. 1797: "I am just returned from a very fine lounging ride, which pretended to be called shooting, and I am already so much better . . . for the air of Walmer, that I will not despair of having little or no occasion to say anything about myself." Wilberforce, in noticing a visit to Holwood, the year following, describes his friend as in better health, "improved in habits also," and "beautifying his place with great taste." Later he was a fortnight at Walmer Castle, and paid a visit to Burton Pynsent; and whenever he could snatch even a day for such enjoyments, he eagerly took it.

It is honourable to the memory of Pitt that his earliest friends were also amongst his latest. Friendship was one of the requirements of his nature. Of love there seems to have been little more in his life than in his tragedy of "Laurentius, King of Clarinium." Only once we find it noticed. In his thirty-seventh year he was attracted "by the grace and beauty, as well as the superior mind, of Lord Auckland's eldest daughter." Her father, writing to a friend on their reported marriage,† says, "They see much of each other, they converse much together, and I really believe they have sentiments of mutual esteem; but I have no reason to think it goes further on the part of either, nor do I suppose it is ever likely to go further." He himself discouraged it. Lord Stanhope describes it as a strong attachment on Pitt's side, and seems to have good reason for thus believing. The impediment was what has often ruffled the same current. In point of means a life-office of 3000*l.* a year was not amiss, but then it was *only* a life-office. He was also in circumstances of debt and difficulty. He felt his position, and deemed it best that his visits should be discontinued. We may think, perhaps, that there was more of honourable candour than of ardent passion in the course which he adopted. Lord Auckland, however, thought his reasons sufficient. He did not deny that the attachment of Mr. Pitt was fully appreciated, "but he could not wish any more than himself that his daughter who, as one of many children, had a very small fortune of her

* He afterwards mentioned what he had done, in a letter to Mr. Pitt. Appendix, vol. ii. p. xix.

† Vol. iii. p. 2.

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own, should, under the contingencies of office or of life, be left wholly unprovided." Thus ended the only "love passage" in the life of Pitt. About two years afterwards the lady—then rather more than thirty—became the second wife of Lord Hobart, who succeeded in 1804 as Earl of Buckinghamshire, and she died in 1851.

In official life Mr. Pitt had a habit which always entails a large amount of unnecessary labour. Whatever he could do well he never liked to confide to any one else. Mr. Charles Abbot, in his "Diary,"* on the authority of Lord Muncaster, has the following passage: "Pitt transacts the business of *all* departments except Lord Grenville's and Dundas's." Yet we are told that "he requires eight or ten hours' sleep. He dines slightly at five o'clock on days of business, and on other days after the House is up; but if thrown out of his regular dinner of one sort or the other, he becomes completely ill and unfit for business for a day or two. This has happened to him in the present session. He will not suffer any one to arrange his papers and extract the important points for him." In his reception of the merchants when they waited upon him, he was particularly anxious not only to explain, but to convince them, that his measures were right. The improvement in his habits to which Wilberforce refers in an extract that we have already given,† was in the first place, Lord Stanhope thinks, as to his hours: "No longer breakfasting at nine o'clock as in the first years of office, Pitt had become the very reverse of early in the forenoon. The Speaker, Mr. Addington, describing his life about this time, says of him that he never rose before eleven, and then generally took a short ride in the Park. Any change which he made in this respect, as Wilberforce notes, was not of long continuance, and for the rest of his life Pitt was very late in his morning hours. Some have thought that the time which he passed in bed was compelled by his delicate health; others have supposed that he employed it in revolving the details of his speeches or his measures. Secondly, it is probable that Wilberforce alludes to the large potations [we should have supposed, in case of improvement, to the *diminished* potations] of port wine. These, continues his lordship, as we have seen, were in the first instance prescribed to Mr. Pitt as a medicine, and they gave strength to his youthful constitution. But amidst the labour of Parliament and office, he certainly in some cases carried them beyond what health could require, or could even without injury bear. Not that they had any effect on his mental powers or mental self-command. Two bottles of port, as Lord Macaulay says, were little more to him than two dishes of tea."‡ This is treating the subject with tender respect towards his memory. Thackeray approaches it more freely. In his "Four Georges"§ he reminds us (as showing "the usages of the time") that Pitt "coming to the House of Commons after having drunk a bottle of port wine at his own house, would go into Bellamy's with Dundas and help to finish a couple more;" and he tells, on the authority of Wrazall, how the minister, with Lord Chancellor Thurlow and Dundas, returning after dinner from Addiscombe, their "reason drowned in Jenkinson's champagne," found a turnpike open, and galloped through it without paying the toll. The "turnpike man" fancying, it is said, that they were high-

* Quoted by Lord Stanhope, vol. iii. p. 4.

† Ante, p. 473.

‡ Vol. iii. p. 137.

§ Lecture on George the Fourth.

waymen, fired a blunderbuss after them; but "righteous fate" averted the mischief that might have followed. Lord Sidmouth only remembered one occasion when Pitt had shown traces of after-dinner excitement in the House. He had been taking a hasty meal with Dundas, and returned to reply to a personal attack which had been made upon him by Mr. Lambton. Mr. Ley, one of the clerks, told the Speaker the following morning that he had been ill ever since Mr. Pitt's exhibition of last night. It had given him "a violent headache." I think, said Pitt, it is "an excellent arrangement—that I should have the wine and the clerk the headache." Failings such as these may well lie buried in his grave.

Of his expedients for providing for the expenditure of the war, one of the happiest was the *Loyalty loan* of 1796, when appealing "to higher motives than the love of gain," he was able to raise 18,000,000*l.* upon a five per cent. stock, taken at 112*l.* 10*s.* for every 100*l.* It was eagerly subscribed for. The lobby of the Bank was crowded; numbers, unable to get near the books, called to those who had been more successful to put down their names for them, as they were fearful of being shut out. Innumerable orders from the country were returned unexecuted. The Duke of Bridgewater sent a cheque upon his banker for 100,000*l.* The Duke of Bedford subscribed an equal sum; and in fifteen hours and twenty minutes—the time occupied for the purpose, during four days—the lists were filled. "Not every government," says Lord Stanhope, "would thus appeal to the people. Not every people, I add with pride, would thus respond to the government."

The voluntary contributions of 1798, when the grandfather of Sir Robert Peel gave 10,000*l.*, showed the same spirit, though they amounted only to two millions.

Still, the expenses of the war required increased taxation. The variety of objects upon which it was levied may remind us of the contemplated fiscal arrangements of Federal America: and, in addition to these, the income-tax—now the ready means of supplying all deficiencies, and previously suggested to the minister by Bishop Watson, of Landaff—was inaugurated, as a supplement to the voluntary contributions. In connexion with a tax on legacies, a succession duty on real property, from which widows, however, and even children were exempted, was also proposed, and after strong opposition was carried by the Speaker's casting vote. Pitt would not accept it under such circumstances; and it was left for Mr. Gladstone, in 1853—aided by a better feeling on the part of the landed interests—to carry his more comprehensive measure.

No habitual imposer of taxes can long retain his popularity. When Pitt accompanied the Court to return thanks at St. Paul's for the naval victories of Howe, St. Vincent, and Duncan (in 1797), he was hooted at and otherwise insulted by the people so menacingly, that instead of returning as he came, he remained to dine with the Speaker and some friends at Doctors' Commons, and in the evening was escorted home by a party of the London Light Horse.

But he had marked out for himself a course from which no difficulties or discontent could turn him, and which he was determined to pursue to the sacrifice of his life. In our remaining paper we shall have to follow him individually to its close.

THE GLACIERS OF MONT BLANC.

BY A PRIVATE OF THE 38TH MIDDLESEX (ARTISTS).

PART II.—ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

It was three o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, the 4th of August, 1861, that I came to the somewhat sudden resolution of ascending Mont Blanc. I had attended the morning service at the recently-erected English church, which stands at its foot. From the side-windows my gaze had been intently fixed on "le grand monarque," and upon his unsullied "diadem of snow," which was glistening and sparkling in the mid-day sun, under a beautifully bright, clear, and cloudless sky. I had, nevertheless, listened with attention to an appropriate sermon, addressed to the strangers then assembled, who, as the preacher remarked, would never again be gathered together in public worship. On coming out of the church I noticed over the doorway the simple, affectionate tablet erected to Albert Smith by his brother. Seeing my guide, Jean Marie Couttet, on the bridge, I made known to him my wishes, and, moreover, that it was my desire, if possible, to commence the ascent on the following morning. My first question was, whether he considered me capable of reaching the summit? We had been together about a fortnight, daily visiting the glaciers. The only doubt on my mind was, whether I was physically fit to undertake the ascent, a question which every man should ask himself, and which, with me, was really a doubtful point. On any other there was no doubt, I am happy to say, either on Couttet's mind or on my own. His opinion being favourable, I told him that we must start the following morning for the Grands Mûlés, as the weather was apparently settled fine, and the barometer steadily rising.

It was then, as I have said, three o'clock in the afternoon. Couttet's reply was, that the time for making the requisite preparations was very short, but that he would at once see "le guide-chef," and make known to him my wish, and he thought that he should be able to succeed in getting together two other trustworthy guides—all that was now required by the new regulations (just determined upon)—as also the requisite number of porters. I fully explained to him that my wish was to have two of the best guides of Chamounix, in addition to himself, and that I relied upon his not giving me men who, if we unhappily got into trouble, would sit down and cry, and exclaim that we were all lost, for I was well aware that there were not wanting such men among the guides. Neither did I desire to have men likely to *bolt* the moment danger occurred, as was the case a year or two ago with some guides who went up Mont Blanc with Captain Forbes, R.N. It was on the occasion of the sudden fall of an avalanche, during his ascent with Couttet, that these gallant fellows took to their heels immediately, while Captain Forbes and Couttet, watching its course, calmly stepped aside, and avoided it.

He begged me to trust entirely to him, and certainly two better men for the purpose than Edouard Tournier and Jean Couttet, whose services he secured, could not, I think, be easily found.

I also engaged a nephew of Couttet's, a youth of the name of Tiarraz, who was well pleased at the chance of attempting the ascent, as, if we

succeeded, it would be a great feather in his cap on his return to Chamounix. To these were added five porters. I may here remark that a brother of young Tiarraz had accompanied me on my tour round Mont Blanc last year with my nephew (the Rev. G. S. B.). One Michel Couttet (brother of my present guide) was also with us on that occasion; first-rate fellows, both of them. My further stipulation was that the guides were to be engaged as far as the Grands Mulôts, with a distinct understanding that if the weather changed, and that I consequently abandoned the enterprise, they were not to be disappointed at my paying them only for that excursion; and further that, as far as possible, he was not to let it be known that I had any idea of attempting the ascent. By this arrangement I escaped observation, which I also cleverly contrived to do, as will be seen hereafter, on my return to Chamounix, after the object of my ambition had been successfully accomplished. For my own part, I cannot conceive a greater nuisance than the ovation which others, almost without exception, on making the ascent, have had to go through, especially on their return. It now only remained for me to make the necessary arrangements for the provisions for myself and the guides, and to order a breakfast to be ready for them, as is customary, before starting.

I left all these matters of detail entirely in the hands of one Pietro Gerlo and the excellent landlord of the Hôtel Royale, M. Ferdinand Eisenkramer, who was himself on the summit in the year 1838, but who told me that he thought that once in a lifetime was quite enough; and I rather agree with him.

All the necessary preparations were made to my entire satisfaction, and I am not aware that anything of importance was forgotten. I fear that I must have occasioned some of the household to sit up the greater part of the night to cook the various joints of meat, fowls, &c.; but everything seemed to have been most cheerfully undertaken. All trouble was thus saved me; my particular desire being to avoid any bother about the matter, or to be plagued with questions of any description.

Full time was now given me to reflect on what I had undertaken, and entering the pavilion in the pretty little garden at the back of the Hôtel Royale, where there is an excellent model of Mont Blanc, as also a good telescope, on a stand, I spent a long hour in scanning the route, so far as it could possibly be traced by the eye. The day continued lovely, not a cloud upon the mountain from sunrise to sunset. As I viewed, even at this distance, these vast solitudes of eternal ice and snow, I confess that my heart somewhat faltered at the idea of entering the snow-fields, and sundry misgivings of either being frostbitten or of falling into a crevasse and perishing miserably, or of being swept away by an avalanche, any one of which is not by any means an impossible occurrence, forcibly intruded themselves upon me. In vain did I retire early to rest for the purpose of sleep; the undertaking was too momentous to enable me that night to go off, even for a moment, into the land of dreams. Long before daylight I was up and carefully arranging my wardrobe, longing for the hour of departure. The personal equipment being of considerable importance, I shall dilate a little upon the subject, as it may prove useful to others. The first grand essential assuredly is warmth, and of equal importance is that of weight.

It is difficult for any one who has not hitherto taxed their powers in scaling lofty mountains, to believe how weight tells against you—how one instinctively gets rid of every ounce they can dispense with! I have more than once handed to my guide a clasp-knife, which I always carried, simply because it had become a perceptible encumbrance to me as I proceeded up steep slopes of snow, or over narrow ridges. Professor Tyndall states that he has felt a similar desire to get rid of superfluous weight, *even to the ounce*. In his second ascent of Monte Rosa, in 1858, on reaching the Ariête, he says that he there found his load, light as it was, impeded him: "When fine balancing is necessary, the presence of a very light load to which one is unaccustomed, may introduce an element of danger, and for this reason I here left the residue of my tea and sandwiches behind me."

As far as the Grands Mulôts the weight is of little or no moment, nor do I consider that any extra clothing thus far is required, except an overcoat in case of bad weather on the glacier, a pair of woollen or felt gaiters to keep the feet from the snow, and an extra pair of socks, all of which can easily be put on at a moment's notice, if carried loose for the purpose. The hob-nailed shoes should be well-greased, of course, before starting. My further remarks upon the requisite outfit for the ascent I shall reserve till we reach the Grands Mulôts. Between eight and nine o'clock P.M., on Sunday, the 4th of August aforesaid, I learnt from Couttet that all arrangements were concluded, and that the guides and porters would come to the hotel the following morning to breakfast at five A.M., as we were to start at six. Everything being thus settled, I now went to rest, but got little or none, at least no sleep, although I tried to "take no thought for the morrow," my mind was far too actively occupied. The hour having at length arrived, and the guides and porters having finished their breakfast and started a good half-hour prior to myself for a preconcerted rendezvous on the mountain-side, I walked quietly out of the hotel, accompanied only by my chief guide. By this means I escaped the "rabble rout of friends and relatives, sweethearts and boys," who besieged poor Albert Smith, as they do all others aspiring to scale the mountain. There were, indeed, few people stirring, and no one knew that I was about to attempt the ascent. The morning was most beautiful, and I greatly enjoyed my walk through the woods, gathering Alpine strawberries *en route*, which were very refreshing. To lie upon a bed of roses is not always an unalloyed pleasure, but, after a long march up a mountain-side, under a broiling sun, to find oneself suddenly stretched on a bed of strawberries, is a luxury not often to be indulged in. This was once my good fortune close to the Glaciers de Bossons. I had nothing to do but to stretch out my hand and gather the delicious Alpine fruit as I rested my weary limbs. The hill-sides often abound with them, and they may be found growing in some places almost as high as the Alpen rosen, that lovely flower, which seldom fails to greet the mountaineer when he has attained a considerable elevation above the valley, where alone it grows, and which he proudly places in his cap—a universal custom—ere he returns to the valley.

We soon came up with our caravan, which consisted of nine guides and porters, besides myself. I had not seen any of them till now. The guides were introduced by name, and you may be sure that we had a

good scrutiny of one another. For my own part, I felt satisfied with the selection. They looked like men who might be depended upon. I hope they had as favourable an impression of myself.

We now proceeded slowly, in single file, every one, except myself, laden with knapsacks, and each carrying something at the top of them, one a huge circular loaf of bread a-foot and a half in diameter, another a bundle of fagots, to which the others would ever and anon add to the supply, a third carried a large keg of "Vin ordinaire;" in short, each laden pretty heavily with "creature-comforts" of one sort or another, for after passing a few chalets not far from the Cascade des Pelerins, we bid adieu to the little world below and to all means of subsistence beyond what our own foresight may have provided. The procession looked somewhat striking, and brought home to one's mind the really formidable nature of the undertaking, where so much is required to meet the will of any one man who would fain stand on the loftiest summit in Europe, where nothing can rise above his head but the blue vault of heaven. Steadily tramping upwards we reached the Pierre l'Echelle in about three hours, and here, according to custom, made our first halt.

The guides and porters disengaged themselves from their burdens, and commenced a wonderfully vigorous assault upon the viands, certainly taking no thought for the morrow!—"sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" is evidently their notion. I stretched myself on the rock—which is a large isolated block of stone, probably pitched down from the neighbouring "aiguilles," as has been suggested by others—and enjoyed the surrounding prospect and the repose. There is usually a ladder kept at this spot beneath the rock—*unde derivatur* "Pierre l'Echelle"—and which is usually carried up to the glacier for the purpose of crossing the crevasses; but it was *non est inventus* in our case, and we were under the painful necessity of proceeding without it. Fortunately, as it afterwards proved, it was not required. The goat-path which led us to that part of the Glacier des Bossons which we had to traverse, was extremely narrow, and in some places the precipices were somewhat steep, but there was neither danger nor difficulty to any one accustomed to such exploits. Poor Albert Smith, of course, was not so when he made his ascent, and those who have somewhat roughly criticised his account ought to have borne this simple fact in mind. He came direct from the turmoil of London life, and, without any training whatever, made his ascent. The only wonder is that he accomplished it at all, being a heavy man into the bargain.

Having attained the highest limit of vegetation, where even the birch ceased to grow, but where wild flowers were still in wonderful profusion (particularly the "forget-me-not"), we arrived at that part of the glacier where the guides considered it desirable to take to the ice with the view of crossing. There was something so novel and sublime in the view, not altogether unattended with a feeling akin to awe, upon entering what may be considered the threshold of our enterprise, that one may perhaps be excused for indulging in sentimental thoughts. I am one of those who hold to the language of flowers, and so gathered some of those little simple messengers of friendship, affection, and love, which seemed to breathe the hope (not that it perhaps signified) that, be one's fortune what it might, there were some few who would *not* forget us.

We had no difficulty in placing our feet on the glacier, the spot chosen

by the guides being comparatively easy of access. Once on the ice, we had fairly taken leave of all animal and vegetable life, and of *terra firma* too, except the rocks of the Grands Mulôts, which rise abruptly out of a troubled sea of ice, and towards which we were now wending our way. Slowly and cautiously, in single file, the guides and porters traversed the crevasses, Jean Marie Couttet leading the way, and myself next to him. With great skill a route is found through the labyrinth of crevasses, the wider ones being generally circumvented, whilst the less formidable are stepped or jumped over, or descended a few feet on one side where the footing was secure, crossing some lower layer of ice, and mounting the other side, each of us in such case assisting the other. The only difficult, or what may be called dangerous, part of the glacier (not that I myself considered it to be either one or the other, under the circumstances in which we found it) is that approaching to, and immediately below, the Grands Mulôts, where the Glacier des Bossons unites with the Glacier de Tacconay. Anything like the *bouleversement* there displayed it would be difficult to imagine. No description by pen or pencil could well exaggerate it. Tons and tons of ice seemed to have been jammed, and squeezed, and twisted in all manner of tortuous directions, and into all inconceivable shapes, with frightful rents and chasms, a perfect chaos, presenting a scene of the most extraordinary description.

These séracs are, I should imagine, more formidable than those of the Col du Géant (which I hope yet to see). Auguste Balmat was himself greatly struck with the extraordinary disruption of the glacier when he ascended it a few days previous to myself with M. Bisson, that remarkably enterprising man, whose beautiful photographs (obtained under circumstances at all times attended with extreme difficulty, and often with danger) are the wonder and admiration of every enlightened mind in Europe. One of his splendid photographs represents a portion of the Glacier des Bossons, at its junction with the Glacier de Tacconay, and will convey some faint notion of the actual condition of the ice. It will be there seen that a good deal of scrambling is necessarily required to surmount these séracs. This, however, accomplished, there remains only to scale the pinnacled rocks of the Grands Mulôts, which is a short but rather stiff climb up their side, and requires some care. A faithful sketch of them will be found in Albert Smith's little book (p. 233); also in Coleman's "Scenes from the Snow-fields," a beautiful work of art, but somewhat overdone in colouring, the fault probably in the printing.

It was just one o'clock P.M. when we arrived at the little hut, consisting of a few planks rudely put together by the guides, and placed on some slabs of stone, which form a small and comparatively level platform on the side and near to the summit of the lower peak of rock. This was the first stage of our journey now safely accomplished, and here of course we were to pass the night, at an altitude of rather more than ten thousand feet, surrounded by nothing but ice and snow. It was with no small satisfaction, I confess, that I found myself on the Grands Mulôts, those solitary sentinels—the outlying pickets of Mont Blanc—upon which I had often gazed with a wistful eye from the valley, now far away below us.

I immediately hoisted my flag (my blue veil attached to my bâton) on the highest approachable pinnacle, where it floated till sunset, but could not, I believe, be seen from Chamounix, though it afterwards was so from the summit of Mont Blanc.

The utter solitude of this most inconceivably lonely spot was soon broken in upon, and a busy scene ensued with the guides and porters, who now not only unburdened their bodies, but their minds as well, and refreshed the inner man, chatting, joking, and laughing, till it was high time for the latter to wend their way down again into the valley, of which they seemed likely to make but short work, judging from the break-neck manner in which they skipped down the rocks after taking leave of their companions. The sun was shining gloriously, and the dark rocks attracting its rays were agreeably warm. I had taken off my wet shoes and stockings, which were now drying in the sun; they had been thoroughly saturated on crossing the glacier, the usual fate of shoes, stockings, and feet on all the lower glaciers that ever I tramped across. Knowing this, I had provided myself with a change, and a light pair of shoes, which were a great comfort.

I had now ample leisure to enjoy the extraordinary panorama around me. The rock on which we were bivouacked was of course surrounded on all sides by vast ice-fields. Above the Grands Muléts extended the Grand Plateau, beyond which were the Rochers Rouges, and above them again the lofty mountain summit which we hoped to reach on the morrow. On our right was the Dome du Gouté, now appearing very near to us, and its form quite changed from that as seen from the valley. The lofty Brévent, up whose cheminée I had twice climbed, now looked quite insignificant on the other side of the valley, whilst beyond rose many a serrated ridge of rocky mountains striving for pre-eminence, the lofty Jura towering above all in the extreme distance, and carrying off the palm.

We had not been above a couple of hours on the rocks when we descried a party slowly winding their way up towards our mountain aerie. Anon they arrived. It proved to be a German gentleman, with his three guides and porters. He was bent on the same errand as myself, but, unlike myself, was doomed to disappointment, as he never reached the summit, or anywhere approaching it. At about four P.M. (the more the merrier) up came another party, consisting of three English gentlemen, with six guides and porters. The fine weather had tempted us all. We were now a large party, eighteen all told. As we were staying at different hotels in Chamounix, none of us happened to be aware of the intentions of the other to try the ascent, or doubtless we should have united our forces, and thus have saved expense, the recent regulation (arranged only the day previous to our ascent) requiring three guides for one person, five for two, and one for every other person forming a party; thus, as we were five in number, we should only have required eight guides between us, whereas there were thirteen now collected at the Grands Muléts, and we each of us "went off on our own hook," acting independently. The pay, too, of a guide, as well as the number of guides, is now reduced from a hundred francs to seventy francs each, for which sum they have to provide the porters. For my own part, I am sorry for it; "the labourer is surely worthy of his hire," and after having witnessed what is required of these poor fellows, I fear we can only hope that it may answer their purpose by the more frequency of ascent, which must, however, tell upon their health in the course of a few years. I think that I shall never forget, to my last hour, the worn, jaded, unearthly appearance of my party (none of whom wore masks) as we approached the summit. Every man looked like Lazarus, in the marvellous composition by Haydon, now

entombed in the Pantheon, instead of adorning, as it ought to do, the walls of our National Gallery, where it will assuredly one day rest.

We were not particularly fortunate in the sunset at the Grands Muletés. There was much vapour about, and some dense cloud-banks, so that we lost all the glorious tints which others have seen and glowingly described. As the sun went down the air soon began to get cold, and I turned in to the little hut, and thus missed a comparatively fine effect of colour, which one of the party afterwards described to me. This gentleman possessed considerable artistic skill. He made one or two sketches at the Grands Muletés, and subsequently a sketch while on the summit of Mont Blanc, exceedingly accurate, and probably the best of the few that may possibly have been made, or may hereafter be attempted by others, whose good fortune it may be to reach the summit. The spirited sketches by Mr. Browne, published by M^rLean, in 1853, are exceedingly characteristic of the nature of the ascent, but convey no idea whatever of the view from the summit.

It was not long before the guides found their way into the cabin, one after another, and the little place was soon crammed full. The German gentleman, who was well provided with warm rugs and various coverings, seemed to prefer passing the night under a snug slab of stone, just below the cabin; no bad place of shelter either. "First come, first served," was my somewhat selfish notion, and I had secured for myself bed—and board too, for there was nothing else but the planks to lie upon—at the farther extremity of the cabin, having previously stuffed up with paper (as others, I found, had done before me) all the cracks and crannies, thus excluding the daylight which streamed in through the apertures of the planks, and through which the hollow wind whisked in playful eddies around me. The hut is about twelve feet long, by six or seven broad. It is built against the side of the rock, has two small windows on the opposite side, and a door at one end. Near the door is a small primitive-looking stove, in which a fire was lit the moment we arrived, not only to air the apartment, which it needed—for it was very moist inside, and fearfully "suggestive of rheumatics"—but also to cook my dinner, preferring as I do at all times a warm to a cold one. The fare, however, though simple enough, was not to my taste. Somehow or another I had no great appetite, which was somewhat unfortunate, as it will be shortly seen that I had no chance of another meal for eighteen hours, during seven of which I was to go through as great fatigue as mortal man can well be put to, in making the ascent (which occupied seven hours), and the descent to the Grands Muletés, which occupied three hours more (for we came down at a rattling pace), eleven hours in all, if we include the one passed on the summit. Time stole on, and with it came the night. We all laid down to sleep, leaving one solitary lamp burning. It was a curious scene to witness a long row of more or less jaded mortals stretched on the bare boards and closely packed together, with no manner of respect to persons (all here being upon a perfect equality). "Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows," thought I to myself, as I laid myself down between two of the guides, under the notion that they would keep me warm, as in sooth they did. It was only my feet, which, though well wrapped, got cold.

There was a good deal of talking *de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis*, much loud laughter, which effectually banished sleep, as far as I was con-

cerned, and when at last the most noisy became quiet and fell off into the arms of Morpheus, the loud snores of the guides immediately succeeded, each "snorting like a horse" after the day's fatigue. I have heard that there is nothing to equal the snore of a sailor when he accidentally rolls on his back in a hammock, but the snore of a guide assuredly beats him hollow. The fleas, which are said to infest the hut, and which were a source of trouble to some of the snorers, did not take any fancy to me. "Blessings, however, on the man who invented sleep," albeit I had none.

As there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so we may presume that there can be but one the other way, and I would now fain endeavour to bring the mind of my readers from the ridiculous posture of affairs in the hut to the sublimity of passing a night at the Grands Mulets, on a barren rock upwards of ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded in all directions by vast fields of ice and snow. Let any one view this solitary position from Chamounix as the sun goes down, when all visitors turn out to watch its departing rays, and then turn in to their comfortable supper and bed, after an agreeable excursion to the Mer de Glace, the Jardin, the Flegère, or the Brévent; cheerless enough indeed they will admit that it looks, and in good truth will find it. Several times during the short night we passed there the silence was broken in upon by the sudden falling of an avalanche, or the breaking of the pyramids of ice, or splitting of the rocks of the neighbouring aiguilles, I cannot say which; but the noise was startling, although the occupants of the hut were perfectly out of harm's way. No possible avalanche of ice, snow, or rock could well touch them. Notwithstanding this conscious security, there was a feeling of awe connected with the sudden noise breaking in upon the dead silence of the night in this death-like solitude, enhanced by a feeling of doubt as to our security for the morrow, when we should have to run the gauntlet of some of these unwelcome visitors. Be this as it may, I was by no means sorry when Jean Marie Couttet rose from the floor and announced to me that it was time to prepare for a start. I was instantly on my legs, and only too glad to think that the night's rest, if rest it could be called, on my hard couch was fairly at an end. My sides were beginning to ache, and I had quite given up all idea of getting even what Albert Smith calls "forty winks," in which he tells us that he indulged on the summit. One by one the guides began to rise, to yawn, to shake, to stretch, and, must I add, to scratch themselves. O those fleas! But it was some time before they appeared to be really awake, or even in a state of semi-consciousness. When, however, they were so, they became very busy packing their knapsacks and rigging themselves out. A very queer "get up" it was, too, that many of them appeared in! the greater part wearing skull-caps and calico masks over their faces, with holes cut for the eyes, nostrils, and mouth. For my own part, I dispensed with the mask, contenting myself for the present with a handkerchief tied over my "wide-awake" and fastened under my chin, which kept the face and ears warm, Couttet having previously given me a black silk skull-cap to wear, which, together with the coil of rope in his hand, I thought looked very ominous! (would that it had been of any other colour), and which I would most gladly have dispensed with, but he assured me that it was "*bien nécessaire*." Indeed, I subsequently found that it was so, although if the colour had been different it would have been more cheery. I trusted to my beard and

moustache for the protection of the remainder of the face, my only anxiety being about the nose, across which I was subsequently compelled to tie a handkerchief, to prevent its being frostbitten. A pair of blue spectacles were provided to protect the eyes, but not being used to these disagreeable appendages, I found them liable in ticklish places to make me miss my footing, so that I soon discarded them, and was satisfied with my blue veil, which answered every purpose, as my eyes did not get in the least degree inflamed. Knowing that it would be a great object to avoid all weight of clothing, I had brought with me sundry vests, which I thought likely to answer the purpose best. As I doubt if the arrangement could well be improved upon, I will mention, for the benefit of future aspirants, how I ensconced myself—viz. first and foremost was a merino waistcoat, then two light flannel shirts, a chamois leather waistcoat (an appropriate vest for the High Alps), and over these a double-breasted cloth waistcoat, a light kind of “lounging coat,” and light overcoat. For the nether garments, a pair of stout trousers, two pairs of drawers, two pairs of socks, a strong pair of felt gaiters to keep the snow out, and hobnail boots well greased. For the hands, a pair of easy-fitting kid gloves, and a pair of stout felt fingerless gauntlets, lined inside with wool. In addition to this, my guides carried for me a light kind of cape in case of need, and glad I was to avail myself of it, as will be seen hereafter.

The only failure in my outfit was as regards my feet, and for these I should advise a flannel sock in addition to what I have stated, which I think, provided the shoes are perfectly easy, might answer the purpose.

Being now apparelled, I suggested to Couttet that I had better take a *petit déjeuner* before starting. To my surprise he interdicted it! asserting that I ought only to take a cup of tea.

“A cup of tea?” was my reply. “What, go up Mont Blanc with a cup of tea?”

“Yes; nothing else. You will find it easier to make the ascent than if you take any meal.”

I yielded, of course, to his superior judgment, and doubtless he was right. Every one being now equipped and ready, we emerged from our hotel; for, gentle reader, the cabin is dignified by that name among the guides, and many persons in England have asked me seriously if there is not a good hotel at the Grands Mulôts! which reminds me of the sedate “Head of a House” at Oxford, who inquired of the “Oxonian in Norway” whether the hotels in Lapland were comfortable?

Nothing, indeed, surprised me more than the general ignorance about Mont Blanc. One of my friends was only surprised that I had not been up before! when I was at Chamounix, and was about as much interested in my performance as if I had told him that I had made a successful ascent of Primrose-hill. Another asked me if I slept a night on the summit! Listen, my friends, to what Professor Tyndall says. He is the first iceman of the age; as experienced, if not more so, than the most experienced guide; equal to Auguste Balmat himself; and if you, or any one else, contemplate the ascent, “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest” his remarks.

“I think it right,” says this high authority, “to say one earnest word in connexion with this ascent, and the more so, as I believe a notion is growing prevalent that half what is said and written about the danger of

the Alps is mere humbug. No doubt exaggeration is not rare, but I would emphatically warn my readers against acting upon the supposition that it is general. The dangers of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and other mountains are real, and, if not properly provided against, may be terrible."

Terrible, indeed, they may be, trivial they are not, under the best of circumstances.

Mr. Coleman truly remarks: "That there remains quite enough in the natural obstacles which environ Mont Blanc to test both the strength and the nerves of the aspirant; and that they who imagine that the ascent is really more easy, or the danger less, than when Jacques Balmat discovered the route, labour under a very wrong impression."

LINES PENCILLED ON THE SUMMIT OF CADER IDRIS.*

FATHER Almighty! here thine hand
Hath wrought with matchless might,
It seems upon this mountain land
I near thy awful footstool stand,
Though veil'd thy skirts from mortal sight:
My insect brethren near me wheel
Their little hour away,
While these thy wonders make me feel
Yet lowlier than they;
Above, around, below, I hear
Voices that whisper thou art near!
Thou, where remotest oceans swell,
And on the lightning's wing,
And 'mid these fearful steepes as well,
Lord God immutable dost dwell,
Present with all to that far spring,
Where quenchless light its fount uprears,
Amid frail worlds of numbered years—
Where orbs have travelled cycles vast,
Where glorious spheres harmonious move,
Still flush'd with living light,
In turn to perish but to prove
Thy being infinite,
Of which no seraph knows the tale,
O'er which high thought grows dim and pale—
Thou great unknown that from thy throne,
Past, present, future, seest alone!†

* Cader Idris, the giant's seat or chair; an ancient volcano, about three thousand feet high. Lava, pumice, and basalt are found upon it, and a crater remains full of water. The view from the summit is magnificent, commanding sea and land, lake and crag, and in all directions views of great grandeur.

† "Does it not appear from these phenomena, that there is a being incorporeal, living, intelligent, omnipresent, who in infinite space, as it were in his sensory, sees the things themselves, intimately and thoroughly perceives them, and comprehends them wholly by their immediate presence to himself; of which things, the images only, carried through the organs of sense into our little sensoriums, are there seen and beheld by that which in us perceives and thinks?"—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

What space of time to thee appears
 In twice ten thousand thousand years,
 Though on their ever-rushing wings
 Are borne the wrecks of mortal things!
 Eternal Being! what am I,

Here, where the very silence speaks,
 Things saints and sages see decry
 Their dogmas and philosophy!—
 Yet here these steep, and towering peaks,
 Impress upon the awe-struck mind
 Lessons of hope, and faith combined,
 Beyond unnumbered homilies,
 And teach to animated clay
 That lesson of humility—
 The ignorance of the wise!

Thou'rt seen amid the dewy light
 Silvering yonder crests sublime,
 Immensity in pride of might,
 Towering towards heaven's far infinite,
 From earth convulsed, and rent by time.
 White clouds, like aspirations blest,
 Float pure along the mountain's brow,
 Travelling from the far balmy west
 To realms where weary spirits rest,
 And thou as here art present now,
 Greeted with holy harps and songs,
 And music's note from angel tongues,
 Heard through heaven's amaranthine bowers,
 Where live no evanescent flowers,
 To shed a lovely summer bloom
 Upon the children of the tomb,
 But where all breathes of life and thee,
 Almighty in ubiquity.

God of the sunlit mountains! sense
 Here sees thy vast benevolence,
 So stamp'd with grandeur; how profound
 These awful precipices round!
 Here all appears of holiest birth,
 As far from man's unjoyous earth:
 Do thou impress my mind aright,
 Father omniscient, sire of light!
 And as I mark in glorious state,
 Like countless eyes in ardent gaze,
 On thy eternal seat,
 The unnumbered orbs that round me blaze,
 Those mountain glories, the displays
 Ocean and tempest make of thee—
 Grant that in all I hear or see,
 To feel how great and wise thou art,
 That dust is all I am below,
 And that for me the only part,
 As my short hours too fleetly go,
 Is resignation to thy still
 Omnipotent, omniscient will!

CYRUS REDDING.

THE SLAVE POWER.*

THE division of the Northern States into two parties, abolitionists and non-abolitionists, had, previously to the prohibition of slavery in the same States, not only the effect of taking away all character from the civil war which has so long afflicted the country, and of depriving the North of that sympathy to which it would otherwise have been entitled to, but it has also been productive of a number of ponderous tomes on this side of the Atlantic, the object of which has been to prove the Northern States must have an abolitionist policy, and that whatever may be the termination of the war, it must end in the emancipation of the slaves. These optimists, of whom the Count Agénor de Gasparin may be considered as the representative in France, and Professors Mills and Cairnes in this country, are not satisfied with giving the North credit for what had not appeared in their programmes, and which, if it had done so, might as materially have affected their progress, as it would have done their position, in the face of Europe, but, like a certain party in America itself, they insist that Europe ought to have acted towards the North just as if the conclusions they had arrived at by a long and arduous study of the subject, and by purely philosophical considerations of the results to which events were leading, were acknowledged facts, and principles openly avowed and acted upon!

There is no question but that the leading differences in the character of the Northern and Southern people, as well as that antagonism of interests between the two sections which has issued in a series of political conflicts extending over half a century, are traceable to the existence of slavery in one half of the Union, and its disappearance from the other; and that the present civil war is not one of tariffs—a view of the subject pertinaciously put forward by writers in the interest of the South, but now tacitly abandoned; no more are there any doubts but that (we will not say the real cause of the war) the real issue at stake is every day forcing itself into prominence with a distinctness which can no longer be evaded. Whatever we may think of the tendency of democratic institutions, or of the influence of territorial magnitude on the American character, no theory framed upon these or upon any other incidents of the contending parties, however ingeniously constructed, will suffice to conceal the fact, that it is slavery which is at the bottom of this quarrel, and that on its determination it depends whether the power which derives its strength from slavery shall be set up with enlarged resources and increased prestige, or be now once for all effectually broken. This is the one view of the case which writers of the Mills, Cairnes, and Gasparin school hold by, and it is in the main correct; but as far as the Northerners have been concerned in

* The Slave Power: its Character, Career, and probable Designs; being an attempt to explain the real issues involved in the American Contest. By J. G. Cairnes, M.A., Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Galway, &c. Parker, Son, and Bourn.

European Settlements on the West Coast of Africa; with remarks on the Slave Trade and the Supply of Cotton. By Captain J. F. Napier Hewett, F.R.G.S. Chapman and Hall.

developing it, except for the repudiated action of certain generals, as Fremont and Hunter, and the political manifestations of a Sumner, a Wood, and others, no more has been done—till the late prohibition of slavery by Congress—than if the war had been a purely aggressive one, a simple war of conquest, inaugurated to compel certain slave-holding and seceding States into a union which was abhorrent to them. “The watchword of the South,” said the *Times* for September 19, 1861, “is independence; of the North, union; and in these two war-cries the real issue is contained.”

The attitude assumed by the Northerners—even by the abolitionist section of the North—was painful to contemplate. The institution, they avowed, was repugnant to them, but still far more so was the humanity whose aggregate constitutes that institution. While they repudiated the system, they despised and abhorred the negro. If they emancipated the creature, they wished also to get rid of his very presence. The consideration of deporting the Free Blacks, whether to Liberia, to the Danish West Indies, or elsewhere, has been constantly before their eyes, only take them away, keep them out of our houses, our railway cars, our omnibuses, our streets, and our very presence! This was a sad frame of mind in which to pass a bill prohibiting slavery in the distracted States.

Secession was proclaimed upon the election of a republican president, who, far from being the uncompromising champion of abolition, had declared himself ready to maintain the existing régime of slavery with the whole power of the Federal government. On the retirement of the Southern representatives and senators from Congress, the republican party became supreme in the legislature; and in what way did they employ this suddenly acquired power? In passing a law for the abolition of slavery in the Union? or even in repealing the odious fugitive slave law? Nothing of the kind; but in passing the Morill tariff—in enacting a measure by which they designed to aggrandise the commercial population of the North at the expense of the South.

Since the breaking out of hostilities, again, when slaves have escaped to the Federal army, instead of being received by the general with open arms as brothers for whose freedom he is fighting, they have been placed upon the footing of property, and declared to be contraband of war!

When a Federalist general, transcending his legitimate powers, has issued a proclamation declaring that slaves shall be free, it is not a proclamation to slaves as such, but only to the slaves of “rebels,” while no sooner was this half-hearted act of manumission known at head-quarters than it was disavowed and overruled. Whatever, then, may lie below, there was little on the surface in the attitude assumed by the North at the onset to claim the sympathies of Europe; whatever there may be in store for the future, as there is little even in the present, that the prohibition of slavery has become the law of the land, that looks hopeful for the kind treatment the negro will receive at the hands of America, were the Union re-established to-morrow.

“Every person,” says Captain Napier Hewett, in his interesting work on the European Settlements on the West Coast of Africa, “acquainted with the late United States must be well aware that a greater prejudice against colour exists in the North than in the South. Most of us must be aware that the South is defending itself against oppression, and that

the cry of freedom to the slave has been merely raised as political capital, and is now put forward in the hope of enlisting the sympathies of the British."

This may be to a certain extent true, and yet still it does not militate against the views entertained by Mr. John Stuart Mills, Professor Cairnes, Count Agénor de Gasparin, and other political economists, that the conflict between North and South has its root in the essential opposition between the economic character of a Slave and of a Free State. It is only its development that justifies the definition given to the war by Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone, "the North fights for empire, the South for independence." The statesmen's formula may express the actual phenomenon, but it leaves its cause unexplained.

As neither Burke on the one side, nor Macintosh on the other, could embody all the principles involved in the French revolution, so there are so many different views entertained both in the North and South in the present conflict that it is impossible to express them all. For example, a large party deny at the onset the correctness of that part of the above definition which intimates that the South fights for independence. The liberty fought for, they say, is not the liberty of resistance but the liberty of aggression. And then a Mr. Brooks is quoted in proof of the fact, from his having publicly said:

If Fremont be elected president of the United States, I am for the people, in their majesty rising above the law and leaders, taking the power into their own hands, going by concert or not by concert, and laying the strong arm of Southern freemen upon the treasury and archives of the government.

For one Mr. Brooks speaking in such boastful tones, a hundred might be found who would be but too joyful at acquiring mere independence. Equally misleading is it to say that slavery, simply as such, is the ground of the quarrel, if by that it is understood that one party is determined to uproot, and the other to defend, the peculiar institution. There are abolitionists and anti-abolitionists in the South as there were in the North. The envoys from the former sent to Europe since the conflict has been raging, have, to conciliate the powers, declared that the South is prepared for a gradual emancipation—that is to say, the emancipation of the children of slaves; yet Professor Cairnes quotes the opinions of Jefferson Davis and of the vice-president, Mr. Stephens, to show how ready they are to reopen the African slave-trade!

It is the existence of so many different opinions, although they may have all resulted in civil war—"the irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces," as Mr. Seward would have it—that renders it so difficult to fathom all the meanings of the present war, and to speculate upon its possible issues.

Professor Cairnes opens his argument by examining the nature of slave labour, the conditions under which it can be profitably employed, and the area of operation which the slaveowner requires in order to preserve the advantage he may have once enjoyed. This part of the discussion may be familiar to the reader of Mr. Olmsted's books, but the knowledge of it is so essential to an understanding of the "irrepressible conflict" that it may be doubted whether it can be too often stated.

The economical defects of slave labour (says Mr. Cairnes) may be summed
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up under the three following heads : It is given reluctantly ; it is unskilful ; it is wanting in versatility. It is given reluctantly, and consequently the industry of the slave can only be depended on so long as he is watched. If the work be such that a large gang can be employed with efficiency within a small space, the expense of superintendence will be slight. The cost of slave labour thus varies directly with the degree in which the work to be done requires dispersion of the labourers. Moreover, the slave seeks, by concealing his powers, to reduce to the lowest the standard of requisition. Secondly, slave labour is unskilful, not only because the slave has no inducement to exert his higher faculties, but because of the ignorance to which he is condemned. . . . But, further, slave labour is eminently defective in versatility. The difficulty of teaching the slave anything is so great, that the only chance of turning his labour to proof is, when he has once learned a lesson, to keep him to that lesson for life.

As far back as 1803, Randolph of Roanoke, himself a slaveowner, as chairman of a select committee, called slave labour demonstrably the dearest of any ; and it is easily seen, from this analysis, that it is excluded from manufactures and commerce, and its advantage is found in the cultivation of corn, tobacco, and similar crops, which admit of the possibility of working large numbers in a small space : in the cultivation of cereals, which require smaller numbers, it is beaten out of the field. It is due to this economic character of slave labour, and the difference of climate, which permits it to be called forth, that we find slavery surviving in undiminished vitality in the South after it has disappeared from the Northern States. But two more characteristics of slave labour remain, which have even a greater immediate influence in the struggle. It is eminently wasteful ; it can only be employed on the best lands, and it rapidly wears them out ; it admits of no science of agriculture ; when the workman can only work upon one kind of crop rotation is impossible, and skilled labour alone can be profitably employed on inferior lands. An abundant supply of virgin and fertile soil is absolutely necessary. Add to this that slave labour is exclusive, that it cannot coexist with free labour, that the free workman finds his position despised, and degenerates into a "mean white," and we may begin to understand the contest between the North and the South, which has been waged for forty years. The immense territories at the west of the States have been the prize contended for. Shall they become Free or Slave States ?

Whenever free and slave societies have come into conflict in the same field, a mutual antagonism has sprung up between them. Each has endeavoured to outstrip the other in the career of colonisation, and, by first occupying the ground, to keep the field open for its future expansion against the encroachments of its rival. "It has thus," says Mr. Weston, "became a race whether the negro from Texas and Arkansas, or the white labourer from Kansas and the free West, shall first reach New Mexico and the Gulf of California."

Another motive, acting in the same direction, and often exerting a more powerful influence than the economic cause, was the desire to increase party influence in the Senate by the creation of States ; but the economic and political motives frequently run together, and, producing a defined policy, may be themselves lost sight of in a simple adherence to party. When Senator Brown, of Mississippi, addressed his constituents, it may be doubted whether he had fully analysed his springs of action :

"I want Cuba," he said, "I want Tamaulipas, Potosi, and one or two other Mexican States; and I want them all for the same reason—for the planting and spreading of slavery. And a footing in Central America will powerfully aid us in acquiring these other States. Yes; I want these countries for the spread of slavery. I would spread the blessings of slavery, like the religion of our Divine Master, to the uttermost ends of the world; and rebellious and wicked as the Yankees have been, I would even extend it to them."

Sez Dixon H. Lewis,

"It perfectly true is

Thet slavery's airth's grettest boon," sez he.

If slave labour is the dearest of all, is wasteful, exclusive, unskilful, deficient in versatility, and requires immense supplies of new territories of virgin and fertile soils, this ought to be sufficient to prove that it was never intended to be a durable institution.

What most interests us in the present crisis is the cotton crop failing in America while slave labour is denied by us to other countries, and how are these two deficiencies to be remedied? There have not been wanting a few plain-spoken men, such as A. Trollope, Captain Hewett, Captain Burton, and others, to speak in manly and rational terms upon this much-vexed question. The two first have depicted negro idleness, and negro insolence, when free labour is exacted from him, in all its offensiveness. "What," says A. Trollope, "would a farmer say in England, if his ploughman declined to work, and protested that he preferred going to his master's granary and feeding himself and his children on his master's corn?"

Is there no middle line, then, between doing nothing and slavery? This is the great question which is forced upon us by the pressing wants of our factory population. "It certainly never could have been intended by Providence," Captain Hewett remarks, "that the negro should be the only creature on earth to live in idleness;" and if so, the question is, by what mode or process is his labour to be obtained and made available?

The gallant captain then goes on to argue that, as he will not work without compulsion, coercion must be the means adopted—moral, not physical compulsion, brought about by necessity; just as in Barbadoes and the smaller West India islands—the only ones that are flourishing; they are so because there are no waste lands for the negro to squat on, and therefore he must, like ourselves, either work or starve.

The great deficiency in the views of these writers is, that they all deal solely with the degraded negroes of the coast, the race of whom Earl de Grey said, "It is not the reckless cruelty of the people that shocks us, nor their slave dealings, nor marauding propensities, nor their degrading superstitions and incurable indolence, but it is the picture of one unbroken spread of vulgar, disunited, and drunken savagery, over the entire land." The negroes of Nigritia, or Negroland Proper, of all that vast country lately explored by Barth, from Lake Tsad to the Niger, have scarcely a moral feature (except the one damning practice of slave-hunts) in common with the negro of the coast. They are almost everywhere industrious; pastoral, agricultural, artisans, or mercantile. It is not, therefore, because the corrupt freed negro, or the negro debased by a mistaken philanthropy, will not work, that negroes may not be found to

work ; what is wanted is to turn from the Gambia to the Niger and to the Zambesi.

Emigration of negroes being prohibited by the Anti-Slavery Society, there is no alternative but to introduce free labour into the land of the negro. Yet Captain Hewett remarks justly enough upon this theory, that if to take the negro to countries where he will be compelled to work, is coercion and therefore slavery ; that if this is the case " we are all slaves ; the bonds of slavery bind us all ; the readers of these pages, myself, and all the British public, are slaves to the stern taskmaster, Necessity ; and I ask again, is the negro to be the only animal on God's earth—incapable of being turned to account for edible purposes or for the service of man—except the monkey and beasts of prey, to live like the lilies of the field." It certainly seems as if this was the object propounded by the philanthropists—immunity of the negro from all toil and human responsibilities ! On the coast of West Africa you may thrash a white or half a dozen Irishmen, occasionally do a British policeman within an inch of his life, and be only fined five pounds ; but if you venture to lift a cane upon a poor black boy, who will not only not work, but adopt the language and manners of the most aggravating and exasperating insolence, you will be fined twenty pounds ! The negro is, indeed, in the present day in our colonies, a far more important being in the scale of humanity than the white.

" If," says Captain Hewett, " England really and sincerely wishes to annihilate slavery, and at once to do justice to her colonists, let a duty be imposed on slave-grown produce, and in a very brief space of time slavery will be surely and finally abolished ; but the ' people' are too selfish ; the candidates for parliament too dependent on the sweet voices of their constituents ; and ministers too pliant and ambitious of office, ever to allow us even to hope for this desirable consummation. And the Anti-Slavery Association, with exceeding self-glorification, cry—and their deluded followers loudly applaud (a sentiment propounded and actually cheered to the echo at a Social Science Association meeting at Liverpool) —' Let the West Indies be ruined so that the glorious principles of freedom be established !' "

But the very principles so justly termed glorious are not established. Slavery is put down in the West Indies, and at the same time the West Indians are legally debarred from obtaining free labourers by immigration. Is this liberty ? It is liberty all on one side—to the negro to be idle, and to the West Indian to be ruined ! " To this sentiment," Captain Hewett remarks, " as far as freedom is concerned I heartily cry, Amen ; but I do not approve the freedom the philanthropists desire (for what have they done for the black ?), and should interpret their wish, ' Let the West Indies be ruined, so that the glorious principles of self-righteousness be established, humbug exalted, and hypocrisy triumphant.' I say that these men are pharisees, men of small intellectual calibre ; for mark their inconsistency : white men are driven to emigrate by the taskmaster—Necessity ; the French are permitted to take emigrants from India and China ; and the same favour is grudgingly accorded to British colonists. Why not from Africa ? Why should the negro not be allowed to escape slavery, and all the horrors already described as existing in his own country, and accept the advantages offered by emigrating to British

colonies? Besides, wherever Africans are liberated, whether at Jamaica or the West Coast of Africa, or elsewhere, they are not sent back to the place whence they came, but remain in that country to which they had been carried, and are, in fact, immigrants, or are made to enlist. May not the negro say, 'Why should I be deprived of emigration, by which I may better my condition? Why should not I enjoy advantages offered to my white, and even my black fellows?' Will he not cry, 'Save me from my friends! What have I done that I should not be allowed a voice in choosing my destiny? If I am unfit to choose surely I am unfit for freedom. Am I not a man and a brother?'"

The legislative prohibition of slavery in the United States will imperiously necessitate that the whole question of negro free labour shall be reconsidered. Whether the Southern States are subjected or not, and the first effect of the legislation against slavery—one of the greatest boons of modern times—will be to render the resistance more desperate than ever, still Slaveholding States cannot remain long in juxtaposition with what may then be truly proclaimed as "Free States." The first step taken on the American mainland will also have effect gradually upon the Spanish and other possessions and States. The importance of obtaining free labour will augment in proportion as slavery becomes extinct. It will be utterly impossible that the doctrines of the philanthropists, that the negro shall neither work nor emigrate, can long obtain in the presence of the new state of things that will be thus inaugurated. Surely free labour in the New World is better than slavery and starvation in Africa. "After all," Captain Hewett pertinently asks, "what *have* the philanthropists done for the blacks? By not having steered that medium course, which is always safest, they have abandoned millions of men to insecurity, misery, and hopeless bondage in their own country." They have re-established the horrors of the Middle Passage in our cruisers; they have sacrificed thousands of England's noblest and bravest to the pestilential miasma of the West Coast; they have truckled to France, and they have injured the negro. They have lavishly wasted blood and treasure, they have broken the fetters of the slave, but by going too far they have entailed ruin and death upon thousands and thousands of whites, and slavery and misery upon hundreds of thousands of blacks.

While the missionaries on the West Coast of Africa are, according to the authority above quoted, spoiling and corrupting the negroes by making them fancy themselves something superior to the whites, Livingstone on the Zambesi, and Baillie on the Niger, are proceeding upon the more sensible and sound footing of making Christianity go hand in hand with industry. This, too, on streams that open to commerce and to capital almost boundless cotton-producing countries, and where the people, although addicted to slave-hunts, are industrious by their own nature.

Captain Hewett expresses his firm belief that if steps were taken to obtain an adequate supply of labour by the enlistment of free emigrants, Sierra Leone, the Gambia, and the country around our newly-acquired territory, Lagos, would produce sufficient cotton to furnish all Europe. And he adds, "If this is so, why do not Mr. Cobden and the Manchester capitalists, who it is stated are about to irrigate and drain a vast extent of land in Algeria for the purpose of planting cotton, confer their favours on British colonies instead of French, and leaving the West

Indies out of the question, at least give a chance to our own settlements, where the ground requires no expensive preparation, and where cotton flourishes indigenously?

"Mr. Cobden certainly permits his admiration for his friend, the emperor, to extinguish his patriotism; and doubtless the latter astute individual, fully aware that the cottonocracy governs the country, rejoices to afford every facility for the investment of English capital, knowing that so long as that interest is dominant (the Brightest ornament of which France, so long as the mills continued working) war is impossible, and that once independent and proud England will, while under such guidance, meekly become the cat paw and slave of his wily policy and tortuous schemes."

The prohibition of slavery in the United States may, under Providence, operate beneficially to a large proportion of the human race. The increased difficulties which will be presented at the onset, till new cotton-fields are brought into existence in various parts of the world, and free labour is brought into full action, may help to keep down that redundancy of factory population which is the great social and political sore in the side of England. The surplus might very well be found employment, in conjunction with native free labour, in the most healthy cotton-producing countries—as in Queensland, in the African Highlands, and elsewhere. The Southern States will no longer monopolise the cotton market. Other nations and people will be called upon to participate in the benefits of our vast industry. North, South, East, and West Africa have all their cotton-producing districts; from Egypt to the Zambesi and Natal, from Tunis to the Cape, from Morocco to the Orange River, a continual succession of tracts are to be met with favourable to the growth of this important staple. Asia contains other regions besides Hindustan, and Australia contains other districts besides Queensland, capable of producing good cotton. Above all, the interior of Africa must be opened by a flotilla of small iron boats on the Niger, and the several populous empires of Negroland must be brought with their various produce into contact with civilisation and into the brotherhood of nations.

The legislative prohibition of slavery in the United States, while it will undoubtedly pave the way for the future extinction of the slave power throughout the New World, will have at first the natural effect of aggravating the hostile spirit of the South, and of rendering self-defence tantamount almost to vitality. The problem presented to us, indeed, by the South conquered by the North is one that presents many formidable difficulties to solve. Military rule over so large an extent of country would be alike difficult and expensive, and how are the Free States to provide for the emancipation and the future of the negroes? If we look to a much more likely result, the permanent separation of the Slave States from the Free States, Professor Cairnes' view of the future is scarcely more hopeful.

After discussing the character of slave labour, as we have before described, the learned professor goes on to consider the qualities of the agency with which, in the colonisation of North America, it was brought into competition—viz. the labour of peasant proprietors and the external conditions under which the two productive agencies came into competition on the soil of North America:

The line dividing the Slave from the Free States marks also an important division in the agricultural capabilities of North America. North of this line, the products for which the soil and climate are best adapted are cereal crops, while south of it the prevailing crops are tobacco, rice, cotton, and sugar; and these two classes of crops are broadly distinguished in the methods of culture suitable to each. The cultivation of the one class, of which cotton may be taken as a type, requires for its efficient conduct that labour should be combined and organised on an extensive scale. On the other hand, for the raising of cereal crops this condition is not so essential. Even where labour is abundant, and that labour free, the large capitalist does not in this mode of farming appear, on the whole, to have any preponderating advantage over the small proprietor, who, with his family, cultivates his own farm, as the example of the best cultivated states in Europe proves. Whatever superiority he may have in the power of combining and directing labour seems to be compensated by the greater energy and spirit which the sense of property gives to the exertions of the small proprietor. But there is another essential circumstance in which these two classes of crops differ. A single labourer, Mr. Russell tells us, can cultivate twenty acres of wheat or Indian corn, while he cannot manage more than two of tobacco, or three of cotton. It appears from this that tobacco and cotton fulfil that condition which we saw was essential to the economical employment of slaves—the possibility of working large numbers within a limited space; while wheat and Indian corn, in the cultivation of which the labourers are dispersed over a wide surface, fail in this respect. We thus find that cotton, and the class of crops of which cotton may be taken as the type, favour the employment of slaves in the competition with peasant proprietors in two leading ways: first, they need extensive combination and organisation of labour—requirements which slavery is eminently calculated to supply, but in respect to which the labour of peasant proprietors is defective; and secondly, they allow of labour being concentrated, and thus minimise the cardinal evil of slave labour—the reluctance with which it is yielded. On the other hand, the cultivation of cereal crops, in which extensive combination of labour is not important, and in which the operations of industry are widely diffused, offers none of these advantages for the employment of slaves, while it is remarkably fitted to bring out in the highest degree the especial excellences of the industry of free proprietors. Owing to these causes it has happened that slavery has been maintained in the Southern States, which favour the growth of tobacco, cotton, and analogous products, while, in the Northern States, of which cereal crops are the great staple, it from an early period declined, and has ultimately died out. And in confirmation of this view it may be added that wherever in the Southern States the external conditions are especially favourable to cereal crops, as in parts of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, and along the slopes of the Alleghanies, there slavery has always failed to maintain itself. It is owing to this cause that there now exists in some parts of the South a considerable element of free labouring population.

Again, with regard to the progress of free labour, it is thought that, with the progress of population in the Slave States, the “mean whites” will ultimately be forced into competition with the slaves, and that, this competition once effectually commenced, the whites once engaged in regular industry, the superiority of free to servile labour will become manifest, and will gradually lead to the displacement of the latter. In this way, it is anticipated, the problem of abolishing slavery, and that of elevating the white population, may in the natural course of events be effectually solved by the same process.

Unfortunately (Professor Cairnes remarks) this cheering view is entirely unsustained by any foundation of fact. Population in slave communities follows laws of growth of its own. It increases, it is true, but by dispersion, not by concentration, and consequently the pressure upon the poor white, which it is

assumed will force him into competition with the slave, is never likely to be greater than at the present moment. In fact, it has now in many districts reached the starvation point, but without producing any of the effects which are anticipated from it. But, again, the free labour of the South possesses none of that superiority to slave labour, which is characteristic of free labour when reared in free communities. This is a distinction which in economic reasonings on slavery is frequently overlooked, but which it is all-important to bear in mind. The free labourer reared in free communities, energetic, intelligent, animated by the impulse of acquiring property, and trained to habits of thrift, is the best productive agent in the world, and, when brought into competition with the slave, will, except under very exceptional circumstances (such as existed when the continent was first settled), prove more than a match for him. But the free labourer of the South, blighted physically and morally by the presence of slavery, and trained in habits more suited to savage than to industrial life, easily succumbs in the competition. In fact, the experiment is being constantly tried in the Southern States, and always with the same result. On the relative merits of slave and free labour—such free labour as the Slave States can produce—there is but one opinion among the planters. It is universally agreed that the labour of the mean whites is more inefficient, more unreliable, more unmanageable than even the crude efforts of the slaves. If slavery in the South is to be displaced by free industry, it can never be through the competition of such free industry as this.

It does not appear, therefore, in what manner habits of regular industry can ever be acquired by the mass of the population of the Southern States while under a slave régime. The demoralisation produced by the presence of a degraded class renders the white man at once an unwilling and an inefficient labourer; and the external incidents of slavery afford him the means of existing without engaging in regular toil. The question has, in truth, passed beyond the region of speculation. For two hundred years it has been submitted to the proof; and the mean whites are as far now from having made any progress in habits of regular industry as they were at the commencement of the period.

The result, then, at which we arrive is, that regular industry is not to be expected from the mass of the free people of the Southern States while slavery continues.

After tracing at length, and with a masterly hand, the ambitious and aggressive career of the Slave Power, the same writer goes on to consider its probable designs in case of its independence being established :

This, indeed (he remarks), might well seem to be a superfluous inquiry ; since, if we have correctly appreciated the past history of that Power, and the motives which have carried it to its present perilous attempt, we shall not easily err as to the objects which it would pursue in the event of that attempt being successful. Combinations of men do not in a moment change their character and aims ; of all combinations aristocracies are the most persistent in their plans ; and of all aristocracies an aristocracy of slaveholders is that the range of whose ideas is most limited, and whose career, therefore, is least susceptible of sudden deviation from the path which it has long followed.

Nevertheless, it will not be expedient to take for granted what would seem to be in such little need of proof ; for there are those who tell us that this party, whose whole history has been a record of successful aggression and of pretensions rising with each success, has engaged in this last grand effort from motives the reverse of those which have hitherto notoriously inspired it ; and who would have us believe that the Slave Power, which in the space of half a century has pushed its boundary from the foot of the Alleghanies to the borders of New Mexico, and which, from the position of an exceptional principle claiming a local toleration, has reached the audacity of aspiring to embrace the whole commonwealth in its domain—that this Power has suddenly changed its nature, and, in now seeking to secede from the Union, aims at nothing more than simple inde-

pendence—the privilege of being allowed to work out its own destiny in its own way.

This assumption, indeed, however paradoxical to those who are familiar with the exploits of the Southern party, underlies most of the speculation which has been current in this country upon the probable consequences of a severance of the Union, and is that which has procured for the cause of secession the degree of countenance which it has enjoyed. It will therefore be desirable to consider how far the basis of the assumption is warranted—how far the altered position of the South—supposing it to make its ground good in the present struggle—is calculated to affect the character which it has hitherto sustained, and to convert an unscrupulous and ambitious faction into the moderate rulers of an inoffensive state.

And here we must advert to principles already established. We have seen the causes which have made the Slave Power what it is,—in its new position which of these causes will cease to operate? Slavery is to remain the “corner stone” of the republic more firmly set than ever. The economic and moral attributes of the South will therefore continue to be such as slavery must make them. Cultivation will be carried on according to the old methods: the old process of exhaustion must, therefore, go on; and thus the necessity for fresh soils will be not less urgent under the new régime than under the old. The stigma which slavery casts on industry will still remain: there will, therefore, still be an idle and vagabond class of mean whites; and, since cultivation must still be contracted to the narrow area which is rich enough to support slave labour, there will, as now, be the wilderness to shelter them. There they must continue to drag out existence, lawless, restless, incapable of improvement, eager as ever for filibustering raids on peaceful neighbours. Lastly, the moral incidents of slavery must remain such as we have traced them. The lust of power will still be generated by the associations and habits of domestic tyranny, and the ambition of slaveholders will still connect itself with that which is the foundation of their social life, and offers to them their only means of emerging from obscurity. In a word, all those fundamental influences springing from the deepest roots of slave society, which have concurred to mould the character and determine the career of the Slave Power while in connexion with the Union, will, after that connexion has been dissolved, continue to operate with unabated energy.

Professor Cairnes wrote at a time that anteceded the legislative prohibition of slavery in the United States; and of which act it was truly said in anticipation that it would strike directly at the authority of the slave-lords. The stigma previously affixed to industry being removed, it was also argued the industrial classes would quickly rise in social importance, and a free labouring population would doubtless in the end predominate in the South.

But these results (Professor Cairnes remarks) could not be accomplished in a moment. A disloyal people would not be rendered loyal by a single stroke of the manumitter’s wand—

“*rerum imperiis hominumque*

Tot tantisque minor, quem ter vindicta quaterque:

Imposita haud unquam miserâ formidine privet.”

The habits of obedience are not easily broken through, traditional feelings are powerful, and the influence of the slave-lords would probably long outlive the institution from which it derives its strength. A considerable period would, therefore, of necessity, elapse before that pervading sentiment of loyalty could be established, under the guidance of which alone, as all admit, the rule of the Union could be safely entrusted to popular institutions.

But there is another result which might follow from the conquest of the South and the overthrow of slavery, the probable effects of which on the settle-

ment of Southern society it may be worth while for a moment to consider. Is it not probable that, in the case we now contemplate, there would be an extensive immigration into the Southern States of free settlers from the North? And what would be the effect of this new ingredient on the society of the South? I imagine it would in the main be a wholesome one. The new settlers would carry with them the ideas, the enterprise, the progressive spirit of free society, and would act as a leaven of loyalty on the disaffection of the South; but I think it is equally plain they would introduce into Southern society, at all events for some time, a new element of disturbance. They would appear there as intruders, as the missionaries of a new social and political faith—a faith hateful to the old dominion, as living monuments of the humiliation of the Southern people. Is it not inevitable that between them and the old aristocracy a bitter feud would spring up—a feud which would soon be exasperated by mutual injuries, and might not impossibly be transmitted, as a heritage of hatred, to future generations? Now such a condition of society would be little favourable to the sudden conversion of the South to sentiments of loyalty; and, pending this happy consummation, how is the South to be governed? We are thus forced back upon our original difficulty—the difficulty of governing a disaffected South, from which it seems to me the path of despotism offers the only escape.

For these reasons, I cannot think that the North is well advised in its attempt to reconstruct the Union in its original proportions. At the same time I am far from thinking that the time for peace has yet arrived. What, it seems to me, the occasion demands, and what, I think, the moral feeling of Europe should support the North in striving for, is a degree of success which shall compel the South to accept terms of separation, such as the progress of civilisation in America and the advancement of human interests throughout the world imperatively require. To determine the exact amount of concessions on the part of the South which would satisfy these conditions is no part of my purpose. The attempt would be futile. It will suffice that I indicate as distinctly as I can that settlement of the controversy which would, in my judgment, adequately secure the ends proposed, and which on the whole is most to be desired.

Any scheme for the readjustment of political society in North America ought, it seems to me, to embrace two leading objects: 1st, the greatest practical curtailment of the domain of the Slave Power; and 2nd, the reabsorption into the sphere of free society of as much of the present population of the Slave States as can be reabsorbed without detriment to the interests of freedom. On the assumption which I have made of the ability of the Northern people to subdue the South, these two conditions resolve themselves into one. The only obstacle to a complete reconstruction of the Union lies, on this assumption, in the difficulty of combining in the same political system forms of society so different as those presented by the Northern and Southern States. We may then, for the purpose of our discussion, confine our attention to the latter of the two conditions which have been laid down.

It will be remembered that, in considering, in a former chapter, the consequences of confining the Southern Confederacy within the area already settled under slavery, it was pointed out that slavery, thus restricted, would be at once arrested in its development, and that the check given to the system would be first felt in the older or breeding states. In these states the profits from slavery being derived chiefly from the sale, not from the employment, of slaves, so soon as the creation of new markets for the human stock was precluded, the reasons for maintaining the institution would cease. The slaveholders, obliged henceforward to look to the soil as the sole source of their profits, would be forced upon improved methods of cultivation; and before the necessity for improved methods slavery would perforce disappear. Now, this being the position of slavery in the breeding states, it is evident that, so soon as the progress of the Northern armies shall have made it clear that the Slave Power must fail in its original design—still more when the South is menaced with positive curtailment of its dominions—the slaveholders of these states will understand that, so far as

their interests are concerned, the institution is doomed. But this conviction will be brought home to them by still more cogent reasons than those which reflection on their economic condition would furnish. The border states are also the border states, and they are therefore the states on which the evils of invasion must in the first instance fall. Already nearly the whole of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri is in the possession of the Northern armies. Observe, then, the light in which, in the present aspect of affairs, the question of secession must present itself to a border slaveholder. He sees that for him the extinction of slavery is rendered certain in an early future. His slaves are flying to the Federal armies. His country is suffering all the evils of invasion. The tide which bound him to the Slave Power is hopelessly severed. In this position of affairs is it not probable that, were the opportunity of re-establishing social order upon a new basis presented to him, he would seize it, and, the old system of society having irrevocably passed away, that he would in good faith cast in his lot with a new order of things?

Such an opportunity has been created for the border states by the adoption by Congress of Mr. Lincoln's recent message, recommending a co-operation on the part of the Federal government with such states as are willing to accept a policy of emancipation. The scheme, indeed, has been pronounced in this country to be chimerical—framed less with a view to the actual exigencies of the case than to catch the applause of Europe. I venture to say that never was criticism less appropriate, or censure more unjust. Practicality and unaffected earnestness of purpose are written in every line of the message. In the full knowledge evinced of the actual circumstances of the border states, combined with the adroitness with which advantage is taken of their peculiar position as affected by passing events, there is displayed a rare political sagacity, which is not more creditable to its author than is the genuine sincerity which shines through his simple and weighty words. Had the scheme indeed been propounded at the outset of the contest (as so many well-meaning empirics among us were forward to advise)—while the Slave Power was yet unbroken, and the prospects of a future more prosperous than it had yet known seemed to be opening before it, there would have been some point in the strictures which have been indulged in, some ground for invidious comment; but, proposed at the present time, it is, as I venture to think, a suggestion than which few more wise or more important have ever been submitted to a legislative body.

Returning to our argument, it has been seen that, in the event of the tide of war being decisively turned against the South, the position, alike industrial and geographical, of the border states would greatly favour a reconstruction of society in them upon principles of freedom. Now, this result would be powerfully helped forward by another circumstance in respect to which they differ from the more Southern States of the Confederacy—the presence in their population of a large element of free cultivators. This interest, already in some of the border states almost balancing that of slavery, would, it is evident, in the altered condition of affairs, rise rapidly into importance. Occupying that place in the social arrangements towards which the whole community was obviously tending, constantly increasing in numbers as the progress of emancipation brought new recruits to its ranks—a nucleus of loyalty around which all the best elements of society might gather—this section of the population would easily take the lead in the politics of their several states, would give tone to the whole community, and determine its march.

It would thus seem that, the might of the Slave Power once effectually broken, the incorporation of the border states into a social system based on industrial freedom would not present any insuperable difficulties. It would be only necessary to give support to tendencies which the actual state of things would call at once into operation. Now, what might be done in the border states, where a slave society actually exists, might, it is evident, be accomplished with much greater facility in those districts of the South which, though enrolled as Slave States, have in reality yet to be colonised—for example, in Texas and Arkansas.

In Texas population is represented by considerably less than one person to the square mile; in Arkansas, by four; and of this sprinkling of people three-fourths in both states are composed of free persons. To the recovery of these states to the dominion of freedom there would at least be no social or political obstacle which might not be easily overcome. Arkansas and Texas recovered, Louisiana alone of the states on the west of the Mississippi would remain to the Slave Power; and is it not possible that Louisiana also might be recovered to freedom? Doubtless its pro-slavery tendencies are intensely strong; its slave population almost equals the free; but the state is a small one, and the prize would be worth an extraordinary effort. Louisiana conquered, Arkansas and Texas recovered to freedom, the whole course of the Mississippi would be opened to the Western States; and the Slave Power—shut up within its narrow domain, bounded on one side by the Gulf of Mexico and the ocean, on the other by the line of the Alleghanies and the Mississippi—might with some confidence be left to that process of natural decay which slave institutions, arrested in their expansion, inevitably entail.

The magnitude of the interests at stake, and the uncertainty of the future, added to the length of time that it must now inevitably take before any satisfactory conclusion in regard to the relations of free labour and slave labour, and the regeneration of cotton cultivation in the Southern States can be arrived at, attest plainly that if we have any regard for the present sufferings of the factory population, and if we really wish to anticipate further and worse disasters, we ought not to delay for a moment organising native free labour under British superintendence in Africa, and extending cotton cultivation throughout the world, wherever the climate, soil, and other circumstances are most favourable for such cultivation. The crisis, which at the present moment bears so sad and so gloomy an aspect, might, were capitalists to take up this extension of their business, be in reality rich in the most beneficial results to a large portion of the human race.

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